

THE
ENGLISH
TRAVELLER.
AS IT HATH BEENE

Publikely acted at the COCK-PIT

in Drury-lane :

By Her Maiesties seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYVWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare——



LONDON,
Printed by *Robert Raworth* : dwelling in Old Fish-street,
neere Saint *Mary Maudlins* Church. 1633.



Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Geraldine.</i>	}	Two yong Gentlemen.
<i>Dalauill,</i>		
<i>Olde Wincott</i>		The husband.
<i>His Wife</i>		A yong Gentlewoman.
<i>Prudentilla</i>		Sister to the wife.
<i>Reignald</i>		A parasiticall seruing-man.
<i>Robin</i>		A countrey seruing-man.
<i>Lionell</i>		A riotous Citizen.
<i>Blanda</i>		A Whore.
<i>Scapha</i>		A Bawde.
<i>Rioter</i>		A Spend-thrift.
<i>Two Gallants</i>		His Companions.
<i>Roger the Clowne</i>		Seruant to Olde Wincott.
<i>Two prostitutes</i>		Companions with Blanda.
<i>Olde Lionell</i>		A Merchant father to yong Lionell.
<i>A Seruant</i>		To Olde Lionell.
<i>Olde Mr. Geraldine</i>		Father to yong Geraldine.
<i>An Vfuror</i>		
<i>and his man.</i>		
<i>A Gentleman</i>		Companion with Dalauill.
<i>Beffe</i>		Chambermaid to Mistris Win- cott.
<i>A Tauerne Drawer</i>		
<i>Master Ricott</i>		A Merchant.
<i>The Owner of the house,</i>		supposed to be posselt.



To the Right W O R S H I P F V L L

Sir H E N R Y A P P L E T O N,
Knight Barronet, &c.

N O B L E S I R,

FOr many reasons I am induced, to present this Poem, to your fauourable acceptance ; and not the least of them that alternate Loue, and those frequent curtesies which interchangably past, betwixt your selfe and that good old Gentleman, mine vnkle (Master *Edmund Heywood*) whom you pleased to grace by the Title of Father : I must confesse, I had altogether slept (my weaklines and bashfullnesse discouraging mee) had they not bin waken'd and animated, by that worthy Gentleman your friend, and my countreyman, Sir *William Eluish*, whom (who for his vnmerited loue many wayes extended towards me,) I much honour ; Neither Sir, neede you to thinke it any vnderualuing of your worth, to vndertake the patronage of a Poem in this nature, since the like hath beene done by Roman *Lælius*, *Scipio*, *Mecænas*, and many other mighty Princes and Captaines, Nay, euen by *Augustus Cæsar* himselfe, concerning whom *Ouid* is thus read, *De tristiti* : lib. 2.

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*Inspice ludorum sumptus Auguste tuorum
Empta tibi magno, talia multa leges
Hæc tu spectasti, spectandaque sæpe de desti
Maieftas adeo comis ubique tua est.*

So highly were they respected in the most flourishing estate of the Roman Empire ; and if they haue beene vilefied of late by any Separistick humorist, (as in the now questioned *Hystrio-mastix*) I hope by the next Terme, (*Minerua afsistente*) to giue such satisfaction to the world, by vindicating many particulars in that worke maliciously exploded and condemned, as that no Gentleman of qualitie and iudgement, but shall therein receiue a reasonable satisfaction ; I am loth by tediousnesse to grow troublefome, therefore conclude with a gratefull remembrance of my seruice intermixt with Miriads of zealous wishes for your health of body, and peace of minde, with superabundance of Earths blessings, and Heauens graces, euer remaining ;

Yours most obseruant,

Thomas Heywood.



To the Reader.



If Reader thou hast of this Play beene an auditour? there is lesse apology to be vsed by intreating thy patience. This Tragi-Comedy (being one reserued amongst two hundred and twenty, in which I haue had either an entire hand, or at the least a maine finger, comming accidentally to the Presse, and I hauing Intelligence thereof, thought it not fit that it should passe as filius populi, a Bastard without a Father to acknowledge it: True it is, that my Playes are not exposed vnto the world in Volumes, to beare the title of Workes, (as others) one reason is, That many of them by shifting and change of Companies, haue beene negligently lost, Others of them are still retained in the hands of some Actors, who thinke it against their peculiar profit to haue them come in Print, and a third, That it neuer was any great ambition in me, to bee in this kind Volumniously read. All that I haue further to say at this time is onely this: Censure I intreat as fauourably, as it is exposed to thy view freely, euer

Studios of thy Pleasure and Profit,

Thomas Heywood.



The Prologue.



*Strange Play you are like to haue, for know,
We vse no Drum, nor Trumpet, nor Dumble
show ;*

*No Combate, Marriage, not so much to day,
As Song, Dance, Masque, to bumbaste out a*

Play ;

*Yet these all good, and still in frequent vse
With our best Poets ; nor is this excuse
Made by our Author, as if want of skill
Caus'd this defect ; it's rather his selfe will :
Will you the reason know ? There haue so many
Beene in that kind, that Hee desires not any
At this time in His Sceane, no helpe, no straine,
Or flash that's borrowed from an others braine ;
Nor speakes Hee this that Hee would haue you feare it,
He onely tries if once bare Lines will beare it ;
Yet may't afford, so please you silent sit,
Some Mirth, some Matter, and perhaps some Wit.*



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Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter young Geraldine and master Dalauill.

Dal.



H friend, that I to mine owne Notion
Had ioyned but your experience ; I
haue the Theoricke, But you the
Practicke.

Y. Ger. I perhaps, haue seene what you haue
onely read of.

Dal. There's your happinesse.

A Scholler in his study knowes the starres,
Their motion and their influence, which are fixt,
And which are wandering, can decipher Seas,
And giue each feuerall Land his proper bounds ;
But fet him to the Compasse, hee's to seeke,
When a plaine Pilot can, direct his course
From hence vnto both th' Indies ; can bring backe
His ship and charge, with profits quintuple.

I haue read Ierufalem, and studied Rome,
 Can tell in what degree each City stands,
 Describe the distance of this place from that,
 All this the Scale in euery Map can teach,
 Nay, for a neede could punctually recite
 The Monuments in either ; but what I
 Haue by relation only, knowledge by trauell
 Which still makes vp a compleat Gentleman,
 Prooues eminent in you.

Y. Ger. I must confesse,
 I haue seene Ierufalem and Rome, haue brought
 Marke from th' one, from th' other Testimony,
 Know Spaine, and France, and from their ayres haue
 sucked
 A breath of euery language : but no more
 Of this discourse since wee draw neere the place
 Of them we goe to visit.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Noble master Geraldine, worshipfull master
 Dalauill.

Dal. I see thou still remember'st vs.

Clo. Remember you, I haue had so many memo-
 randomes from the multiplicities of your bounties, that
 not to remember you were to forget my selfe, you are
 both most ingeniously and nobly welcome.

Y. Ger. And why ingeniously and nobly ?

Clo. Because had I giuen your welcomes other
 attributes then I haue done, the one being a Souldier,
 and the other seeming a Scholler, I should haue lied
 in the first, and shewed my selfe a kind of blockhead
 in the last.

Y. Ger. I see your wit is nimble as your tongue,
 But how doth all at home ?

Clo. Small doings at home sir, in regard that the
 age of my Master corresponds not with the youth of
 my Mistris, and you know cold Ianuary and lusty May
 seldome meet in coniunction.

Dal. I doe not thinke but this fellow in time may for his wit and vnderstanding make Almanackes ?

Clo. Not so fir, you being more iudicious then I, ile giue you the preeminence in that, because I see by prooffe you haue such iudgement in times and seasons.

Dal. And why in times and seasons ?

Clo. Because you haue so seasonably made choise, to come so iust at dinner time ; you are welcome Gentlemen, ile goe tell my Master of your comming.

Exit Clowne.

Dal. A pleasant knaue.

Y. Ger. This fellow I perceiue
Is well acquainted with his Masters mind,
Oh tis a good old man.

Dal. And shee a Lady
For Beauty and for Vertue vnparraleld,
Nor can you name that thing to grace a woman
Shee has not in a full perfection,
Though in their yeeres might seeme disparity
And therefore at the first, a match vnfit ;
Imagine but his age and gouernement,
Withall, her modesty, and chaste respect ;
Betwixt them, there's so sweet a simpathie,
As crownes a noble marriage.

Y. Ger. 'Tis acknowledged,
But to the worthy gentleman himselfe,
I am so bound in many courtesies,
That not the least, by all th' expresseion
My Labour, or my Industry can shew,
I will know how to cancell.

Dal. Oh you are modest.

Y. Ger. Hee studies to engrosse mee to himselfe,
And is so wedded to my company,
Hee makes mee stranger to my Fathers house,]
Although so neere a neighbour.

Dal. This approues you,
To be most nobly propertied, that from one
So exquisite in Iudgement, can Attract
So affectionate an eye.

Y. Ger. Your Carrafter,
I muſt beſtow on his vnmerited loue,
As one that know I haue it, and yet ignorant
Which way I ſhould deferue it : Heere both come.

*Enter old Mr. Wincott, Wife, Prudentilla the ſiſter, and
the Clowne.*

Winc. Gentlemen, welcome, but what neede I uſe
A word ſo common, vnto ſuch to whom
My houſe was neuer priuate ; I expect
You ſhould not looke for ſuch a needles phraſe,
Eſpecially you Maſter Geraldine,
Your Father is my neighbour, and I know you,
Euen from the Cradle, then I loued your Infancy,
And ſince your riper growth better'd by trauell ;
My wife and you, in youth were play-fellowes,
And nor now be ſtrangers ; as I take it,
Not about two yeeres different in your Age.

Wife. So much hee hath out ſtrip't mee.

Winc. I would haue you
Thinke this your home, free as your Fathers houſe,
And to command it, as the Maſter on't ;
Call boldly heere, and entertaine your friends,
As in your owne poſſeſſions, when I ſee't,
He ſay you loue me truly, not till then ;
Oh what a happineſſe your Father hath,
Farre about mee, one to inherit after him,
Where I (Heauen knowes) am childleſſe.

Y. Ger. That defect
Heauen hath ſupplied in this your vertuous Wife,
Both faire, and full of all accompliſhments,
My Father is a Widower, and heerein
Your happineſſe tranſcends him.

Wife. Oh Maſter Geraldine,
Flattery in Men's an adiunct of their ſex ;
This Countrey breeds it, and for that, ſo farre
You needed not to haue trauell'd.

Y. Ger. Truth's a word,

That should in euery language relish well,
Nor haue I that exceeded.

Wife. Sir, my Husband
Hath tooke much pleasure in your strange discourse
About Ierusalem and the Holy Land ;
How the new Citie differs from the old,
What ruines of the Temple yet remayne,
And whether Sion, and those hills about,
With these Adiacent Townes and Villages,
Keepe that proportioned distance as wee read :
And then in Rome, of that great Piramis
Reared in the Front, on foure Lyons Mounted,
How many of those Idoll Temples stand,
First dedicated to their Heathen gods,
Which ruined, which to better vse repayred,
Of their Panthæon, and their Capitoll,
What Structures are demolish't, what remaine.

Winc. And what more pleasure to an old mans
eare,
That neuer drew, saue his owne Countries aire,
Then heare such things related. I doe exceed him
In yeeres, I must confesse, Yet he much older
Then I in his experience.

Prud. Master Geraldine,
May I bee bould to aske you but one question,
The which I'de be resolu'd in.

Y. Ger. Any thing, that lies within my knowledge.

Winc. Put him too't,
Doe Sister, you shall finde him (make no doubt)
Most pregnant in his answere.

Prud. In your trauels
Through France, through Sauoye, and through Italy,
Spaine, and the Empire, Greece and Palestine,
Which breeds the choycest beauties.

Y. Ger. Introath Lady,
I neuer cast on any in those parts
A curious eye of censure, since my Trauell
Was onely aymed at Language, and to know ;

These past me but as common objects did.
Seene, but not much regarded.

Prud. Oh you striue
To expresse a most vnheard of modestie,
And seldome found in any Traueller,
Especially of our Countrey, thereby seeking
To make your selfe peculiar.

Y. Ger. I should be loath
Professe in outward shew to be one Man.
And prooue my selfe another.

Prud. One thing more,
Were you to marry, You that know these clymes,
Their states and their conditions, out of which
Of all these countries would you chuse your wife.

Y. Ger. Ile answere you in brieft, (as I obserue)
Each feuerall clime for object, fare, or vse,
Affords within it selfe, for all of these
What is most pleasing to the man there borne ;
Spaine, that yeelds scant of food, affords the Nation
A parsimonious stomach, where our appetites
Are not content but with the large excessse
Of a full table ; where the pleasingst fruits
Are found most frequent, there they best content ;
Where plenty flowes, it askes abundant Feasts ;
For so hath prouident Nature dealt with all ;
So in the choyce of Women, the Greeke wan-
tons

Compel'd beneath the Turkish slavery,
Vassaile themselues to all men, and such best
Please the voluptuous, that delight in change ;
The French is of one humor, Spaine another,
The hot Italian hee's a straine from both,
All pleased with their owne nations, euen the Moore.
Hee thinks the blackest the most beautifull ;
And Lady, since you so farre tax my choyce,
Ile thus resolue you ; Being an English man,
Mongst all these Nations I haue seene or tri'd,
To please me best, heere would I chuse my bride.

Pru. And happy were that Lady, in my thoughts,
Whom you would deigne that grace too.

Wife. How now Sifter,
This is a fashon that's but late come vp,
For maids to court their husbands.

Winc. I would wife
It were no worfe, vpon condition,
They had my helping hand and purse to boote,
With both in ample measure ; oh this Gentleman,
I loue, nay almost doate on.

Wife. Ya'ue my leaue,
To giue it full expresion.

Winc. In these armes then,
Oh had my youth bin blest with such a sonne,
To haue made my estate to my name hereditary,
I should haue gone contented to my graue,
As to my bed ; to death, as to my sleepe ;
But Heauen hath will in all things, once more
welcome,
And you sir, for your friends sake.

Dal. Would I had in mee,
That which he hath, to haue clam'd it for mine owne,
How euer, I much thanke you.

Enter Clowne.

Winc. Now sir, the newes with you.

Clo. Dancing newes sir,
For the meat stands piping hot vpon the dresser,
The kitchin's in a heat, and the Cooke hath so bestir'd
himselfe,
That hee's in a sweate. The Iacke plaies Muficke, and
the Spits
Turne round too't.

Winc. This fellowes my best clocke,
Hee still strikes trew to dinner.

Clo. And to supper too sir, I know not how the'day
goes with you, but my stomacke hath stricke twelue,
I can assure you that.

Winc. You take vs vnprouided Gentlemen,
Yet something you shall finde, and wee would rather
Giue you the entertaine of household guests,
Then complement of strangers, I pray enter.

Exeunt. Manet Clo.

Clo. Ile stand too't, that in good hospitality, there
can be nothing found that's ill, he that's a good
house-keeper, keeps a good table, a good table, is
neuer without good stooles, good stooles, seldome
without good guests, good guests, neuer without good
cheere, good cheere, cannot bee without good sto-
mackes, good stomackes, without good digestion, good
digestion, keeps men in good health, and therefore
all good people, that beare good minds, as you loue
goodnesse, be sure to keepe good meat and drinke in
your houses, and so you shall be called good men, and
nothing can come on't but good, I warrant you.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Secundus.

Enter two serving-men Reignald and Robin.

Reig. Away you Corridon.

Rob. Shall I bee beate out of my Masters house
thus?

Reig. Thy Master, wee are Lords amongst our
felues,

And heere we Liue and Reigne, Two yeeres already
Are past of our great Empire, and wee now
Write, Anno Tertio.

Rob. But the old man liues,
That shortly will depose you.

Reig. Ith' meane time,
I, as the mighty Lord and Seneschall
Of this great house and castle, banish thee,

The very smell ath' kitchin, bee it death,
To appeare before the dresser.

Rob. And why so?

Reig. Because thou stink'st of garlike, is that breath
Agreeing with our Pallace, where each Roome,
Smells with Muske, Ciuit, and rich Amber-greece,
Alloes, Calsia, Aromaticke-gummes,
Perfumes, and Pouders, one whose very garments
Scent of the fowlds and stables, oh fie, fie,
What a base nastie rogue tis.

Rob. Yet your fellow.

Reig. Then let vs put a Cart-Horse in rich
trappings,
And bring him to the Tilt-yard.

Rob. Francke it, doe,
Waste, Ryot, and Consume, Mispend your Howres
In drunken Surfets, lose your dayes in sleepe,
And burne the nights in Reuels, Drinke and Drab,
Keepe Christmasse all yeere long, and blot leane
Lent

Out of the Calender; all that masse of wealth
Got by my Masters sweate and thrifty care,
Hauocke in prodigall vses; Make all flie,
Powr't downe your oylie throats, or send it smoaking
Out at the tops of chimnies: At his departure,
Was it the old mans charge to haue his windowes
Glisten all night with Starres? his modest House
Turn'd to a common Stewes? his Beds to pallats
Of Lusts and Prostitutions? his Buttrey hatch
Now made more common then a Tauernes barre,
His Stooles that welcom'd none but ciuill guests,
Now onely free for Pandars, Whores and Bawdes,
Strumpets, and fuch.

Reig. I suffer thee too long,
What is to me thy countrey; or to thee
The pleasure of our Citie? thou hast Cowes,
Cattell, and Beeues to feed, Oues and Boues,
These that I keepe, and in this pasture graze,
Are dainty Damofellaes, bonny Girles;

If thou be'ft borne to Hedge, Ditch, Thraff and
 Plough
 And I to Reuell, Banquet and Carrowfe ;
 Thou Peffant, to the Spade and Pickaxe, I
 The Battooke and Steeetto, thinke it onely
 Thy ill, my good, our feuerall lots are caft,
 And both muft be contented.

Rob. But when both our feruices are questioned.

Reig. Looke thou to one,
 My anfwere is prouided.

Enter *Y. Lionell.*

Rob. Farewell Musk-Cat.

Exit.

Reig. Aduce good Cheefe and Oynons, ftuffe thy
 guts
 With Specke and Barley-pudding for difgeftion,
 Drinke Whig and fowre Milke, whileft I rince my
 Throat,
 With Burdeaux and Canarie.

Y. Lio. What was hee ?

Reig. A Spie Sir,
 One of their Hindes oth' countrey, that came prying
 To fee what dainty fare our kitchin yeelds,
 What Guefts we harbour, and what rule we keepe,
 And threats to tell the old man when he comes ;
 I thinke I fent him packing.

Y. Lio. It was well done.

Reig. A whorefon-Iack-an-apes, a bafe Baboone,
 To infinuate in our fecrets.

Y. Lio. Let fuch keepe, the Countrey where their
 charge is.

Reig. So I faid Sir.

Y. Lio. And vifit vs when we command them
 thence,
 Not fearch into our counfels.

Reig. 'Twere not fit.

Y. Lio. Who in my fathers abfence fhould com-
 mand,
 Saue I his only fonne ?

Reig. It is but iustice.

Y. Lio. For am not I now Lord?

Reig. *Dominus fac totum.*

And am not I your Steward?

Y. Lio. Well remembred,

This night I have a purpose to bee Merry,
Iouiall and Frollicke, how doth our cash hold out?

Reig. The bag's still heauy.

Y. Lio. Then my heart's still light.

Reig. I can assure you, yet tis pritty deepe,
Tho scarce a mile to th' bottome.

Y. Lio. Let mee haue
to Supper, Let mee see, a Ducke——

Reig. Sweet Rogue.

Y. Lio. A Capon——

Reig. Geld the Rascall.

Y. Lio. Then a Turkey——

Reig. Now spit him for an Infidell.

Y. Lio. Greene Plouer, Snite,
Partridge, Larke, Cocke, and Pheasant.

Reig. Nere a Widgin?

Y. Lio. Yes, wait thy selfe at Table.

Reig. Where I hope your selfe will not be absent.

Y. Lio. Nor my friends.

Reig. Weele haue them then in plenty.

Y. Lio. Cauare, Sturgeon, Anchoues, pickle

Oysters: Yes.

And a Potato Pie; besides all these,
What thou think'st rare and costly.

Reig. Sir, I know

What's to be done; the stocke that must be spent,
Is in my hands, and what I haue to doe,
I will doe suddenly.

Y. Lie. No Butchers meat,
Of that, beware in any case.

Reig. I still remember,
Your father was no Grasier, if he were,
This were a way to eate vp all his Fields,
Hedges and all.

Y. Lio. You will be gone fir.

Reig. Yes, and you are ith' way going. *Exit.*

Y. Lia. To what may young men best compare
themselves?

Better to what, then to a house new built?
The Fabricke strong, the Chambers well contriu'd,
Polisht within, without, well beautifi'd;
When all that gaze vpon the Edifice,
Doe not alone commend the workemans craft,
But either make it their faire president
By which to build another, or at least,
Wish there to inhabite: Being set to sale,
In comes a slothfull Tenant, with a Family
As lasie and debosh't: Rough tempests rise,
Vntile the rooffe, which by their idleneffe,
Left vnrepai'd, the stormy showres beat in,
Rot the maine Postes and Rafters, spoile the Roomes,
Deface the Seelings, and in little space,
Bring it to utter Ruine, yet the fault,
Not in the Architector that first reared it,
But him that should repaire it: So it fares
With vs yong men; Wee are those houses made,
Our Parents raise these Structures, the foundation
Laid in our Infancy; and as wee grow
In yeeres, they striue to build vs by degrees,
Story on story higher; vp at height,
They cover vs with Councill, to defend vs
From stormes without: they polish vs within,
With Learnings, Knowledge, Arts and Disciplines;
All that is nought and vicious, they sweepe from vs,
Like Dust and Cobwebs, and our Roomes concealed,
Hang with the costliest hangings; Bout the Walls,
Emblems and beautilous Symbols pictured round;
But when that lasie Tenant, Loue, steps in,
And in his Traine, brings Sloth and Negligence,
Lust, Disobedience, and profuse Excesse;
The Thrift with which our fathers tiled our Roofes,
Submits to euery storme and Winters blast.

Enter *Blanda* a Whore, and *Scapha* a Bawde.

And yeelding place to euery riotous finne,
Gues way without, to ruine what's within :
Such is the state I stand in.

Blan. And how doth this Tire become me ?

Sca. Rather aske, how your sweet carriage,
And Court behaiour, doth best grace you, for Louers
regard,
Not so much the outward habit, as that which the
garment couers.

Y. Lio. Oh heer's that Haile, Shower, Tempest,
Storme, and Gust,
That shatter'd hath this building ; Let in Lust,
Intemperance, appetite to Vice ; withall,
Neglect of euery Goodnesse ; Thus I see,
How I am sincking in mine owne diseafe,
Yet can I not abide it.

Bla. And how this Gowne ? I prethee view mee
well,
And speake with thy best Iudgement.

Sca. What doe you talke of Gownes, and Orna-
ments ;
That haue a Beautie, pretious in it selfe,
And becomes any thing.

Y. Lio. Let me not liue, but she speaks nought but
truth,
And ile for that reward her.

Bla. All's one to mee, become they mee, or not,
Or bee I faire, or fowle, in others eyes,
So I appeare so to my Lionell,
Hee is the glasse, in whom I iudge my face,
By whom in order, I will dresse these curls,
And place these Iewels, onely to please him,
Why do'st smile.

Sca. To heere a Woman, that thinks her selfe so
wife, speake so foolishlie, that knowes well, and does
ill.

Bla. Teach me wherein I erre.

Sca. Ile tell thee Daughter ; In that thou knowest thy selfe to bee beloued of so many, and settest thy affection, only vpon one ; Doth the Mill grinde onely, when the Wind sits in one corner ? Or Shippes onely Saile, when it's in this, or that quarter ? Is hee a cunning Fencer, that lies but at one Guard ? Or he a Skilfull Musician, that plaies but on one Sting ? Is there but one way to the Wood ? And but one Bucket that belongs to the Well ? To affect one, and despise all other, becomes the precise Matron, not the Prostitute ; the loyall Wife, not the loose Wanton : Such haue I beene, as you are now, and should learne, to Saile with all Windes, defend all Blowes, make Musicke with all Strings, know all the wayes, to the Wood, and like a good traueilling Hackney, learne to drinke of all Waters.

Y. Lio. May I miscarry in my Blandaes loue ;
If I that old damnation, doe not send
To Hell, before her time.

Bla. I would not haue you Mother, teach me ought,
That tends to injure him.

Sca. Well looke too 't when 'tis too late, and then repent at leasure, as I haue done : Thou see'st, heeres nothing but Prodigality and Pride, Wantoning, and Wasting, Rioting, and Reuelling, Spoyling, and Spending, Gluttony, and Gormondising, all goes to Hauocke, and can this hold out ? When he hath nothing left, to helpe himselfe, how can he Harbour thee ? Looke at length, to Drinke from a dry Bottle, and feed from an emptie Knap-sacke, looke too 't, 'twill come to that.

Y. Lio. My parsimony shall begin in thee,
And instantly, for from this houre, I vow,
That thou no more shalt Drinke vpon my cost, ' .
Nor taste the smallest Fragment from my Board ;
Ile see thee starue ith' street first.

Sca. Liue to one man ? a ieast, thou may'st aswell,
tie thy selfe to one Gowne ; and what Foole, but will

change with the Fashion, Yes, doe, Confine thy selfe
to one Garment, and vse no Varietie, and see how
soone it will Rot, and turne to Raggs.

Y. Lio. Those Raggs, be thy Reward ; Oh my
sweet Blanda,
Onely for Thee, I wish my Father dead,
And neere to Rouse vs from our Sweet delight ;
But for this Hag, this Beldam, shee whose backe,
Hath made her Items, in my Mercers Bookes,
Whose rauinous Guts, I haue Stuft with Delicates,
Nay euen to Surfit ; and whose frozen Blood,
I haue Warmed with Aquaintæ ; Be this day
My last of Bounty, to a Wretch Ingrate,
But vnto Thee, a new Indenture Sealed,
Of an affection fixt, and Permanent,
Ile loue thee still, bee 't but to giue the lye,
To this old Cancker'd Worme.

Bla. Nay, be not angrie.

Y. Lio. With thee, my Soule shall euer be at peace,
But with this loue seducer, still at Warre.

Enter Rioter and two Gallants.

Sca. Heere me but speake.

Y. Lio. Ope but thy lips againe, it makes a way,
To haue thy Tongue pluck'd out.

Rio. What all in Tempest ?

Y. Lio. Yes, and the Storme, raised by that
Witches Spells,
Oh 'tis a Damn'd Inchantresse.

Rio. What's the businesse ?

Bla. Onely some few words, flit her vnawares,
For my Sake, make her peace.

Rio. You charge me deeply,
Come Friend, will you be Mou'd at womens Words,
A man of your knowne iudgement ?

Y. Lio. Had you but heard,
The damn'd Erronious Doctrine that shee taught,
You would haue iudg'd her to the Stake.

Bla. But Sweet heart,
Shee now Recants those Errours, once more Number
her

Amongst your Household seruants.

Rio. Shall she beg, and be denyed ought from you?

Bla. Come this Kiffe, Shall end all former quarrells.

Rio. 'Tis not possible,
Those Lippes should moue in vaine, that two wayes
plead;

Both in their Speech, and Silence.

Y. Lio. You haue preuail'd,
But vpon this Condition, noway else,
Ile Senfure her, as shee hath Sentenc'd thee;
But with some small Inuerfion.

Rio. Speake, how's that?

Bla. Not too feure, I prethee, see poore wretch,
Shee at the barre, stands quaking.

Y. Lio. Now, hold vp?

Rio. How man, how?

Y. Lio. Her hand, I meane; And now il'e sentence thee,

According to thy Councell giuen to her:
Saile by one Winde; Thou shalt, to one tune Sing,
Lie at one Guard, and Play but on one String,
Hencefoorth, I will Confine thee to one Garment,
And that shall be a cast one, Like thy selfe
Iust, past all Wearing, as thou past all Use,
And not to be renewed, til't be as Ragged,
As thou art Rotten.

Bla. Nay sweet.

Y. Lio. That for her Habbit.

Sca. A cold Sute, I haue on't.

Y. Lio. To preuent Surfit,
Thy Diet, shall bee to one Dish confin'd,
And that too Rifled, with as vncleane hands,
As ere were laid on thee.

Sca. What hee scants me in Victuals, would he
but alow mee in Drinke.

Y. Lio. That shall be the refuse of the Flagons,
Iacks,
And Snuffes, such as the nastiest Breathes shall leaue ;
Of Wine, and Strong-water, neuer hope,
Hencefoorth to Smell.

Sca. Oh me, I Faint already.

Y. Lio. If I finde in my State, of all the rest,
Be thou excused, what thou proposed to her,
Beldam, is now against thy selfe decreed,
Drinke from drie springs, from empty Knap-Iacks
feede.

Sca. No burnt Wine, nor Hot-waters.

She Swounds.

Y. Lio. Take her hence.

Bla Indeede you are too cruell.

Y. Lio. Yes to her,
Onely of purpose, to be kind to thee ;
Are any of my Guests come ?

Rio. Feare not Sir,
You will haue a full Table.

Y. Lio. What, and Musicke ?

Rio. Best Confort in the Citie, for fixe parts.

Y. Lio. Wee shall haue Songs then ?

Rio. Bith' eare.

Whispers.

Y. Lio. And Wenches ?

Rio. Yes bith' eye.

Bla. Ha, what was that you said ?

Rio. We shall haue such to beare you company,
As will no doubt content you.

Y. Lio. Euer then :
In Youth there is a Fate, that swayes vs still,
To know what's Good, and yet pursue what's Ill.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter old Master Wincott, and his Wife.

Winc. And what's this Dalauill ?

Wife. My apprehension,
Can giue him no more true exprefſion,
Then that he firſt appeares, a Gentleman,
And well conditioned.

Winc. That for outward ſhew ;
But what in him haue you obſerued elſe,
To make him better knowne ?

Wife. I haue not Eyes,
To ſearch into the inward Thoughts of Men,
Nor euer was I ſtudied in that Art,
To iudge of Mens affection by the face ;
But that which makes me beſt opinion'd of him,
Is, That he's the Companion, and the Friend
Beloued of him, whom you ſo much commend,
The Noble Maſter Geraldine.

Winc. Thou haſt ſpoke,
That which not onely crownes his true deſert,
But now inflates him in my better thoughts,
Making his Worth, vnqueſtioned.

Wife. Hee pretends
Loue to my ſiſter Pru. I haue obſeru'd him,
Single her out, to priuate conference.

Winc. But I could rather, for her owne ſake, wiſh
Young Geraldine would fixe his thoughts that way,
And ſhee towards him ; In ſuch Affinity,
Truſt me, I would not uſe a ſparing hand.

Wife. But Loue in theſe kindes, ſhould not be
compel'd,
Forc'd, nor Perſwaded ; When it freely Springs,
And of it ſelfe, takes voluntary Roote,
It Growes, it Spreads, it Ripens, and brings forth,
Such an Vfurious Crop of timely Fruit,
As crownes a plentiful Autume.

Enter Clowne.

Winc. Such a Harueſt,
I ſhould not be th' vngladdeſt man to ſee,
Of all thy ſiſters friends : Now, whence come you ?

Clo. Who, I Sir, From a Lodging of Lardgeſſe, a

Houfe of Hofpitality, and a Pallace of Plenty; Where there's Feeding like Horfes, and Drinking like Fifhes; Where for Pints, w'are ferued in Pottles; and in ftead of Pottle-pots, in Pailes; in ftead of Siluer-tanckards, we drinke out of Water-tanckards; Clarret runs as freely, as the Cocks; and Caharie, like the Conduits of a Coronation day; Where there's nothing but Feeding and Frolicking; Caruing in Kifling; Drinking, and Dauncing; Muficke and Madding; Fiddling and Feafting.

Winc. And where, I pray thee, are all thefe Reuels kept?

Clo. They may be rather called Reakes then Reuells; As I came along by the doore, I was call'd vp amongst them; Hee-Gallants, and Shee-Gallants, I no fooner look'd out, but faw them out with their Kniues, Slafhing of Shoulders, Mangling of Legs, and Lanching of Loynes, till there was fcarce a whole Limbe left amongst them.

Winc. A fearefull Maffacre.

Clo. One was Hacking to cut off a Necke, this was Mangling a Brest, his Knife flip from the Shoulder, and onely cut of a Wing, one was picking the Braines out of a Head, another was Knuckle deepe in a Belly, one was Groping for a Liuer, another Searching for the Kidneyes; I faw one plucke the Sole from the Body (Goofe that fhe was to fuffer't) another prickt into the Breaft with his one Bill, Woodcocke to indure it.

Wife. How fell they out at firft?

Clo. I know not that, but it feemes, one had a Stomacke, and another had a Stomacke; But there was fuch biting and tearing with their teeths, that I am fure, I faw fome of their poore Carcafes pay for't.

Winc. Did they not fend for Surgeons?

Clo. Alas no, Surgeons helpe was too late; There was no futching vp of thofe Wounds, where Limbe was pluckt from Limbe; Nor any Salue for thofe Scarrs, which all the Plaifter of Paris cannot Cure.

Winc. Where grew the quarrell first ?

Clo. It seemes it was first Broacht in the Kitchen ; Certaine creatures being brought in thither, by some of the House ; The Cooke being a Colloricke fellow, did so Towse them and Tosse them, so Plucke them and Pull them. till hee left them as naked as my Naile, Pinioned some of them like Fellons ; Cut the Spurres from others of their Heeles ; Then downe went his Spits, Some of them he ranne in at the Throat, and out at the Back-side : About went his Basting-Ladle, where he did so befawce them, that many a shrode turne they had amongst them.

Wife. But in all this, How did the Women scape ?

Clo. They fared best, and did the least hurt that I saw ; But for quietnesse sake, were forc'd to swallow what is not yet digested, yet euery one had their share, and shee that had least, I am sure by this time, hath her belly full.

Winc. And where was all this hauocke kept ?

Clo. Marry Sir, at your next neighbours, Young Master Lionell, Where there is nothing but Drinking out of Dry-Fats, and Healthing in Halfe-Tubs, his Guests are fed by the Belly, and Beggars serued at his Gate in Baskets ; Hee's the Adamant of this Age, the Daffadill of these dayes, the Prince of Prodigallity, and the very Cæsar of all young Citizens.

Winc. Belike then, 'twas a Massacre of meat, not as I apprehended ?

Clo. Your grauity hath gest aright ; The chiefeest that fell in this Battell, were wild Fowle and tame Fowle ; Pheasants were wounded in stead of Alfareffe, and Capons for Captaines, Anchoues stood for Antians, and Caiare for Corporals, Dishes were assaulted in stead of Ditches, and Rabbets were cut to pieces vpon the rebellings, some lost their Legs, whil'st other of their wings were forc'd to flie ; The Pioner vndermind nothing but Pie-crust ; And——

Winc. Enough, enough, your wit hath plai'd too long vpon our patience ;

Wife, it grieues me much both for the yong and old
man, the one,
Graces his head with care, endures the parching heat
and biting cold,
The terrours of the Lands, and feares at Sea in trauell,
onely to gaine
Some competent estate to leaue his sonne ;
Whiles all that Merchandife, through Gulfes, Croffe-
Tides,
Pirats and Stormes, he brings so farre, Th' other
Heere Shipwrackes in the Harbour.
Wife. Tis the care of Fathers ; and the weakenesse
Incident to youth, that wants experience.

Enter Y. Geraldine, Dallauill, Prudentilla, laughing.

Clo. I was at the beginning of the Battell,
But heere comes some, that it seemes
Were at the rifing of the dead Carcasses ;
For by their mirth, they haue had part of the Spoile.

Winc. You are pleasant, Gentlemen, what I en-
treat,
Might be the Subiect of your pleasant sport,
It promifeth some pleasure ?

Prud. If their recreation
Bee, as I make no question, on truth grounded,
'twill beget fudden laughter.

Wife. What's the Proiect ?

Dal. Who shall relate it.

Winc. Master Geraldine, if there be any thing can
please my Eare,
With pleasant foundes, your Tongue must be the In-
strument,
On which the String must strike.

Dal. Bee't his then.

Prud. Nay heare it, 'tis a good one.

Wife. Wee intreat you, Possesse vs oth' Nouell.

Winc. Speake, good Sir.

Y. Ger. I shall then, with a kind of Barbarisme,

Shaddow a Ieast, that askes a smoother Tongue,
For in my poore discourse, I doe protest,
'twill but loofe his luster.

Wife. You are Modest.

Winc. Howeuer, speake, I pray; For my sake
doo't?

Clo. This is like a hastie Pudding, longer in eating,
then it was in making.

Y. Ger. Then thus it was, this Gentleman and I,
Past but iust now, by your next Neighbours house,
Where as they say, dwels one Young Lionell.

Clo. Where I was to night at Supper.

Winc. An vnthrif Youth, his Father now at Sea.

Y. Ger. Why that's the very Subiect. vpon which
It seemes, this Iest is grounded, there this Night,
Was a great feast.

Clo. Why so I told you, Sir.

Winc. Bee thou still dumbe, 'tis hee that I would
heare.

Y. Ger. In the height of their Carowing, all their
braines,

Warm'd with the heat of Wine; Discourse was offer'd,
Of Ships, and Stormes at Sea; when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildnesse, one conceues
The Roome wherein they quafft, to be a Pinnace,
Moouing and Floating; and the confused Noife,
To be the murmuring Windes, Gusts, Marriners;
That their vnstedfast Footing, did proceed
From rocking of the Vessell: This conceiu'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to looke out for safety, flie saith one
Vp to the Maine-top, and discover; Hee
Climbes by the bed post, to the Teaster, there
Reports a Turbulent Sea and Tempest towards;
And wills them if they'le saue their Ship and liues,
To cast their Lading ouer-board; At this
All fall to Worke, and Hoyste into the Street,
As to the Sea, What next come to their hand,
Stooles, Tables, Treffels, Trenchers, Bed-steds, Cups,

Pots, Plate, and Glaſſes ; Heere a fellow Whiffles,
They take him for the Boat-swaine, one lyes ſtrugling
Vpon the floore, as if he ſwome for life,
A third, takes the Baſe-violl for the Cock-boate,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and Rowes ;
His Oare, the Sticke with which the Fidler plaid ;
A fourth, beſtrides his Fellowes, thinking to ſcape
As did Arion, on the Dolphins backe,
Still fumbling on a gitterne.

Clo. Excellent Sport.

Winc. But what was the concluſion ?

Y. Ger. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the ſpoyle
Caſt from the windowes, went bith' eares about it ;
The Conſtable is called to Attone the broyle,
Which done, and hearing ſuch a noiſe within,
Of eminent Ship-racke ; enters the houſe, and finds
them

In this confuſion, They Adore his ſtaffe,
And thinke it Neptunes Trident, and that hee
Comes with his Tritons, (ſo they cal'd his watch)
To calme the Tempeſt, and appeaſe the Waues ;
And at this point, wee left them.

Clo. Come what will, ile ſteale out of Doores,
And fee the end of it, that's certaine *Exit.*

Winc. Thanks Maſter Geraldine, for this diſcourſe,
Introath it hath much pleaſed mee, but the night
Begins to grow faſte on vs, for your parts,
You are all young, and you may ſit vp late,
My eyes begin to ſummon mee to ſleepe,
And nothing's more offenſiue vnto Age,
Then to watch long and late.

Y. Ger. Now good Reſt with you.

Dal. What ſaies faire Prudentilla ? Maids and
Widdows,
And wee young Batchelors, ſuch as indeed
Are forc'd to lie in Solitary beds,
And ſleepe without diſturbance, wee methinks,
Should deſire later houres ; when Married Wiues,

That in their amorous armes, hug their delights ;
 To often wakings subiect ; their more hast,
 May better bee excused.

Prud. How can you,
 That are as you confesse, a single man,
 Enter so farre into these Misticall secrets
 Of Mariage, which as yet you neuer prooued

Dal. There's Lady, an instinct innate in man,
 Which prompts vs to the apprehensions
 Of th' vices wee were borne to ; Such we are
 Aptest to learne ; Ambitious most to know,
 Of which our chiefe is Marriage.

Prud. What you Men
 Most meditate, wee Women feldome dreame of.

Dal. When dreame Maids most ?

Prud. When thinke you ?

Dal. When you lie vpon your Backs, come come,
 your Eare. *Exit Dal. and Prud.*

Y. Ger. Wee now are left alone.

Wife. Why say wee be who should be iealous
 of vs ?

This is not first of many hundred Nights,
 That wee two haue beene priuate, from the first
 Of our acquaintance, when our Tongues but clipt
 Our Mothers-tongue, and could not speake it plaine,
 Wee knew each other ; As in stature, so
 Increase our sweet Societie ; Since your trauell,
 And my late Marriage, Through my Husbands loue,
 Mid-night hath beene as Mid-day, and my Bed-
 chamber,

As free to you, as your owne Fathers house,
 And you as welcome too't.

Y. Ger. I must confesse,
 It is in you, your Noble Courtesie,
 In him, a more then common confidence,
 And in this Age, can scarce find president.

Wife. Most trew, it is withall an Argument,
 That both our vertues are so deepe imprest
 In his good thoughts, hee knowes we cannot erre.

Y. Ger. A villaine were hee, to deceiue such trust,
Or (were there one) a much worfe Carracter.

Wife. And she no lesse, whom either Beauty, Youth,
Time, Place, or opportunity could tempt,
To iniure such a Husband.

Y. Ger. You deferue, euen for his sake, to be for
euer young ;
And hee for yours, to haue his Youth renew'd ;
So mutuall is your trew coniugall Loue ;
Yet had the Fates so pleas'd

Wife. I know your meaning.
It was once voyc'd, that wee two should haue Matcht,
The World so thought, and many Tongues so spake,
But Heauen hath now dispos'd vs otherwayes ;
And being as it is, (a thing in me,
Which I protest, was neuer wisht, nor fought)
Now done, I not repent it.

Y. Ger. In those times,
Of all the Treasures of my Hopes and Loue,
You were th' Exchequer, they were Stor'd in you ;
And had not my vnfortunate Trauell crost them,
They had bin heere referued still.

Wife. Troath they had,
I should haue beene your trusty Treasurer.

Y. Ger. Howeuer let vs Loue still, I intreat :
That, Neighbour-hood and breeding will allow ;
So much the Lawes Diuine and Humaine both,
Twixt Brother and a Sister will approue ;
Heauen then forbid, that they should limit vs
Wish well to one another.

Wife. If they should not,
Wee might proclaime, they were not Charitable,
Which were a deadly sin but to conceiue.

Y. Ger. Will you resoluue me one thing ?

Wife. As to one,
That in my Bosome hath a second place,
Next my deere Husband.

Y. Ger. That's the thing I craue,
And onely that, to haue a place next him.

Wife. Perfume on that already, but perhaps,
You meane to stretch it further.

Y. Ger. Onely thus farre,
Your Husbands old, to whom my Soule doth wish,
A Nesters age, So much he merits from me ;
Yet if (as prooffe and Nature daily teach)
Men cannot alwayes liue, especially
Such as are old and Crazed ; Hee be cal'd hence,
Fairely, in full maturity of time,
And we two be referu'd to after life,
Will you conferre your Widow-hood on mee ?

Wife. You aske the thing, I was about to beg ;
Your tongue hath spake mine owne thoughts.

Y. Ger. Vow to that.

Wife. As I hope Mercy.

Y. Ger. 'Tis enough, that word
Alone, inflates me happy ; Now so please you,
Wee will diuide, you to your priuate Chamber,
I to find out my friend.

Wife. Nay Master Geraldine,
One Ceremonie rests yet vnperform'd,
My Vow is past, your oath must next proceed,
And as you couet to be sure of me,
Of you I would be certaine.

Y. Ger. Make ye doubt ?

Wife. No doubt ; but Loue's still Iealous, and in
that

To be excused ; You then shall sweare by Heauen,
And as in all your future Acts, you hope
To thriue and prosper ; As the Day may yeeld
Comfort, or the Night rest, as you would keepe
Entire, the Honour of your Fathers house,
And free your Name from Scandall and Reproach,
By all the Goodnesse that you hope to enioy,
Or ill to shun——

Y. Ger. You charge me deeply Lady.

Wife. Till that day come, you shall reserue your
selfe

A single man ; Conuerſe nor company
With any Woman, Contraſt nor Combine,
With Maid; or Widow ; which expected houre,
As I doe wiſh not haſte, ſo when it happens,
It ſhall not come vnwelcome ; You heare all,
Vow this.

Y. Ger. By all that you haue ſaid, I ſweare,
And by this Kiſſe Confirm.

Wife. Y'are now my Brother,
But then, my ſecond Husband.

Exeunt.

Enter Y. Lionell, Rioter, Blanda, Scapha, two Gallants, and two Wenches, as newly wak'd from ſleepe.

Y. Lio. Wee had a ſtormy night on't.

Bla. The Wine ſtill workes,
And with the little reſt they haue tooke to night,
They are ſcarce come to themſelues.

Y. Lio. Now 'tis a Calme,
Thanks to thoſe gentle Sea-gods, that haue brought vs
To this ſafe Harbour ; Can you tell their names ?

Sca. He with the Painted-ſtaffe, I heard you call
Neptune.

Y. Lio. The dreadfull god of Seas,
Vpon whoſe backe neere ſtucke March flees.

1. *Gall.* One with the Bill, keepes Neptunes Por-
poſes,
So *Ouid* ſayes in 's *Metamorphoſis*.

2. *Gall.* A third the learned Poets write on,
And as they ſay, His name is Triton.

Y. Lio. Theſe are the Marine gods, to whom my
father

In his long voyage prayes too ; Cannot they
That brought vs to our Hauen, bury him
In their Abiſſe ? For if he ſafe arriue,
I with theſe Sailors, Syrens, and what not,
Am ſure heere to be ſhipwrackt.

1. *Wen.* Stand vp ſtiſſe.

Rio. But that the ſhip ſo totters : I ſhall fall.

1. *Wen.* If thou fall, Ile fall with thee.

Rio. Now I sincke,
 And as I diue and drowne, Thus by degrees,
 Ile plucke thee to the bottome. *They fall.*

Enter Reignald.

Y. Lio. Amaine for England, See, fee,
 The Spaniard now strikes Saile.

Reig. So must you all.

1. *Gall.* Whence is your ship, from the *Bermoothes*?

Reig. Worfe, I thinke from Hell :
 We are all Loft, Split, Shipwrackt, and vndone,
 This place is a meere quick-fands.

2. *Gall.* So we feared.

Reig. Wher's my young Master?

Y. Lio. Heere man, speake, the Newes?

Reig. The Newes is, I, and you——

Y. Lio. What?

Reig. Shee, and all thefe——

Bla. I?

Reig. We and all ours, are in one turbulent Sea
 Of Feare, Dispaire, Disafter and mischance swallowed :
 Your father, Sir——

Y. Lio. Why, what of him?

Reig. He is, Oh I want breath.

Y. Lio. Where?

Reig. Landed, and at hand.

Y. Lio. Vpon what coast? Who saw him?

Reig. I, these eyes.

Y. Lio. Oh Heauen, what shall I doe then?

Reig. Aske ye me

What shall become of you, that haue not yet
 Had time of studdy to dispose my selfe ;
 I say againe, I was vpon the Key,
 I saw him land, and this way bend his courfe ;
 What drunkard's this, that can out sleepe a storme
 Which threatens all our ruines? Wake him.

Bla. Ho, Rioter, awake.

Rio. Yes, I am wake ;

How dry hath this Salt-water made me ; Boy,
Giue me th' other Glasse.

Y. Lio. Anfe, I say,
My Fathers come from Sea.

Rio. If he be come, Bid him be gone againe.

Reig. Can you trifle
At fuch a time, when your Inuentions, Braines,
Wits, Plots, Deuices, Stratagems, and all
Should be at one in action ? each of you
That loue your safeties, lend your helping hands,
Women and all, to take this drunkard hence,
And to bestow him else where.

Bla. Lift for Heauens sake. *They carry him in.*

Reig. But what am I the neerer, were all these
Conuey'd to fundry places and vnseene ;
The flaine of our disorders still remaine,
Of which, the house will witnesse, and the old man
Must finde when he enters ; And for these

Enter againe.

I am here left to answere : What is he gone ?

Y. Lio. But whither ? But into th' felfe same house
That harbours him ; my Fathers, where we all
Attend from him surprifeall.

Reig. I will make
That Prifon of your feares, your Sanctuary ;
Goe get you in together.

Y. Lio. To this house ?

Reig. Your Fathers, with your Sweet-heart, these
and all ;

Nay, no more words but doo't.

Bla. That were to betray vs to his fury.

Reig. I haue 't heere,
To Baile you hence at pleasure ; and in th' interim,
Ile make this supposed Goale, to you, 'as safe
From the iniur'd old mans iust incensed spleene,
As were you now together ith' Low-Countreyes,

Virginia, or ith' Indies.

Bla. Present feare,
Bids vs to yeeld vnto the faint beliefe
Of the least hoped safety.

Reig. Will you in ?

Omn. By thee we will be counsell'd.

Reig. Shut them fast.

Y. Lio. And thou and I to leaue them ?

Reig. No such thing,
For you shall beare your Sweet-heart company,
And helpe to cheere the rest.

Y. Lio. And so thou
Meanest to escape alone ?

Reig. Rather without,
Ile stand a Champion for you all within ;
Will you be swai'd ? One thing in any case
I must aduise ; The gates boulted and lockt,
See that 'mongst you no liuing voyce be heard ;
No not so much as a Dog to howle,
Or Cat to mewe, all silence, that I charge ;
As if this were a meere forsaken house,
And none did there inhabite.

Y. Lio. Nothing else ?

Reig. And though the old man thunder at the
gates
As if he meant to ruine what he had rear'd,
None on their liues to answere.

Y. Lio. 'Tis my charge ;
Remaines there nothing else ?

Reig. Onely the Key ;
For I must play the goaler for your durance,
To bee the Mercurie in your release,

Y. Lio. Me and my hope, I in this Key deliuer
To thy safe trust.

Reig. When you are fast you are safe,
And with this turne 'tis done : What fooles are these,
To trust their ruin'd fortunes to his hands
That hath betrai'd his owne ; And make themselues

Prifoner to one deferues to lie for all,
 As being caufe of all ; And yet fomethings prompts me,
 Ile ftand it at all dangers ; And to recompence
 The many wrongs vnto the yong man done :
 Now, if I can doubly delude the old,
 My braine, about it then ; All's hufht within,
 The noife that fhall be, I muft make without ;
 And he that part for gaine, and part for wit,
 So farre hath trauell'd, ftriue to foole at home :
 Which to effect, Art muft with Knauery ioyne,
 And fmooth Diffembling meet with Impudence ;
 Ile doe my beft, and howfoere it prooue,
 My praife or fhame, 'tis but a feruants loue.

Enter old Lionell like a ciuill Merchant, with Watermen, and two feruants with Burdens and Caskets.

Old Lio. Difcharge thefe honeft Sailors that haue brought
 Our Chefts a fhore, and pray them haue a care,
 Thofe merchandife be fafe we left aboard :
 As Heauen hath bleft vs with a fortunate Voyage,
 In which we bring home riches with our healthes,
 So let not vs prooue niggards in our ftore ;
 See them paid well, and to their full content.

1. Ser. I fhall Sir.

Old Lio. Then returne : Thefe fpeciall things,
 And of moft value, wee le not truft aboard ;
 Meethinkes they are not fafe till they fee home,
 And there repofe, where we will reft our felues,
 And bid farewell to Trauell ; for I vow,
 After this houre no more to truft the Seas,
 Nor throw mee to fuch danger.

Reig. I could wifh
 You had tooke your leaue oth' Land too.

Old Lio. And now it much reioyceth me, to thinke
 What a moft fudden welcome I fhall bring,
 Both to my Friends and priuate Family.

Reig. Oh, but how much more welcome had he
beene,

That had brought certaine tidings of thy death.

Old Lio. But soft, what's this? my owne gates
shut vpon me,

And barre their Master entrance? Whose within
there?

How, no man speake, are all asleepe or dead,

That no foule stirres to open? *Knocks aloud.*

Reig. What madde man's that, who weary of his
life,

Dares once lay hand on these accursed gates?

Old Lio. Whose that? my seruant Reignald.

Reig. My old Master,

Most glad I am to see you; Are you well Sir?

Old Lio. Thou see'st I am.

Reig. But are you sure you are?

Feele you no change about you? Pray you stand off.

Old Lio. What strange and vnexpected greetings
this,

That thus a man may knocke at his owne gates,
Beat with his hands and feet, and call thus loud,
And no man giue him entrance?

Reig. Said you Sir;

Did your hand touch that hammer?

Old Lio. Why, whose else?

Reig. But are you sure you toucht it?

Old Lio. How else, I prethee, could I haue made
this noise?

Reig. You toucht it then?

Old Lio. I tell thee yet I did.

Reig. Oh for the love I beare you,

Oh me most miserable, you, for your owne sake,
Of all aliue most wretched; Did you touch it?

Old Lio. Why, say I did?

Reig. You haue then a sinne committed,
No sacrifice can expiate to the Dead;
But yet I hope you did not.

Old Lio. 'Tis past hope,

The deed is done, and I repent it not.

Reig. You and all yours will doo't. In this one rashnes,
You haue vndone vs all ; Pray be not desperate,
But first thanke Heauen that you haue escapt thus well ;

Come from the gate, yet further, further yet,
And tempt your fate no more ; Command your seruants

Giue off and come no neerer, they are ignorant,
And doe not know the danger, therefore pity
That they should perish in 't ; 'Tis full seuen moneths,
Since any of your house durst once set foot
Ouer that threshold.

Old Lio. Preethee speake the cause ?

Reig. First looke about, beware that no man heare,
Command these to remooue.

Old Lio. Be gone. *Exit* Seruants. Now speake.

Reig. Oh Sir, This house is growne Prodigious,
Fatall, Disasterous vnto you and yours.

Old Lio. What Fatall ? what Disasterous ?

Reig. Some Host that hath beene owner of this house,
In it his Guest hath slaine ; And we suspect
'Twas he of whom you bought it.

Old Lio. How came this
Discoouer'd to you first ?

Reig. Ile tell you Sir,
But further from the gate : Your sonne one night
Suppt late abroad, I within ; Oh that night,
I neuer shall forget ; Being safe got home,
I saw him in his chamber laid to rest ;
And after went to mine, and being drowfie,
Forgot by chance, to put the Candle out ;
Being dead asleepe ; Your sonne affrighted, calls
So loud, that I soone waken'd ; Brought in light,
And found him almost drown'd in fearefull sweat ;
Amaz'd to see't, I did demand the cause :
Who told me, that this murdered Ghost appeared,

His body gasht, and all ore-stucke with wounds ;
And spake to him as followes.

Old Lio. Oh proceed,

'Tis that I long to heare.

Reig. I am, quoth he,

A Trans-marine by birth, who came well flored
With Gold and Iewels, to this fatall house ;
Where seeking safety, I encounter'd death :
The couetous Merchant, Land-lord of this rent,
To whom I gaue my life and wealth in charge ;
Freely to enjoy the one, rob'd me of both :
Heere was my body buried, here my Ghost
Must euer walke, till that haue Christian right ;
Till when, my habitation must be here :
Then flie yong man, Remooue thy family,
And seeke some safer dwelling : For my death,
This mansion is accurst ; 'Tis my possession,
Bought at the deere rate of my life and blood,
None enter here, that aymes at his owne good.
And with this charge he vanisht.

Old Lio. Oh my feare,

Whither wilt thou transport me ?

Reig. I intreat keepe further from the gate, and
flie.

Old Lio. Flie whither ? Why doest not thou flie
too ?

Reig. What need I feare, the Ghost and I am
friends.

Old Lio. But Reignald.

Reig. Tush, I nothing haue deserued,
Nor ought transgreft : I came not neere the gate.

Old Lio. To whom was that thou spakest ?

Reig. Was 't you Sir nam'd me ?

Now as I liue, I thought the dead man call'd,
To enquire for him that thunder'd at the gate
Which he so dearely pai'd for : Are you madd,
To stand a fore-seene danger ?

Old Lio. What shall I doe ?

Reig. Couer your head and flie ; Left looking
backe,

You spie your owne confusion.

Old Lio. Why doest not thou flie too ?

Reig. I tell you Sir,
The Ghost and I am friends.

Old Lio. Why didst thou quake then ?

Reig. In feare lest some mischance may fall on you,
That haue the dead offended ; For my part,
The Ghost and I am friends : Why flie you not,
Since here you are not safe ?

Old Lio. Some bleft powers guard me.

Reig. Nay Sir, ile not forsake you : I haue got the
start ;

But ere the goale, 'twill aske both Braine and Art.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter old Master Geraldine, Y. Geraldine, Master
Wincott, and Wife, Dalauill, Prudentilla.*

Winc. We are bound to you, kind Master Geraldine,
For this great entertainment ; Troath your cost
Hath much exceeded common neighbour-hood :
You haue feasted vs like Princes.

Old Ger. This, and more
Many degrees, can neuer counteruaile
The oft and frequent welcomes giuen my sonne :
You haue tooke him from me quite, and haue I thinke,
Adopted him into your family,
He staies with me so feldome.

Win. And in this,
By trusting him to me, of whom your selfe
May haue both vse and pleasure, y'are as kind
As money'd men, that might make benefit
Of what they are possest, yet to their friends

In need, will lend it gratis.

Wife. And like such,
As are indebted more then they can pay ;
Wee more and more confesse our felues engaged
To you, for your forbearance.

Prud. Yet you see,
Like Debtors, such as would not breake their day ;
The Treasure late receiued, wee tender backe,
The which, the longer you can spare, you still
The more shall binde vs to you.

Old Ger. Most kind Ladies,
Worthy you are to borrow, that returne
The Principall, with such large vse of thanks.

Dal. What strange felicitie these Rich men take,
To talke of borrowing, lending, and of vse ;
The vsurers language right.

Winc. Y'aue Master Geraldine,
Faire walkes and gardens, I haue praised them,
Both to my Wife and Sister.

Old Ger. You would see them,
There's no pleasure that the House can yeeld,
That can be debar'd from you ; prethee Sonne,
Be thou the Visier to those Mounts and Prospects
May one day call thee Master.

Y. Ger. Sir I shall ;
Please you to walke.

Prud. What Master Dalauill,
Will you not beare vs company.

Dal. 'Tis not fit
That wee should leaue our Noble host alone,
Be you my Friends charge, and this old man mine.

Prud. Well, bee't then at your pleasure. *Exeunt.*

Manet Dalauill and Old Geraldine.

Dal. You to your Prospects, but there's proiect
heere
That's of another Nature ; Worthy Sir,
I cannot but approue your happineffe,
To be the Father of so braue a Sonne,

So euery way accomplish't and made vp,
In which my voice is leaft : For I alaffe,
Beare but a meane part in the common quier,
When with much lowder accents of his praife,
So all the world reports him.

Old Ger. Thanke my Starres,
They haue lent me one, who as he alwayes was,
And is my prefent ioy ; If their aspect
Be no wayes to our goods Maleuolent,
May be my Future comfort.

Dal. Yet must I hold him happie aboue others,
As one that Solie to himfelfe inioues
What many others aime at ; But in vaine.

Old Ger. How meane you that ?

Dal. So Beautifull a Miftrefse.

Old Ger. A Miftrefse, faid you ?

Dal. Yes Sir, or a Friend,
Whether you please to stile her.

Old Ger. Miftrefse ? Friend ?
Pray be more open languag'd.

Dal. And indeed,
Who can blame him to abfent himfelfe from home,
And make his Fathers houfe but as a grange,
For a Beautie fo Attractive ? Or blame her,
Huging fo weake an old Man in her armes,
To make a new choice, of an equall youth,
Being in him fo Perfect ? yet introath,
I thinke they both are honeft.

Old Ger. You haue Sir,
Poffest me with fuch frange fancies.

Dal. For my part,
How can I loue the perfon of your Sonne,
And not his reputation ? His repaire
So often to the Houfe, is voyct by all,
And frequent in the mouthes of the whole Countrey,
Some equally addic'ted, praife his happineffe ;
But others, more Cenforious and Auftere,
Blame and reprooue a courfe fo difolute ;
Each one in generall, pittie the good man,

As one vnfriendly dealt with, yet in my conscience,
I thinke them truely Honest.

Old Ger. 'Tis suspitious.

Dal. True Sir, at best ; But what when scandal-
ous tongues

Will make the worst ? and what good in it selfe,
Sullie and flaine by fabulous mis-report ;
For let men liue as charie as they can,
Their liues are often questioned ; Then no wonder,
If such as giue occasion of suspicion,
Be subiect to this scandall : What I speake,
Is as a Noble Friend vnto your Sonne ;
And therefore, as I glory in his Fame,
I suffer in his wrong ; for as I liue,
I thinke, they both are honest.

Old Ger. Howsoeuer,
I wish them so.

Dal. Some course might be deuif'd,
To stop this clamor ere it grow too wrancke ;
Lest that which yet but inconuenience seemes,
May turne to greater mischiefe ; This I speake
In Zeale to both, in foueraine care of him
As of a Friend ; And tender of her Honour,
As one to whom I hope to be allyed,
By Marriage with her Sister.

Old Ger. I much thanke you,
For you haue cleerely giuen me light of that,
Till now I neuer dreamt on.

Dal. 'Tis my Loue,
And therefore I intreat you, make not mee
To be the first reporter.

Old Ger. You haue done
The office of a Noble Gentleman,
And shall not be so iniur'd.

Enter againe as from Walking Winc. Wife, Y. Ger.
Prud.

Winc. See Master Geraldine,
How bold wee are, especially these Ladies

Play little better then the theeues with you,
For they haue robb'd your Garden.

Wife. You might Sir,
Better haue term'd it saucenes, then theft ;
You see we blush not, what we tooke in priuate,
To weare in publicke view.

Prud. Besides, these cannot
Be mist out of so many ; In full fields,
The gleanings are allow'd.

Old Ger. These and the rest,
Are Ladies, at your seruice.

Winc. Now to horse,
But one thing ere wee part, I must intreat ;
In which my Wife will be ioynt suter with me,
My Sister too.

Old Ger. In what I pray.

Winc. That hee
Which brought vs hither, may but bring vs home ;
Your much respected Sonne.

Old Ger. How men are borne,
To woe their owne disasters ?

Wife. But to see vs
From whence he brought vs Sir, that's all.

Old Ger. This second motion makes it Palpable :
To note a Womans cunning ; Make her husband
Bawde to her owne laciuous appetite,
And to Solicite his owne shame.

Prud. Nay Sir,
When all of vs ioyne in so small a suit,
It were some iniurie to be deni'd.

Old Ger. And worke her Sister too ; What will
not woman
To accomplish her owne ends : But this disease,
Ile seeke to Phisicke ere it grow too farre :
I am most forrie to be vrg'd sweet Friends,
In what at this time I can no wayes grant ;
Most, that these Ladies should be ought deni'd,
To whom I owe all Seruice, but occasions
Of weighty and important consequence,

Such as concerne the best of my Estate,
 Call him aside ; excuse vs both this once,
 Prefume this bufinesse is no sooner ouer,
 But hee's at his owne freedome.

Winc. 'Twere no manners
 In vs to vrge it further, wee will leaue you,
 With promise Sir, that he shall in my will,
 Not be the last remembred.

Old Ger. Wee are bound to you ;
 See them to Horse, and instantly returne,
 Wee haue Imployments for you.

Y. Ger. Sir I shall.

Dal. Remember your last promise.

Old Ger. Not to doo't,
 I should forget my selfe : If I finde him false
 To such a friend, be sure he forfeits me ;
 In which to be more punctually resolu'd,
 I haue a proiect how to sift his soule,
 How 'tis enclin'd ; whether to yonder place,

Enter Y. Geraldine.

The cleare bright Pallace, or blacke Dungeon : See,
 They are onward on the way, and hee return'd.

Y. Ger. I now attend your pleasure.

Old Ger. You are growne perfect man, and now
 you float

Like to a well built Veffell ; 'Tweene two Currents,
 Vertue and Vice ; Take this, you steere to harbour
 Take that, to eminent shipwracke.

Y. Ger. Pray your meaning.

Old Ger. What fathers cares are, you shall neuer
 know,

Till you your selfe haue children, Now my studdy,
 Is how to make you such, that you in them
 May haue a feeling of my loue to you.

Y. Ger. Pray Sir expound your selfe ; for I protest
 Of all the Languages I yet haue learn'd,
 This is to me most forraine.

Old Ger. Then I shall ;
I haue liued to see you in your prime of youth
And height of Fortune, so you will but take
Occasion by the forehead ; to be brieve,
And cut off all superfluous circumstance,
All the ambition that I ayme at now,
Is but to see you married.

Y. Ger. Married Sir.

Old Ger. And to that purpose, I haue found out
one,
Whose Youth and Beauty may not onely please
A curious eye ; But her immediate meanes,
Able to strengthen a state competent,
Or raise a ruined Fortune.

Y. Ger. Of all which,
I haue beleue me, neither need nor vse ;
My competence best pleasing as it is ;
And this my singularity of life,
Most to my mind contenting.

Od Ger. I suspect, but yet must proue him further ;
Say to my care I adde a Fathers charge,
And couple with my counsell my command ;
To that how can you answere ?

Y. Ger. That I hope :
My duty and obedience still vnblam'd,
Did neuer merit such austeritie ;
And from a father neuer yet displeas'd.

Old Ger. Nay, then to come more neere vnto the
point ;
Either you must resolute for present marriage,
Or forfeit all your interest in my loue.

Y. Ger. Vn-say that language, I intreat you Sir,
And doe not so oppresse me ; Or if needs
Your heauy imposition stand in force,
Resolute me by your counsell ; With more safety
May I infringe a sacred vow to heauen,
Or to oppose me to your strict command ?
Since one of these I must.

Old Ger. Now Dalauill,

I finde thy words too true.

Y. Ger. For marrie, Sir, I neither may, nor can.

Old Ger. Yet whore you may ;

And that's no breach of any vow to Heauen :

Pollute the Nuptiall bed with Michall finne ;

Asperse the honour of a noble friend ;

Forfeit thy reputation, here below,

And th' interest that thy Soule might claime aboue,

In yon blest City : These you may, and can,

With vntoucht conscience : Oh, that I should liue

To see the hopes that I haue stor'd so long,

Thus in a moment ruin'd : And the staffe,

On which my old decrepite age should leane ;

Before my face thus broken : On which trusting,

I thus abortiuely, before my time,

Fall headlong to my Graue.

Falls on the earth.

Y. Ger. It yet stands strong ;

Both to support you vnto future life,

And fairer comfort.

Old Ger. Neuer, neuer sonne :

For till thou canst acquit thy selfe of scandall,

And me of my suspition ; Heere, euen heere,

Where I haue measur'd out my length of earth ;

I shall expire my last.

Y. Ger. Both these I can :

Then rise Sir, I intreat you ; And that innocency,

Which poyson'd by the breath of Calumnies,

Cast you thus low, shall, these few stains wipt off,

With better thoughts erect you.

Old Ger. Well, Say on.

Y. Ger. There's but one fire from which this
smoake may grow ;

Namely, the vnmatcht yoake of youth ; And

In which, If euer I occasion was,

Of the smallest breach ; the greatest implacable mis-
chiefe

Adultery can threaten, fall on me ;

Of you may I be disauow'd a sonne ;

And vnto Heauen a seruant : For that Lady,
As she is Beauties mirror, so I hold her
For Chastities examples : From her tongue,
Neuer came language, that ariued my eare,
That euen cenfurious *Cato*, liu'd he now,
Could mis-interpret ; Neuer from her lips,
Came vnchaste kisse ; Or from her constant eye,
Looke fauouring of the least immodesty :
Further——

Old Ger. Enough ; One onely thing remains,
Which on thy part perform'd, assures firme credit
To these thy protestations.

Y. Ger. Name it then.

Old Ger. Take hence th' occasion of this common
fame ;
Which hath already spread it selfe so farre,
To her dishonour and thy preiudice,
From this day forward, to forbear the house :
This doe vpon my blefsing.

Y. Ger. As I hope it,
I will not faile your charge.

Old Ger. I am satisfied.

Exeunt.

*Enter at one doore an Vfuror and his Man, at the other,
Old Lionell with his seruant : In the midst Reignald.*

Reig. To which hand shall I turne me ; Here's my
Master
Hath bin to enquire of him that sould the house,
Touching the murder ; Here's an Vfuring-Rascall,
Of whom we haue borrowed money to supply
Our prodigall expences ; Broke our day,
And owe him still the Principall and Vfe :
Were I to meet them single, I haue braine
To oppose both, and to come off vnscarr'd ;
But if they doe assault me, and at once,
Not *Hercules* himselfe could stand that odds :
Therefore I must encounter them by turnes ;
And to my Master first : Oh Sir, well met.

Old Lio. What Reignald ; I but now met with the
man,

Of whom I bought yon house.

Reig. What, did you Sir ?

But did you speake of ought concerning that
Which I laft told you.

Old Lio. Yes, I told him all.

Reig. Then am I caft : But I pray tell me Sir,
Did he confesse the murder ?

Old Lio. No fuch thing ;
Moſt ſtuffely he denies it.

Reig. Impudent wretch ;
Then ſerue him with awarrant, let the Officer
Bring him before a Juſtice, you ſhall heare
What I can ſay againſt him ; Sfoot deni't :
But I pray Sir excuſe me, yonder's one
With whom I haue ſome buſineſſe ; Stay you here,
And but determine what's beſt courſe to take,
And note how I will follow't.

Old Lio. Be briefe then.

Reig. Now, If I can aſwell put off my Vſe-man,
This day, I ſhall be maſter of the field.

Vſu. That ſhould be Lionells man.

Man. The ſame, I know him.

Vſu. After ſo many friuolous delaies,
There's now ſome hope. He that was wont to ſhun vs,
And to abſent himſelfe, accoſts vs freely ;
And with a pleaſant countenance : Well met Reignald,
What's this money ready ?

Reig. Neuer could you
Haue come in better time.

Vſu. Where's your maſter,
Yong Lionell, it ſomething troubles me,
That hee ſhould breake his day.

Reig. A word in priuate.

Vſu. Tuſh, Priuate me no priuates, in a word,
Speake, are my moneys ready ?

Reig. Not ſo loud.

Vſu. I will be louder yet ; Giue me my moneys,
Come, tender me my moneys.

Reig. We know you haue a throat, wide as your
conſcience ;

You need not vse it now——Come, get you home.

Vfu. Home?

Reig. Yes, home I say, returne by three a Clocke,
And I will see all cancell'd.

Vfu. 'Tis now past two, and I can stay till three,
Ile make that now my businesse, otherwayes,
With these lowd clamors, I will haunt thee still;
Giue me my Vse, giue me my Principall.

Reig. This burre will still cleaue to me; what, no
meanes

To shake him off; I neere was caught till now:
Come come, y'are troublesome.

Vfu. Preuent that trouble,
And without trifling, pay me downe my cash;
I will be fool'd no longer.

Reig. So so so.

Vfu. I haue beene still put off, from time to time,
And day to day; these are but cheating tricks,
And this is the last minute ile forbear
Thee, or thy Master: Once againe, I say,
Giue me my Vse, giue me my Principall.

Reig. Pox a this vse, that hath vndone so many;
And now will confound mee.

Old Lio. Hast thou heard this?

Ser. Yes Sir, and to my grieve.

Old Lio. Come hither Reignald.

Reig. Heere Sir; Nay, now I am gone.

Old Lio. What vse is this?

What Principall hee talkes of? in which language
Hee names my Sonne; And thus vpbraideth thee,
What is't you owe this man?

Reig. A trifle Sir,
Pray stop his mouth; And pay't him.

Old Lio. I pay, what?

Reig. If I say pay't him; Pay't him.

Old Lio. What's the Summe?

Reig. A toy, the maine about fise hundred pounds;
And the vse fiftie.

Old Lio. Call you that a toy?

To what use was it borrowed ! At my departure,
I left my Sonne sufficient in his charge,
With furplus, to defray a large expence,
Without this neede of borrowing.

Reig. 'Tis confest,
Yet stop his clamorous mouth ; And onely say,
That you will pay't to morrow.

Old Lio. I passe my word.

Reig. Sir, if I bid you do't ; Nay, no more
words,

But say you'le pay't to morrow.

Old Lio. Ieast indeed,

But tell me how these moneys were bestowed ?

Reig. Safe Sir, I warrant you.

Old Lio. The Summe still safe,

Why doe you not then tender it your selues ?

Reig. Your eare sir ; This summe ioynd to the rest,
Your Sonne hath purchast Land and Houses.

Old Lio. Land, do'st thou say ?

Reig. A goodly House, and Gardens.

Old Lio. Now ioy on him,

That whil'st his Father Merchandis'd abroad,
Had care to adde to his estate at home :
But Reignald, wherefore Houses ?

Reig. Now Lord Sir,
How dull you are ; This house possesst with spirits,
And there no longer stay ; Would you haue had
Him, vs, and all your other family,
To liue, and lie ith' streets ; It had not Sir,
Beene for your reputation.

Old Lio. Blessing on him,
That he is growne so thriftie.

Vsu. 'Tis strooke three,
My money's not yet tender'd.

Reig. Pox vpon him,
See him discharged, I pray Sir.

Old Lio. Call vpon me
Com morrow Friend, as early as thou wilt ;

Reig. thy debt defraid.

con

Vfu. It is enough, I haue a true mans word.

Exit. Vfurur and man.

Old Lio. Now tell me Reignald,
For thou haft made me proud of my Sonnes thrift ;
Where, in what Countrey, doth this faire Houfe stand.

Reig. Neuer in all my time, fo much to feeke ;
I know not what to anfwere.

Old Lio. Wherefore ftuddieft thou ?
Vfe men to purchafe Lands at a deere rate,
And know not where they lie ?

Reig. 'Tis not for that ;
I onely had forgot his name that fould them,
'Twas let me fee, fee.

Old Lio. Call thy felfe to minde.

Reig. Non-pluft or neuer now ; Where art thou
braine ?

O Sir, where was my memory ; 'Tis this houfe
That next adioynes to yours.

Old Lio. My Neighbour Ricots.

Reig. The fame, the fame Sir ; Wee had peni-
worths in't ;
And I can tell you, haue beene offer'd well
Since, to forfake our bargaine.

Old Lio. As I liue,
I much commend your choice.

Reig. Nay, 'tis well feated,
Rough-caft without, but brauely lined within ;
You haue met with few fuch bargaines.

Old Lio. Prethee knocke,
And call the Mafter, or the feruant on't ;
To let me take free view on't.

Reig. Puzzle againe on Puzzle ; One word Sir,
The Houfe is full of Women, no man knowes,
How on the instant, they may be imploy'd ;
The Roomes may lie vnhanfome ; and Maids ftand
Much on their cleanelefse and hufwiferie ;
To take them vnprouided, were difgrace,
'Twere fit they had fome warning ; Now, doe you

Fetch but a warrant, from the Iustice Sir ;
You vnderstand mee.

Old Lio. Yes, I doe.

Reig. To attach
Him of suspected murder, Ile see't seru'd ;
Did he deny't ? And in the intrin, I
Will giue them notice, you are now ariu'd,
And long to see your purchase.

Old Lio. Councell'd well ;
And meet some halfe houre hence.

Reig. This plunge well past,
All things fall euen, to Crowne my Braine at last.

Exeunt.

Enter Dalauill and a Gentleman.

Gent. Where shall we dine to day ?

Dal. At th' Ordinarie.

I see Sir, you are but a stranger heere ;
This Barnet, is a place of great resort ;
And commonly vpon the Market dayes,
Heere all the Countrey Gentlemen Appoint,
A friendly meeting ; Some about affaires
Of Consequence and Profit ; Bargaine, Sale,
And to conferre with Chap-men, some for pleasure,
To match their Horses ; Wager in their Dogs,
Or trie their Hawkes ; Some to no other end,
But onely meet good Company, discourse,
Dine, drinke, and spend their Money.

Enter Old Geraldine and Yong Geraldine.

Gent. That's the Market, Wee haue to make this
day.

Dal. 'Tis a Commoditie, that will be easily vented :
What my worthy Friend,
You are happily encounter'd ; Oh, y'are growne
strange,
To one that much respects you ; Troath the House

Hath all this time seem'd naked without you ;
The good Old Man doth neuer fit to meat,
But next his giuing Thankes, hee speakes of you ;
There's scarce a bit, that he at Table tastes,
That can digest without a Geraldine,
You are in his mouth so frequent : Hee and Shee
Both wondering, what distaste from one, or either,
So suddenly, should alianate a Guest,
To them, so deerely welcome.

Old Ger. Master Dalauill,
Thus much let me for him Apologie ;
Diuers designs haue throng'd vpon vs late,
My weakenesse was not able to support
Without his helpe ; He hath bin much abroad,
At London, or else where ; Besides 'tis Terme ;
And Lawyers must be followed, feldome at home,
And scarcely then at leasure.

Dal. I am satisfied,
And I would they were so too, but I hope Sir,
In this restraint, you haue not vs'd my name ?

Old Ger. Not, as I liue.

Dal. Y'are Noble——Who had thought
To haue met with such good Company ; Y'are it
seeme

But new alighted ; Father and Sonne, ere part,
I vow weele drinke a cup of Sacke together ;
Phisicians say, It doth prepare the appetite
And stomacké against dinner.

Old Ger. Wee old men,
Are apt to take these courtesies.

Dal. What say you Friend ?

Y. Ger. Ile but enquire for one, at the next
Inne,

And instantly returne.

Dal. 'Tis enough.

Exit.

Enter Bessie meeting Y. Geraldine.

Y. Ger. Bessie : How do'st thou Girle ?

Bess. Faith we may doe how we list for you, you
are growne fo

Great a stranger : We are more beholding
To Master Dalauill, Hee's a constant Guest :
And howsoere to some, that shall bee namelesse,
His presence may be gracefull ; Yet to others——
I could say somewhat.

Y. Ger. Hee's a noble fellow,
And my choice friend.

Bess. Come come, he is, what he is ; and that the
end will prooue.

Y. Ger. And how's all at home ?
Nay, wee le not part without a glasse of wine,
And meet so feldome : Boy.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Anon, anon Sir.

Y. Ger. A Pint of Clarret, quickly. *Exit Drawer.*
Nay, sit downe : The newes, the newes, I pray thee ;
I am sure, I haue beene much enquir'd of
Thy old Master, and thy young Mistris too.

Bess. Euer your name is in my Masters mouth, and
sometimes too
In hers, when she hath nothing else to thinke of :
Well well, I could say somewhat.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Heere's your wine Sir. *Exit.*

Y. Ger. Fill Boy : Here Bessie, this glasse to both
their healths ;
Why do'st weepe my wench ?

Bess. Nay, nothing Sir.

Y. Ger. Come, I must know.

Bess. Introath. I loue you Sir,
And euer wisht you well ; You are a Gentleman,
Whom alwayes I respected ; Know the passages
And priuate whisperings, of the secret loue

Betwixt you and my Mistris ; I dare sweare,
On your part well intended : But——

Y. Ger. But what ?

Beff. You beare the name of Land-lord, but
another

Inioyes the rent ; You doate vpon the shadow,
But another he beares away the substance.

Y. Ger. Bee more plaine.

Beff. You hope to inioy a vertuous widdow-hood ;
But Dalauill, whom you esteeme your friend,
Hee keeps the wife in common.

Y. Ger. Y'are too blame,
And Beffe, you make me angry ; Hee's my friend,
And she my second selfe ; In all their meetings,
I neuer saw so much as cast of eye
Once entertain'd betwixt them.

Beff. That's their cunning.

Y. Ger. For her ; I haue beene with her at all
houres,

Both late and early ; In her bed-chamber,
And often singly vsher'd her abroad :
Now, would she haue bin any mans aliue,
Shee had bin mine ; You wrong a worthy Friend,
And a chaste Mistris, y'are not a good Girle ;
Drinke that, speake better of her, I could chide you,
But I'le forbear ; What you haue rashly spoke,
Shall euer heere be buried.

Beff. I am sorry my freeness should offend you,
But yet know, I am her Chamber-maid.

Y. Ger. Play now the Market-maid,
And prethee bout thy businesse.

Beff. Well, I shall——that man should be so fool'd.

Exit.

Y. Ger. Shee a Prostitute ?
Nay, and to him my troath plight, and my Friend ;
As possible it is, that Heauen and Earth
Should be in loue together, meet and kisse,
And so cut off all distance : What strange frensie
Came in this wenches braine, so to fummise ?

Were he so base ? his noblenesse is such,
 He would not entertaine it for my sake :
 Or he so bent ? His hot and lust burnt appetite
 Would be soone quencht, at the meere contemplation
 Of her most Pious and Religious life.
 The Girle was much too blame ; Perhaps her Mistris
 Hath stirr'd her anger, by some word or blow,
 Which she would thus reuenge ; Not apprehending
 At what a high price Honour's to be rated ;
 Or else some one that enuies her rare vertue,
 Might hire her thus to brand it ; Or, who knowes
 But the yong wench may fixe a thought on me ;
 And to diuert me from her Mistris loue,
 May raise this false aspersiō ? howsoever,

Enter Clo. with a letter.

My thoughts on these two columnes fixed are,
 She's good as fresh, and purely chaste as faire.

Clo. Oh Sir, you are the Needle, and if the whole
 County of Middlefex had bin turn'd to a meere Bottle
 of Hay, I had bin inioyn'd to haue found you out, or
 neuer more return'd backe to my old Master : There's
 a Letter Sir.

Y. Ger. I know the hand that superscrib'd it well ;
 Stay but till I peruse it, and from me
 Thou shalt returne an answer.

Clo. I shall Sir : This is Market-day, and heere
 acquaintance commonly meet ; and whom haue I
 encounter'd ? my gofsip Pint-pot, and brim full ; nay,
 I meane to drinke with you before I part, and how
 doth all your worshipfull kindred ? your sifter Quart,
 your pater-Pottle, (who was euer a Gentlemans fellow)
 and your old grandfier Gallon ; they cannot chuse but
 be all in health, since so many healthes haue beene
 drunke out of them : I could wish them all heere, and
 in no worfe state then I see you are in at this present ;
 howsoever gofsip, since I haue met you hand to hand,
 I'll make bould to drinke to you——Nay, either you
 must pledge me, or get one to doo't for you ; Doe you
 open your mouth towards me ? well, I know what you

would say ; Heere Roger, to your Master and Mistris, and all our good friends at home ; gramercy gossip, if I should not pledge thee, I were worthy to be turn'd out to Graffe, and stand no more at Liuary ; And now in requitall of this courtesie I'll begin one health to you and all your society in the Celler, to Peter Pipe, Harry Hoghead, Bartholomew Butt and little master Randall Rundlet, to Timothy Tafter, and all your other great and small friends.

Y. Ger. Hee writes mee heere,
That at my discontinuance hee's much grieu'd ;
Desiring me, as I haue euer tender'd
Or him or his, to giue him satisfaction
Touching my discontent ; and that in person,
By any priuate meeting.

Clo. I Sir, 'tis very true ; The Letter speakes no more
Then he wisht me to tell you by word of mouth.

Y. Ger. Thou art then of his councill ?

Clo. His Priuy and please you.

Y. Ger. Though neere so strict hath bin my
fathers charge,
A little I'll dispense with't, for his loue ;
Commend me to thy Master, tell him from me,
On Munday night (then will my leaseure serue)
I will by Heauens assistance visit him.

Clo. On Munday Sir :
That's as I remember, iust the day before Tuesday.

Y. Ger. But 'twill be midnight first, at which late
houre,
Please him to let the Garden doore stand ope,
At that I'll enter ; But conditionally,
That neither Wife, Friend, Seruant, no third soule
Saue him, and thee to whom he trusts this message,
Know of my comming in, or passing out :
When, tell him, I will fully satisfie him
Concerning my forst absence,

Clo. I am something obliuious ; Your message

would bee the truelier deliuered if it were fet downe
in blacke and white.

Y. Ger. I'll call for Pen and Incke,
And instantly difpatch it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Reignald.

Reig. Now impudence, but Steele my face this once,
Although I neere blush after; Heere's the house,
Ho, whose within? What, no man to defend

Enter Mr. Ricot.

These innocent gates from knocking?

Ric. Whose without there?

Reig. One Sir that euer wish't your worships health;
And those few houres I can find time to pray in,
I still remember it.

Ric. Gramercy Reignald,
I loue all those that wish it: You are the men
Leade merry lues, Feast, Reuell, and Carowse;
You feele no tedious houres; Time playes with you,
This is your golden age.

Reig. It was, but now Sir,
That Gould is turned to worse then Alcamy,
It will not stand the test; Those dayes are past,
And now our nights come on.

Ric. Tell me Reignald, is he return'd from Sea?

Reig. Yes, to our griefe already, but we feare
Hereafter, it may prooue to all our cost's.

Ric. Suspects thy Master any thing?

Reig. Not yet Sir;
Now my request is, that your worship being
So neere a Neighbour, therefore most disturb'd,
Would not be first to peach vs.

Ric. Take my word;

With other Neighbours make what peace you can,
I'll not be your accuser.

Reig. Worshipfull Sir ;

I shall be still your Beads-man ; Now the businesse
That I was sent about, the Old Man my Master
Claiming some interest in acquaintance past,
Desires (might it be no way troublesome)
To take free view of all your House within.

Ric. View of my House ? Why 'tis not set to Sale,
Nor bill vpon the doore ; Looke well vpon't :
View of my House ?

Reig. Nay, be not angry Sir,
Hee no way doth disable your estate ;
As farre to buy, as you are loath to sell ;
Some alterations in his owne hee'd make,
And hearing yours by worke-men much commended,
Hee would make that his President.

Ric. What fancies
Should at this age possesse him ; Knowing the cost,
That hee should dreame of Building.

Reig. 'Tis suppos'd,
He hath late found a Wife out for his Sonne ;
Now Sir, to haue him neere him, and that neereneesse
Too, without trouble, though beneath one rooffe,
Yet parted in two Families ; Hee would build
And make what's pickt, a perfit quadrangle,
Proportioned iust with yours, were you so pleased,
To make it his example.

Ric. Willingly ; I will but order some few things
within,
And then attend his comming. *Exit.*

Reig. Most kind cox-combe,
Great *Alexander*, and *Agathocles*,
Cæsar, and others, haue bin Fam'd, they say,
And magnified for high Facinorous deeds ;
Why claime not I, an equall place with them ?
Or rather a presedent : These commanded
Their Subiects, and their seruants ; I my Master,
And euery way his equalls, where I please,

Lead by the nose along ; They plac'd their burdens
On Horses, Mules, and Camels ; I, old Men
Of strength and wit, loadè with my knauerie,

Enter Old Lionell.

Till both their backs and braines ake ; Yet poore
animalls,

They neere complaine of waight ; Oh are you come
Sir ?

Old Lio. I made what haste I could.

Reig. And brought the warrant ?

Old Lio. See heere, I hau 't.

Reig. 'Tis well done, but speake, runs it
Both without Baile and Maineprize ?

Old Lio. Nay, it carries both forme and power.

Reig. Then I shall warrant him ;
I haue bin yonder Sir.

Old Lio. And what fayer hee ?

Reig. Like one that offers you
Free ingresse, view and regresse, at your pleasure ;
As to his worthy Land-lord.

Old Lio. Was that all ?

Reig. Hee spake to me, that I would speake to you,
To speake vnto your Sonne ; And then againe,
To speake to him, that he would speake to you ;
You would release his Bargaine.

Old Lio. By no meanes,
Men must aduise before they part with Land,
Not after to repent it ; 'Tis most iust,
That such as hazzard, and disburse their Stockes,
Should take all gaines and profits that accrew,

Enter Mr. Ricot againe walking before the gate.

As well in Sale of Houses, as in Barter,
And Traficke of all other Merchandize.

Reig. See, in acknowledgement of a Tenants duty,
Hee attends you at the gate ; Salute him Sir.

Old Lio. My worthy Friend.

Ric. Now as I lue, all my best thoughts and
wishes

Impart with yours, in your so safe returne ;
Your seruant tels me, you haue great desire
To take suruiew of this my house within.

Old Lio. Bee't Sir, no trouble to you.

Ric. None, enter bouldly ;
With as much freedome, as it were your owne.

Old Lio. As it were mine ; Why Reignald, is it
not ?

Reig. Lord Sir, that in extremity of griefe,
You'll adde vnto vexation ; See you not
How sad hee's on the suddaine,

Old Lio. I obserue it.

Reig. To part with that which he hath kept so
long ;
Especially his Inheritance ; Now as you loue
Goodnesse, and Honesty, torment him not
With the least word of Purchase.

Old Lio. Councell'd well ;
Thou teachest me Humanitie.

Ric. Will you enter ?
Or shall I call a seruant, to conduct you
Through euery Roome and Chamber ?

Old Lio. By no means ;
feare wee are too much troublesome of our selues.

Reig. See what a goodly Gate ?

Old Lio. It likes me well.

Reig. What braue caru'd poasts ; Who knowes but
heere,
In time Sir, you may keepe your Shreualtie ;
And I be one oth' Seriants.

Old Lio. They are well Caru'd.

Ric. And cost me a good price Sir ; Take your
pleasure,
I haue businesse in the Towne.

Exit.

Reig. Poore man, I pittie him ;
H'ath not the heart to stay and see you come,

As 'twere, to take Possession ; Looke that way Sir,
What goodly faire Baye windowes ? *Bayes.*

Old Lio. Wondrous stately.

Reig. And what a Gallerie, How costly Seeled ;
What painting round about ?

Old Lio. Euery fresh object to good, adds better-
neffe.

Reig. Tarraft aboue, and how below supported ;
doe they please you ?

Old Lio. All things beyond opinion ; Trust me
Reignald,

I'll not forgoe the Bargaine, for more gaine
Then halfe the price it cost me.

Reig. If you would ? I should not suffer you ; Was
not the

Money due to the Vfuror, tooke vpon good ground,
That prou'd well built vpon ? Wee were no fooles
That knew not what wee did.

Old Lio. It shall be satisfied.

Reig. Please you to trust me with 't, I'll see 't dis-
charged.

Old Lio. Hee hath my promise, and I'll doo 't
my selfe :

Neuer could Sonne haue better pleas'd a Father,
Then in this Purchase : Hie thee instantly
Vnto my house ith' Countrey, giue him notice
Of my arriue, and bid him with all speede
Poaste hither.

Reig. Ere I see the warrant seru'd ?

Old Lio. It shall be thy first businesse ; For my
Soule

Is not at peace, till face to face, I approue
His Husbandrie, and much commend his Thrift ;
Nay, without pause, be gone.

Reig. But a short iourney ;

For hee's not farre, that I am sent to seeke :
I haue got the start, the best part of the Race
Is runne already, what remaines, is small,
And tyre now, I should but forfeit all.

Old Lio. Make haste, I doe intreat thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. This is the Garden gate ; And heere am I
set to stand Centinell, and to attend the comming of
Young Master Geraldine : Master Dalauill's gone to
his Chamber ; My Mistresse to hers ; 'Tis now about
Mid-night ; A Banquet prepared, bottles of Wine in
readinesse, all the whole Houehold at their rest ; And
no creature by this, honestly stirring, sauing I and my
Old Master ; Hee in a bye Chamber, prepared of
purpose for their priuate Meeting ; And I heere to
play the Watchman, against my will ; Chauelah,

Enter Young Geraldine.

Stand ; Who goes there ?

Y. Ger. A Friend.

Clo. The Word ?

Y. Ger. Honest Roger.

Clo. That's the Word indeed ; You haue leaue to
passe freely

Without calling my Corporall.

Y. Ger. How goe the affaires within ?

Clo. According to promise, the businesse is com-
posed, and the seruants disposed, my young Mistris re-
posed, my old Master according as you proposed,
attends you if you bee exposed to giue him meeting ;
Nothing in the way being interposed, to transpose you
to the least danger : And this I dare be deposed, if you
will not take my word, as I am honest Roger.

Y. Ger. Thy word shall be my warrant, but secur'd
Most in thy Masters promise, on which building ;
By this knowne way I enter.

Clo. Nay, by your leaue,
I that was late but a plaine Centinell will now be
your Captaine conductor : Follow me. *Exeunt.*

Table and Stooles fet out ; Lights : a Banquet, Wine.

Enter Master Wincott.

Winc. I wonder whence this strangeness should
 proceed,
 Or wherein I, or any of my house,
 Should be th' occasion of the least distaste ;
 Now, as I wish him well, it troubles me ;

Enter Clow. and Y. Ger.

But now the time growes on, from his owne mouth
 To be resolu'd ; And I hope satisfied :
 Sir, as I live, of all my friends to me
 Most wishedly, you are welcome : Take that Chaire,
 I this : Nay, I intreat no complement ;
 Attend——Fill wine.

Clow. Till the mouthes of the bottles yawne directly
 vpon the floore, and the bottomes turne their tayles
 vp to the feeling ; Whil't there's any blood in their
 bellies, I'll not leaue them.

Winc. I first salute you thus.

Y. Ger. It could not come
 From one whom I more honour ; Sir, I thanke you.

Clow. Nay, since my Master begun it, I'll see 't goe
 round
 To all three.

Winc. Now giue vs leaue.

Clow. Talke you by your selues, whilest I find some-
 thing to say to this : I haue a tale to tell him shall
 make his stony heart relent. *Exit.*

Y. Ger. Now, first Sir, your attention I intreat :
 Next, your beliefe, that what I speake is iust,
 Maugre all contradiction.

Winc. Both are granted.

Y. Ger. Then I proceed ; With due acknowledge-
 ment

Of all your more then many curtesies :
Y'auē bin my second father, and your wife,
My noble and chaste Mistris ; All your seruants
At my command ; And this your bounteous Table,
As free and common as my Fathers house ;
Neither 'gainst any, or the least of these,
Can I commence iust quarrell.

Winc. What might then be
The cause of this constraint, in thus absenting
Your selfe from such as loue you ?

Y. Ger. Out of many,
I will propose some few : The care I haue
Of your (as yet vnblemished) renowne ;
The vntoucht honour of your vertuous wife ;
And (which I value least, yet dearely too)
My owne faire reputation.

Winc. How can these,
In any way be questioned ?

Y. Ger. Oh deare Sir,
Bad tongues haue bin too busie with vs all ;
Of which I neuer yet had time to thinke,
But with sad thoughts and griefes vnspeakeable :
It hath bin whisper'd by some wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my fathers eares,
By some that haue malign'd our happinesse ;
(Heauen, if it can brooke slander, pardon them)
That this my customary comming hither,
Hath bin to base and forded purposes :
To wrong your bed ; Iniure her chastity ;
And be mine owne vndoer : Which, how false ?

Winc. As Heauen is true, I know 't.

Y. Ger. Now this Calumny
Ariuing first vnto my fathers eares,
His easie nature was induc'd to thinke,
That these things might perhaps be possible :
I answer'd him, as I would doe to Heauen :
And cleer'd my selfe in his suspitious thoughts,
As truly, as the high all-knowing Iudge
Shall of these staines acquit me ; which are meerely

Asperſions and vntruthes : The good old man
 Poſſeſt with my ſincerity, and yet carefull
 Of your renowne, her honour, and my fame ;
 To ſtop the worſt that ſcandall could inſlicke ;
 And to preuent falſe rumours, charges me,
 The cauſe remoou'd, to take away the effect ;
 Which onely could be, to forbear your houſe
 And this vpon his bleſſing : You heare all.

Winc. And I of all acquit you : This your abſence,

With which my loue moſt cauell'd ; Orators
 In your behalfe. Had ſuch things paſt betwixt
 you,
 Not threats nor chidings could haue driuen you
 hence :

It pleads in your behalfe, and ſpeakes in hers ;
 And armes me with a double confidence,
 Both of your friendship, and her loyalty :
 I am happy in you both, and onely doubtfull
 Which of you two doth moſt impart my loue :
 You ſhall not hence to night.

Y. Ger. Pray pardon Sir.

Winc. You are in your lodging.

Y. Ger. But my fathers charge.

Winc. My coniuration ſhall diſpence with that ;
 You may be vp as early as you pleaſe ;
 But hence to night you ſhall not.

Y. Ger. You are powerfull.

Winc. This night, of purpoſe, I haue parted
 beds,

Faining my ſelfe not well, to giue you meeting ;
 Nor can be ought ſuſpected by my Wife,
 I haue kept all ſo priuate : Now 'tis late,
 I'll ſteale vp to my reſt ; But howſoeuer,
 Let 's not be ſtrange in our writing, that way
 dayly

We may conferre without the leaſt ſuſpect,
 In ſpight of all ſuch baſe calumnious tongues

So, Now good-night sweet friend.

Exit.

Y. Ger. May he that made you
So iust and good, still guard you. Not to bed,
So I perhaps might ouer-sleepe my selfe,
And then my tardy wakeing might betray me
To the more early household ; Thus as I am,
I'le rest me on this Pallat ; But in vaine,
I finde no sleepe can fasten on mine eyes,
There are in this disturbed braine of mine
So many mutinous fancies : This, to me,
Will be a tedious night ; How shall I spend it ?
No Booke that I can spie ? no company ?
A little let me recollect my selfe ;
Oh, what more wisht company can I find,
Suiuing the apt occasion, time and place ;
Then the sweet contemplation of her Beauty ;
And the fruition too, time may produce,
Of what is yet lent out ? 'Tis a sweet Lady,
And euery way accomplisht : Hath meere accident
Brought me thus neere, and I not visit her ?
Should it ariue her eare, perhaps might breed
Our lasting separation ; For 'twixt Louers,
No quarrell's to vnkindnesse, Sweet opportunity
Offers preuention, and inuites me too't :
The house is knowne to me, the flaires and roomes ;
The way vnto her chamber frequently
Trodden by me at mid-night, and all houres :
How ioyfull to her would a meeting be,
So strange and vnexpected ; Shadowed too
Beneath the vaile of night ; I am resolu'd
To giue her visitation, in that place
Where we haue past deepe voves, her bed-chamber :

My fiery loue this darkenesse makes seeme bright,
And this the path that leades to my delight.

He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.

And this the gate vntoo't ; I'le listen first,
Before too rudely I disturbe her rest :
And gentle breathing ; Ha ? shee's fure awake,

For in the bed two whisper, and their voyces
 Appeare to me vnequall ;——One a womans——
 And hers ;——Th' other should be no maids tongue,
 It beares too big a tone ; And harke, they laugh ;
 (Damnation) But list further ; 'Tother sounds——
 Like——'Tis the same false perjur'd traitor, Dalauill,
 To friend and goodnesse : Vnchast impious woman,
 False to all faith, and true coniugall loue ;
 There's met, a Serpent and a Crockadell ;
 A Synon and a Circe : Oh, to what
 May I compare you ?——But my Sword,
 I'll act a noble execution,
 On two vnmatcht for fordid villanie :——
 I left it in my Chamber, And thanks Heauen
 That I did so ; It hath preuented me
 From playing a base Hang-man ; Sinne securely,
 Whilst I, although for many, yet lesse faults,
 Striue hourly to repent me ; I once loved her,
 And was to him intir'd ; Although I pardon,
 Heauen will find time to punish, I'll not stretch
 My iust reuenge so farre, as once by blabbing,
 To make your brazen Impudence to blush ;
 Damne on, reuenge too great ; And to suppress
 Your Soules yet lower, without hope to rise,
 Heape Offa vpon Pelion ; You haue made mee
 To hate my very Countrey, because heere bred :
 Neere two such monsters ; First I'll leaue this House,
 And then my Fathers , Next I'll take my leaue,
 Both of this Clime and Nation, Trauell till
 Age snow vpon this Head : My passions now,
 Are vnexpressable, I'll end them thus ;
 Ill man, bad Woman, your vnheard of trecherie,
 This vniust censure, on a Iust man giue,
 To seeke out place, where no two such can liue.

Exit.

Enter Dalauill in a Night-gowne: Wife in a night-tyre, as coming from Bed.

Dal. A happy Morning now betide you Lady,

To equall the content of a sweet Night.

Wife. It hath bin to my wish, and your desire ;
And this your comming by pretended loue
Vnto my Sister Pru. cuts off suspection
Of any such conuerse 'twixt you and mee.

Dal. It hath bin wisely carried.

Wife. One thing troubles me.

Dal. What's that my Dearest ?

Wife. Why your Friend Geraldine,
Should on the suddenn thus absent himselfe ?
Has he had thinke you no intelligence,
Of these our priuate meetings.

Dal. No, on my Soule,
For therein hath my braine exceeded yours ;
I studdying to engrosse you to my selfe,
Of his continued absence haue bin cause ;
Yet hee of your affection no way iealous,
Or of my Friendship——How the plot was cast,
You at our better leasure shall partake ;
The aire growes cold, haue care vnto your health,
Suspitious eyes are ore vs, that yet sleepe,
But with the dawne, will open ; Sweet retire you
To your warme Sheets ; I now to fill my owne,
That haue this Night bin empty.

Wife. You aduise well ;
Oh might this Kisse dwell euer on thy Lips,
In my remembrance.

Dal. Doubt it not I pray,
Whilest Day frights Night, and Night pursues the day :
Good morrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Reignald, Y. Lionell, Blanda, Scapha, Riotor,
and two Gallants, Reig. with a Key in his hand.

Reig. Now is the Goale deliuerie ; Through this
backe gate
Shift for your selues, I heere vnprison all.
Y. Lio. But tell me, how shall we dispose our
selues ?

Wee are as farre to feeke now, as at the first ;
 What is it to repreeue vs for few houres,
 And now to suffer, better had it bin
 At first, to haue stood the triall, so by this,
 Wee might haue past our Pennance.

Bla. Sweet Reignald.

Y. Lio. Honest rogue.

Rio. If now thou failest vs, then we are lost for euer.

Reig. This fame sweete Reignald, and this. honest rogue,

Hath bin the Burgeffe, vnder whose protection
 You all this while haue liu'd, free from Arrests,
 But now, the Sessions of my power's broake vp,
 And you expos'd to Actions, Warrants, Writs ;
 For all the hellish rabble are broke loose,
 Of Seriants, Sheriffes, and Baliffes.

Omn. Guard vs Heauen.

Reig. I tell you as it is ; Nay, I my selfe
 That haue bin your Protector, now as subiect
 To euery varlots Pestle, for you know
 How I am engag'd with you——At whose suit fir.

Omn. Why didst thou Start. *All Start.*

Reig. I was afraid some Catchpole stood behind me,

To clap me on the Shoulder.

Rio. No such thing ;

Yet I protest thy feare did fright vs all.

Reig. I knew your guilty consciences.

Y. Lio. No Braine left ?

Bla. No crotchet for my sake ?

Reig. One kisse then Sweete,
 Thus shall my crotchets, and your kisses meete.

R. Lio. Nay, tell vs what to trust too.

Reig. Lodge your selues

In the next Tauerne, ther's the Cash that's left,
 Goe, health it freely for my good successe ;
 Nay, Drowne it all, let not a Teaster scape
 To be consum'd in rot-gut ; I haue begun,

And I will stand the period.

Y. Lio. Brauely fpoke.

Reig. Or perish in the conflict.

Rio. Worthy Reignald.

Reig. Well, if he now come off well, Fox you
all ;

Goe, call for Wine ; For singlie of my selfe
I will oppose all danger ; But I charge you,
When I shall faint or find my selfe distressed ;
If I like braue *Orlando*, winde my Horne,
Make haste vnto my rescuew.

Y. Lio. And die in't.

Reig. Well hast thou fpoke my noble Charlemaine,
With these thy Peeres about thee.

Y. Lio. May good Speede
Attend thee still.

Reig. The end fill crownes the deede. *Exeunt.*

Enter Old Lionell, and the first Owner of the House.

Own. Sir sir, your threats nor warrants, can fright
me ;

My honestie and innocency's knowne
Alwayes to haue bin vnblemisht ; Would you could
As well approue your owne Integrity,
As I shall doubtlesse acquit my selfe
Of this surmised murder.

Old Lio. Rather Surrender
The price I paid, and take into thy hands
This haunted mansion, or I'll prosecute
My wrong, euen to the vtmost of the Law,
Which is no lesse then death.

Own. I'll answere all
Old Lionell, both to thy shame and scorne ;
This for thy Menaces.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. This is the House, but where's the noyfe that

was wont to be in't ? I am sent hither, to deliuer a Noate, to two young Gentlemen that heere keepe Reuell-rout ; I remember it, since the last Massacre of Meat that was made in't ; But it seemes, that the great Storme that was raised then, is chaft now ; I haue other Noates to deliuer, one to Master Rycott—and——I shall thinke on them all in order ; My Old Master makes a great Feast, for the parting of young Master Geraldine, who is presently vpon his departure for Trauell, and the better to grace it, hath inuited many of his Neighbours and Friends ; Where will be Old Master Geraldine——his Sonne, and I cannot tell how many ; But this is strange, the Gates shut vp at this time a day, belike they are all Drunke and laid to sleepe, if they be, I'll wake them, with a Murraine.

Knockes.

Old Lio. What desperate fellowe's this, that ignorant

Of his owne danger, thunders at these Gates ?

Clo. Ho, Reignald, Riotous Reignald, Reuelling Reignald.

Old Lio. What madnesse doth possesse thee, honest Friend,

To touch that Hammers handle ?

Clo. What madnesse doth possesse thee, honest Friend,

To aske me such a question ?

Old Lio. Nay, stirre not you ?

Own. Not I ; The game begins.

Old Lio. How dost thou, art thou well ?

Clo. Yes very well, I thanke you, how doe you Sir ?

Old Lio. No alteration ; What change about thee ?

Clo. Not so much change about me at this time, As to change you a Shilling into two Teasters.

Old Lio. Yet I aduise thee Fellow, for thy good, Stand further from the Gate.

Clo. And I aduise thee Friend, for thine owne good, stand not betwixt mee and the Gate, but giue

me leaue to deliuer my errant ; Hoe, Reignald, you
mad Rascall.

Old Lio. In vaine thou thunder'st at these silent
Doores,

Where no man dwels to answere, sauing Ghosts,
Furies, and Sprights.

Clo. Ghosts ; Indeed there has bin much walking,
in and about the House after Mid-night.

Old Lio. Strange noyse oft heard.

Clo. Yes, terrible noife, that none of the neigh-
bours could take any rest for it, I haue heard it my
selfe.

Old Lio. You heare this ; Heere's more witnesse.

Owm. Very well Sir.

Old Lio. Which you shall dearely answere——
whooping.

Clo. And hollowing.

Old Lio. And shouting.

Clo. And crying out, till the whole house rung
again.

Old Lio. Which thou hast heard ?

Clo. Oftner then I haue toes and fingers.

Old Lio. Thou wilt be depos'd of this ?

Clo. I'll be sworne too't, and that's as good.

Old Lio. Very good still ; Yet you are in-
nocent :

Shall I intreat thee friend, to auouch as much
Heere by to the next Iustice.

Clo. I'll take my souldiers oath on't.

Old Lio. A souldiers oath, What's that ?

Clo. My corporall oath ; And you know Sir, a
Corporall is an office belonging to a souldier.

Old Lio. Yet you are cleere ?

Murder will come to light.

Enter Robin, the old scruing-man.

Owm. So will your gullery too.

Rob. They fay my old Master's come home ; I'll

fee if hee will turne me out of doores, as the young man has done: I haue laid rods in pisse for somebody, scape Reignald as hee can, and with more freedom then I durst late, I bouldly now dare knocke.

Robin knocks.

Old Lio. More mad-men yet; I thinke since my last voyage,
Halfe of the world's turn'd franticke: What do'st meane,
Or long'st thou to be blasted?

Rob. Oh Sir, you are welcome home; 'Twas time to come
Ere all was gone to hauocke.

Old Lio. My old seruant? before I shall demand
of further busines,
Resolue me why thou thunder'st at these doores,
Where thou know'st none inhabits?

Rob. Are they gone Sir?
'Twas well they haue left the house behind;
For all the furniture, to a bare bench,
I am fure is spent and wasted.

Old Lio. Where's my sonne,
That Reignald poasting for him with such speed,
Brings him not from the Countrey?

Rob. Countrey Sir?
'Tis a thing they know not; Heere they Feast,
Dice, Drinke, and Drab; The company they keepe,
Cheaters and Roaring-Ladds, and these attended
By Bawdes and Queanes: Your sonne hath got a
Strumpet,
On whom he spends all that your sparing left,
And heere they keepe court; To whose damn'd
abuses,
Reignald giues all encouragement.

Old Lio. But stay stay;
No liuing soule hath for these fixe moneths space
Heere enter'd, but the house stood desolate.

Rob. Last weeke I am fure, so late, and th' other
day,

Such Reuells were here kept.

Old Lio. And by my sonne ?

Rob. Yes, and his servant Reignald.

Old Lio. And this house at all not haunted ?

Rob. Saue Sir with such Sprights.

Enter Master Ricott.

Own. This Murder will come out.

Old Lio. But see, in happy time heere comes my
Neighbour

Of whom he bought this mansion ; He, I am sure
More amply can resolve me : I pray Sir,
What summes of moneys haue you late receiued
Of my young sonne ?

Ric. Of him ? None I assure you.

Old Lio. What of my seruant Reignald ?

Ric. But deuiſe

What to call lesse then nothing, and that summe
I will confesse receiu'd.

Old Lio. Pray Sir, be serious ;

I doe confesse my selfe indebted to you,
A hundred pound.

Ric. You may doe well to pay't then, for heere's
witnesse

Sufficient of your words.

Old Lio. I speake no more

Then what I purpose ; Iust so much I owe you,
And ere I sleepe will tender.

Ric. I shall be

As ready to receiue it, and as willing,
As you can bee to pay't.

Old Lio. But prouided,
You will confesse seuen hundred pounds receiued
Before hand of my sonne ?

Ric. But by your fauour ;
Why should I yeeld seuen hundred [pounds] receiu'd
Of them I neuer dealt with ? Why ? For what ?

What reason ? What condition ? Where or when
Should such a summe be paid mee ?

Old Lio. Why ? For this bargaine : And for what ?
This house :

Reason ? Because you sold it : The conditions ?
Such

As were agreed betweene you : Where and When ?
That onely hath escapt me.

Ric. Madnesse all.

Old Lio. Was I not brought to take free view
thereof,

As of mine owne possession ?

Ric. I confesse ;

Your seruant told me you had found out a wife
Fit for your sonne, and that you meant to build ;
Desir'd to take a friendly view of mine,
To make it your example : But for selling,
I tell you Sir, my wants be not so great,
To change my house to Coyne.

Old Lio. Spare Sir your anger,
And turne it into pity ; Neighbours and friends,
I am quite lost, was neuer man so fool'd,
And by a wicked seruant ; Shame and blushing
Will not permit to tell the manner how,
Left I be made ridiculous to all :
My feares are to inherit what's yet left ;
He hath made my sonne away.

Rob. That's my feare too.

Old Lio. Friends, as you would commiserate a
man

Depriv'd at once, both of his wealth and sonne ;
And in his age, by one I euer tender'd
More like a sonne then seruant : By imagining
My case were yours, haue feeling of my griefes
And helpe to apprehend him ; Furnish me
With Cords and Fetters, I will lay him safe
In Prison within Prison.

Ric. Weel afsist you.

Rob. And I.

Clo. And all ;

But not to doe the least hurt to my old friend Reignald.

Old Lio. His Leggs will be as nimble as his Braine,
And 'twill be difficult to seaze the flaue,

*Enter Reignald with a Horne in his pocket : they
withdraw behind the Arras.*

Yet your endeaours, pray peace, heere hee comes.

Reig. My heart mis-gives, for 'tis not possible
But that in all these windings and indents
I shall be found at last : I'll take that course
That men both troubled and affrighted doe,
Heape doubt on doubt, and as combustions rise,
Try if from many I can make my peace,
And worke mine owne atonement.

Old Lio. Stand you close,
Be not yet seene, but at your best aduantage
Hand him, and bind him fast : Whil'st I dissemble
As if I yet knew nothing.

Reig. I suspect
And find there's trouble in my Masters looks ;
Therefore I must not trust my selfe too saire
Within his fingers.

Old Lio. Reignald ?

Reig. Worshipfull Sir.

Old Lio. What sayes my sonne ith' Countrey ?

Reig. That to morrow,
Early ith' morning, heele attend your pleasure,
And doe as all such dutious children ought ;
Demand your blessing Sir.

Old Lio. Well, 'tis well.

Reig. I doe not like his countenance.

Old Lio. But Reignald ? I suspect the honesty
And the good meaning of my neighbour heere,
Old master Ricott ; Meeting him but now,
And hauing some discourse about the house,
He makes all strange, and tells me in plaine
termes,

Hee knowes of no fuch matter.

Reig. Tell mee that Sir?

Old Lio. I tell thee as it is: Nor that fuch moneys,

Tooke vp at vse, were euer tender'd him

On any fuch conditions.

Reig. I cannot blame your worship to bee pleafant, Knowing at what an vnder-rate we bought it, but you euer

Were a moft merry Gentleman.

R. Lio. (Impudent flauie)

But Reignald, hee not onely doth denie it,

But offers to depofe Himfelfe and Seruants,

No fuch thing euer was.

Reig. Now Heauen, to fee to what this world's growne too.

I will make him——

Old Lio. Nay more, this man will not confesse the Murder.

Reig. Which both fhall deerely anfwere; You haue warrant

For him already; But for the other Sir,

If hee denie it, he had better——

Old Lio. Appeare Gentlemen, *Softly.*

'Tis a fit time to take him.

Reig. I difcouer the Ambush that's laid for me.

Old Lio. Come neerer Reignald.

Reig. Firft fir refolue me one thing, amongft other, Merchandize

Bought in your abfence by your Sonne and me,

Wee ingroft a great comoditie of Combes,

And how many forts thinke you?

Old Lio. You might buy

Some of the bones of Fifhes, fome of Beasts,

Box-combes, and Iuory-combes.

Reig. But befides thefe, we haue for Horfes Sir, Mayne-combes, and Curry-combes; Now Sir for men, Wee haue Head-combes, Beard-combes, I and Cox-combes too;

Take view of them at your pleasure, whilst for my
part,
I thus bestow my selfe.

*They all appeare with Cords and Shackels,
Whilst hee gets vp.*

Clo. Well said Reignald, nobly put off Reignald,
Looke to thy selfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Why dost thou climbe thus?

Reig. Onely to practice
The nimbleness of my Armes and Legges,
Ere they prooue your Cords and Fetters.

Old Lio. Why to that place?

Reig. Why? because Sir 'tis your owne House; It
hath bin my Harbour long, and now it must bee my
Sanctuary; Dispute now, and I'll answere.

Own. Villaine, what deuillish meaning had'st thou
in't,
To challenge me of Murder?

Reig. Oh sir, the man you kil'd is aliue at this
present to iustifie it:
I am, quoth he, a Trans-marine by birth——

Ric. Why, challenge me receipt of Moneys, and to
giue abroad,
That I had sold my House?

Reig. Why? because sir,
Could I haue purchast Houses at that rate,
I had meant to haue bought all London.

Clo. Yes, and Middlesex too, and I would haue
bin thy halfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Yours are great,
My wrongs insufferable; As first, to fright mee
From mine owne dwelling, till they had consumed
The whole remainder of the little left;
Besides, out of my late stocke got at Sea,
Discharge the clamorous Vsurer; Make me accuse
This man of Murder; Be at charge of warrants;
And challenging this my worthy Neighbour of

Forfwearing Summes hee neuer yet receiued ;
 Foole mee, to thinke my Sonne that had spent all,
 Had by his thrift bought Land ; I and him too,
 To open all the secrets of his House
 To mee, a Stranger ; Oh thou insolent villaine,
 What to all these canst answere ?

Reig. Guiltie, guiltie.

Old Lio. But to my Sonnes death, what thou
 flauie ?

Reig. Not Guiltie.

Old Lio. Produce him then ; Ith' meane time,
 and——

Honest Friends, get Ladders.

Reig. Yes, and come downe in your owne Ropes.

Own. I'll fetch a Peece and shoote him.

Reig. So the warrant in my Masters pocket, will
 ferue for my Murder ; And euer after shall my Ghost
 haunt this House.

Clo. And I will say like Reignald,
 This Ghost and I am Friends.

Old Lio. Bring faggots, I'll set fire vpon the
 House,

Rather then this indure.

Reig. To burne Houses is Fellony, and I'll
 not out

Till I be fir'd out ; But since I am Besieged thus,
 I'll summon supplies vnto my Rescue.

*Hee windes a Horne. Enter Young Lionell, Rioter,
 two Gallants Blanda, &c.*

Y. Lio. Before you chide, first heere mee, next
 your Blessing,

That on my knees I begge ; I haue but done
 Like mis-spent youth, which after wit deere bought,
 Turnes his Eyes inward, forrie and ashamed ;
 These things in which I haue offended most,
 Had I not prooued, I should haue thought them still

Essential things, delights perdurable ;
Which now I find meere Shaddowes, Toyes and
Dreames,
Now hated more then earst I doated on ;
Best Natures, are foonest wrought on ; Such was
mine ;
As I the offences, So the offenders throw
Heere at your feete, to punish as you please ;
You haue but paid so much as I haue wasted,
To purchase to your selfe a thrifty Sonne ;
Which I from hencefoorth, Vow.

Old Lio. See what Fathers are,
That can three yeeres offences, fowle ones too,
Thus in a Minute pardon ; And thy faults
Vpon my selfe chastise, in these my Teares ;
Ere this Submission, I had cast thee off ;
Rise in my new Adoption : But for these——

Clo. The one you haue nothing to doe withall,
here's his Ticket for his discharge ; Another for you
Sir, to Summon you to my Masters Feast, For you,
and you, where I charge you all to appeare, vpon his
displeasure, and your owne apperils.

Y. Lio. This is my Friend, the other one I
loued,
Onely because they haue bin deere to him
That now will strue to be more deere to you ;
Vouchsafe their pardon.

Old Lio. All deere, to me indeed, for I haue payd
for't soundly,
Yet for thy sake, I am atton'd with all ; Onely that
wanton,
Her, and her Company, abandon quite ;
So doing, wee are friends.

Y. Lio. A iust Condition, and willingly sub-
scrib'd to.

Old Lio. But for that Villaine ; I am now de-
uising
What shame, what punishment remarkable,

To inflict on him.

Reig. Why Master? Haue I laboured,
Plotted, Contriued, and all this while for you,
And will you leaue me to the Whip and Stockes ;
Not mediate my peace.

Old Lio. Sirra, come downe.

Reig. Not till my Pardon's sealed, I'll rather stand
heere

Like a Statue, in, in the Fore-front of your house
For euer ; Like the picture of Dame Fortune
Before the Fortune Play-house.

Y. Lio. If I haue heere

But any Friend amongst you, ioyne with mee
In this petition.

Clo. Good Sir, for my sake, I resolved you truly
Concerning Whooping, the Noyse, the Walking, and
the Sprights,
And for a need, can shew you a Ticket for him too.

Own. I impute my wrongs rather to knauish Cun-
ning,

Then least pretended Malice.

Ric. What he did,

Was but for his Young Master, I allow it
Rather as sports of Wit, then iniuries ;
No other pray esteeme them.

Old Lio. Euen as freely,

As you forget my quarells made with you ;
Rais'd from the Errours first begot by him ;
I heere remit all free ; I now am Calme,
But had I seiz'd vpon him in my Spleene——

Reig. I knew that, therefore this was my In-
uention,

For Pollicie's the art still of Preuention.

Clo. Come downe then Reignald, first on your
hands and feete, and then on your knees to your
Master ; Now Gentlemen, what doe you say to your
inuiting to my Masters Feast.

Ric. Wee will attend him.

Old Lio. Nor doe I loue to breake good company;
For Maſter Wincott is my worthy Friend,

Enter Reignald.

And old acquaintance ; Oh thou crafty Wag-fting,
And could'ſt thou thus delude me ? But we are
Friends ;
Nor Gentlemen, let not what's heere to paſt,
In your leaſt thoughts difable my Eſtate ;
This my laſt Voyage hath made all things good,
With furplus too ; Be that your comfort Sonne :
Well Reignald——But no more.

Reig. I was the Fox,
But I from hencefoorth, will no more the Cox——
Combe, put vpon your pate.

Old Lio. Let's walke Gentlemen.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Old Geraldine, and Young Geraldine.

Old Ger. Sonne, let me tell you, you are ill ad-
uiſed ;
And doubly to be blam'd, by vndertaking
Vnneceſſary trauell ; Grounding no reaſon
For ſuch a raſh and giddy enterpriſe :
What profit aime you at, you haue not reapt ;
What Nouelty affords the Chriſtian world,
Of which your view hath not participated
In a full meaſure ; Can you either better
Your language or experience ? Your ſelfe-will
Hath onely purpoſe to depriue a father

Of a loued sonne, and many noble friends,
Of your much wisht acquaintance.

Y. Ger. Oh, deare Sir,
Doe not, I doe intreat you, now repent you
Of your free grant ; Which with such care and
studdy,
I haue so long, so often laboured for.

Old Ger. Say that may be dispens'd with, shew
me reason
Why you desire to steale out of your Countrey,
Like some Malefactor that had forfeited
His life and freedome ; Heere's a worthy Gentle-
man

Hath for your sake inuited many guests,
To his great charge, onely to take of you
A parting leaue : You send him word you cannot,
After, you may not come : Had not my vrgence,
Almost compulsion, driuen you to his house,
Th' vnkindnesse might haue forfeited your loue,
And rased you from his will ; In which he hath
giuen you

A faire and large estate ; Yet you of all this strange-
nesse,
Show no sufficient ground.

Y. Ger. Then vnderstand ;
The ground thereof tooke his first birth from you ;
'Twas you first charg'd me to forbear the house,
And that vpon your blessing : Let it not then
Offend you Sir, if I so great a charge
Haue striu'd to keepe so strictly.

Old Ger. Mee perhaps,
You may appease, and with small difficulty,
Because a Father ; But how satisfie
Their deare, and on your part, vnmerited loue ?
But this your last obedience may salue all :
Wee now grow neere the house.

Y. Ger. Whose doores, to mee,
Appeare as horrid as the gates of Hell :
Where shall I borrow patience, or from whence ?

Enter Wincott, Wife, Ricott, *the two* Lionells, Owner,
Dalauill, Prudentilla, Reignald, Rioter.

To giue a meeting to this viperous brood,
Of Friend and Mistris.

Winc. Y'auē entertain'd me with a strange discourse

Of your mans knauish wit, but I reioyce,
That in your safe returne, all ends so well :
Most welcome you, and you, and indeed all ;
To whom I am bound, that at so short a warning,
Thus friendly, you will deigne to visit me.

Old Lio. It seemes my absence hath begot some
sport,
Thanke my kinde seruant heere.

Reig. Not so much worth Sir.

Old Lio. But though their riots tript at my estate,
They haue not quite ore-throwne it.

Winc. But see Gentlemen,
These whom we most expected, come at length ;
This I proclaime the master of the Feast,
In which to expresse the bounty of my loue,
I'le shew my selfe no niggard.

Y. Ger. Your choise fauours
I still taste in abundance.

Wife. Methinks it would not mis-become me Sir,
To chide your absence ; That haue made your selfe,
To vs, so long a stranger.

Hee turnes away sad, as not being minded.

Y. Ger. Pardon mee Sir,
That haue not yet, since your returne from Sea,
Voted the least fit opportunity,
To entertaine you with a kind salute.

Old Lio. Most kindly Sir I thanke you.

Dal. Methinks friend,

You should expect greene rushes to be strow'd,
After such discontinuance.

Y. Ger. Mistris Pru,
I haue not seene you long, but greet you thus,
May you be Lady of a better husband
Then I expect a wife.

Winc. I like that greeting :
Nay, enter Gentlemen ; Dinner perhaps
Is not yet ready, but the time we stay,
Weele find some fresh discourse to spend away.
Exeunt.

Manet Dalauill.

Dal. Not speake to me ? nor once vouchsafe an
answere,
But sleight me with a poore and base neglect ?
No, nor so much as cast an eye on her,
Or least regard, though in a seeming shew
Shee courted a reply ? 'twixt him and her,
Nay him and mee, this was not wont to be ;
If she haue braine to apprehend as much

Enter Young Geraldine and Wife.

As I haue done, sheele quickly find it out :
Now as I liue, as our affections meete,
So our conceits, and shee hath singled him
To some such purpose : I'll retire my selfe,
Not interrupt their conference. *Exit.*

Wife. You are sad Sir.

Y. Ger. I know no cause.

Wife. Then can I shew you some ;
Who could be otherwayes, to leaue a Father
So carefull, and each way so prouident ?
To leaue so many, and such worthy Friends ?
To abandon your owne countrey ? These are some,
Nor doe I thinke you can be much the merrier
For my sake ?

Y. Ger. Now your tongue speakes Oracles ;
For all the rest are nothing, 'tis for you,
Onely for you I cannot.

Wife. So I thought ;
Why then haue you bin all this while so strange ?
Why will you trauell ? suing a diuorce
Betwixt vs, of a loue inseperable ;
For heere shall I be left as defolate
Vnto a frozen, almost widdowed bed ;
Warm'd onely in that future, stor'd in you ;
For who can in your absence comfort me ?

Y. Ger. Shall my oppressed sufferance yet breake
foorth
Into impatience, or endure her more ?

Wife. But since by no perswasion, no intreats,
Your settled obstinacy can be swai'd,
Though you seeme desperate of your owne deare
life,

Haue care of mine, for it exists in you.
Oh Sir, should you miscarry I were lost,
Lost and forsaken ; Then by our past vowes,
And by this hand once giuen mee, by these teares,
Which are but springs begetting greater floods,
I doe beseech thee, my deere Geraldine,
Looke to thy safety, and preferue thy health ;
Haue care into what company you fall ;
Trauell not late, and crosse no dangerous Seas ;
For till Heauens bleesse me in thy safe returne,
How will this poore heart suffer ?

Y. Ger. I had thought
Long since the Syrens had bin all destroy'd ;
But one of them I find suruiues in her ;
Shee almost makes me question what I know,
An Hereticke vnto my owne believe :
Oh thou mankinde's seducer.

Wife. What ? no answere ?

Y. Ger. Yes, thou hast spoke to me in Showres,
I will reply in Thunder ; Thou Adultresse,
That hast more poyson in thee then the Serpent,

Who was the first that did corrupt thy sex,
The Deuill.

Wife. To whom speakes the man ?

Y. Ger. To thee,
Falsest of all that euer man term'd faire ;
Hath Impudence so steel'd thy smooth soft skin,
It cannot blush ? Or sinne so obdur'd thy heart,
It doth not quake and tremble ? Search thy conscience,

There thou shalt find a thousand clamorous tongues
To speake as loud as mine doth.

Wife. Saue from yours,
I heare no noise at all.

Y. Ger. I'll play the Doctor
To open thy deafe eares ; Munday the Ninth
Of the last Moneth ; Canst thou remember that ?
That Night more blacke in thy abhorred sinne,
Then in the gloomie darknesse ; That the time.

Wife. Munday ?

Y. Ger. Wouldest thou the place know ? Thy polluted Chamber,
So often witnesse of my sin-lesse vowes ;
Wouldest thou the Person ? One not worthy Name,
Yet to torment thy guilty Soule the more,
I'll tell him thee, That Monster Dalauill ;
Wouldest thou your Bawd know ? Mid-night, that the
houre :

The very words thou spake ; Now what would Geraldine

Say, if he saw vs heere ? To which was answered,
Tush hee's a Cox-combe, fit to be so fool'd :

No blush ? What, no faint Feauer on thee yet ?
How hath thy blacke sins chang'd thee ? Thou
Medusa,

Those Haires that late appeared like golden Wyers,
Now crawle with Snakes and Adders ; Thou art
vgly.

Wife. And yet my glasse, till now, neere told me
so ;

Who gaue you this intelligence ?

Y. Ger. Onely hee,
That pittying fuch an Innocencie as mine,
Should by two fuch delinquents bee betray'd,
Hee brought me to that place by miracle ;
And made me an eare witneffe of all this.

Wife. I am vndone.

Y. Ger. But thinke what thou haft loft
To forfeit mee ; I not withstanding thefe,
(So fixt was my loue and vnutterable)
I kept this from thy Husband, nay all eares,
With thy transgreffions fmothering mine owne wrongs,
In hope of thy Repentance.

Wife. Which begins
Thus low vpon my knees.

Y. Ger. Tush, bow to Heauen,
Which thou haft moft offended ; I alas,
Saue in fuch (Scarce vnheard of) Treacherie,
Moft finfull like thy felfe ; Wherein, Oh wherein,
Hath my vnspotted and vnbounded Loue
Deferu'd the leaft of thefe ? Sworne to be made a
 stale

For terme of life ; And all this for my goodneffe ;
Die, and die foone, acquit me of my Oath,
But prethee die repentant ; Farewell euer,
'Tis thou, and onely thou haft Banisht mee,
Both from my Friends and Countrey.

Wife. Oh, I am loft. *Sinkes downe.*

Enter Dalauill meeting Young Geraldine going out.

Dal. Why how now, what's the bufineffe ?

Y. Ger. Goe take her Vp, whom thou haft oft
 throwne Downe,
Villaine.

Dal. That was no language from a Friend,
It had too harfh an accent ; But how's this ?
My Miftrefle thus low caft vpon the earth
Grauelling and breathlefle, Miftrefle, Lady, Sweet——

Wife. Oh tell me if thy name be Geraldine,
Thy very lookes will kill mee?

Dal. View me well,
I am no such man ; See, I am Dalauill.

Wife. Th'art then a Deuill, that presents before
mee

My horrid sins ; perswades me to dispaire ;
When hee like a good Angel sent from Heauen,
Befought me of repentance ; Swell ficke Heart,
Euen till thou burst the ribs that bound thee in ;
So, there's one string crackt, flow, and flow high,
Euen till thy blood distill out of mine eyes,
To witnesse my great forrow.

Dal. Faint againe,
Some helpe within there, no attendant neere ?
Thus to expire, in this I am more wretched,
Then all the sweet fruition of her loue
Before could make me happy.

Enter Wincott, Old Geraldine, Young Geraldine, *the*
two Lionells, Ricott, Owner, Prudentilla, Reig-
nald, Clowne.

Winc. What was hee
Clamor'd so lowd, to mingle with our mirth
This terrour and affright ?

Dal. See Sir, your Wife in these my armes ex-
piring.

Winc. How ?

Prud. My sifter ?

Winc. Support her, and by all meanes possible
Prouide for her deere safety.

Old Ger. See, shee recouers.

Winc. Woman, looke vp.

Wife. Oh Sir, your pardon ;
Conuey me to my Chamber, I am ficke,
Sicke euen to death, away thou Sycophant,
Out of my sight, I haue besides thy selfe,

Too many finnes about mee.

Clo. My sweet Mistresse.

Dal. The storme's comming, I must provide for
harbour.

Exit.

Old Lio. What strange and sudden alteration's
this,

How quickly is this cleere day ouercast ;
But such and so vncertaine are all things,
That dwell beneath the Moone.

Y. Lio. A Womans qualme,
Frailties that are inherent to her sex,
Soone sicke, and soone recouer'd.

Winc. If shee misfare,
I am a man more wretched in her losse,
Then had I forfeited life and estate ;
Shee was so good a creature.

Old Ger. I the like
Suffer'd, when I my Wife brought vnto her graue ;
So you, when you were first a widower ;
Come arme your selfe with patience.

Ric. These are casualties
That are not new, but common.

Reig. Burying of Wiues,
As stale as shifting shirts, or for some seruants,
To flout and gull their Masters.

Own. Best to fend
And see how her fit holds her.

Enter Prudentilla and Clowne.

Prud. Sir, my Sister
In these few Lines commends her last to you,
For she is now no more ; What's therein writ,
Saue Heauen and you, none knowes ; This she de-
fir'd

You would take view of ; and with these words
expired.

Winc. Dead ?

Y. Ger. She hath made me then a free release,
Of all the debts I owed her.

Winc. My feare is beyond pardon, Dalauill
Hath plaid the villaine, but for Geraldine,
Hee hath bin each way Noble——Loue him still,
My peace already I haue made with Heauen ;
Oh be not you at warre with me ; My Honour
Is in your hands to punish, or preferue ;
I am now Confest, and only Geraldine
Hath wrought on mee this vnexpected good ;
The Inke I write with, I wish had bin my blood,
To witnesse my Repentance——Dalauill ?
Where's hee ? Goe seeke him out.

Clo. I shall, I shall Sir.

Exit.

Winc. The Wills of Dead folke should be still
obeyed ;
How euer false to mee, I'll not reueale't ;
Where Heauen forgives, I pardon Gentlemen,
I know you all commiserate my losse ;
I little thought this Feast should haue bin turn'd

Enter Clowne.

Into a Funerall ; What's the newes of him ?

Clo. Hee went presently to the Stable, put the
Sadle vpon his Horse, put his Foote into the Stirrup,
clapt his Spurres into his fides, and away hee's Gallopt,
as if hee were to ride a Race for a Wager.

Winc. All our ill lucks goe with him, farewell hee ;
But all my best of wishes wait on you,
As my chiefe Friend ; This meeting that was made
Onely to take of you a parting leaue,
Shall now be made a Marriage of our Loue,
Which none saue onely Death shall separate.

Y. Ger. It calles me from all Trauell, and from
hencefoorth,
With my Country I am Friends.

Winc. The Lands that I haue left,

You lend mee for the short space of my life ;
As soone as Heauen calles mee, they call you Lord ;
First feast, and after Mourne ; Wee'le like some Gal-
lants
That Bury thrifty Fathers, think't no sinne,
To weare Blacks without, but other Thoughts within.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



A Pleasant Comedy, called
A
MAYDEN-HEAD WELL LOST.

As it hath beene publickly Acted at the *Cocke-pit*
in Drury-lane, with much Applause:
By her Maiesties Seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYVWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.



LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Iohn Iackson* and
Francis Church, and are to be sold at the
Kings Armes in *Cheape-side.* 1634.



To the Reader.

Courteous Reader, (of what sexe soever) let not the Title of this Play any way deterre thee from the perusall thereof: For there is nothing herein contained, which doth deuiate either from Modesty, or good Manners. For though the Argument be drawne from a Mayden-head lost, yet to be well lost, cleares it from all aspersiō. Neither can this be drawne within the Criticall censure of that most horrible Histriomastix, whose vncharitable doome having damned all such to the flames of Hell, hath it selfe already suffered a most remarkeable fire here vpon Earth. This hath beene frequently, and publickly Acted without exception, and I presume may be freely read without distaste; and of all in

generall: excepting such, whose prepared palats, disgusting all Poems of this nature, are poysoned with the bitter iuice of that Coloquintida and Hemlocke, which can neither relish the peace of the Church nor Common-weale. Nothing remaineth further to be said, but read charitably, and then censure without preiudice.

By him who hath beene euer studious
of thy fauour,

Thomas Heywood.



Dramatis Personæ.

The Duke of *Florence*.

The Prince of *Florence*.

Mounſieur, the Tutor to
the Prince.

The Widdow of the Ge-
nerall.

Sforſa.

Their Daughter *Lau-
retta*.

The Clowne their Ser-
uant.

A Huntsman.

A Lord of *Florence*.

The Duke of *Millaine*.

The Prince of *Parma*.

Julia Daughter to *Mil-
lain*.

Stroza Secretary to the
Duke.

A Souldier of *Sforza's*.

Three maimed Soul-
diers.

A Lord of *Millaine*.

Attendants.

Other Lords, &c.





The Prologue.

P*rologues to Playes in vse, and common are,
As Vshers to Great Ladies ; Both walke bare,
And comely both ; conducting Beauty they
And wee appeare, to vsher in our Play.
Yet, be their faces foule, or featur'd well,
Be they hard-fauoured, or in lookes excell,
Yet being Vsher, he owes no lesse duty
Vnto the most deformed, then the choise Beautie.
It is our case ; we vsher Acts and Scenes,
Some honest, and yet some may proue like Queanes. .
(Loose and base stufte) yet that is not our fault,
We walke before, but not like Panders hault
Before such cripled ware : Th' Acts we present
We hope are Virgins, drawne for your content
Vnto this Stage : Maides gratefull are to Men,
Our Scenes being such, (like such) accept them then.*



A
MAYDEN-HEAD
WELL LOST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iulia and Stroza.

Iulia.



Hat shee should doo't ?

Stroza. Shee ?

Iul. May we build vpon't ?

St. As on a base of Marble ; I have

feene

Strange passages of loue, loose enterchanges
Of hands and eyes betwixt her and the Prince,
Madame looke too't.

Iul. What hope hath he in one
So meanelly bred ? or shee to obtaine a Prince
Of such discent and linnage ?

Str. What but this
That you must vndergoe the name of wife,
And she to intercept the sweetes of loue
Due to your bed.

Iul. To be his strumpet *Stroza* ?

Str. Madame a woman may gueffe vnhappyly.

Iul. Thou shouldst be honest *Stroza*.

Str. Yes, many should

Be what they are not : but I alwayes was,
And euer will be one, (that's still my selfe.)

Iul. The Generall *Sforzaes* daughter ? is't not she ?

Str. Is that yet questioned ? as if the chaste
Court

Had saue her selfe one so degenerate,
So diffolutely wanton, so profuse
In prostitution too, so impudent
And blufhlesse in her proud ambitious aime,
As if no man could her intemperance please,
Saue him whom Heaven hath destin'd to your
bed.

Iul. I never saw them yet familiar.

Str. Ha, ha, as if they'd send for you to
see't,

To witnesse what they most strue to conceale,
Be guld ? be branded : 'las to me, all's nothing,
I shall ne're smart for't, what is't to me ?
If being a Bride, you haue a widdowed fortune ;
If being married, you must throw your selfe
Vpon a desolate bed, and in your armes,
Claspe nought but Ayre, whilst his armes full of
pleasure

Borrow'd from a stolne beauty, shall this grieve
Or trouble me ? breake my sleepes ? make me starte
At midnight vp, and fill the house with clamours ?
Shall this bring strange brats to be bred and
brought

Vp at my fire, and call me Dad ? No : this
Concernes not me more then my loue to you
To your high Soueraignty.

Iul. I now repent

Too late, since I too lauishly haue giuen him.
The vtmost he could aske, and stretcht my honour
Beyond all lawfull bounds of modesty.
Hec's couetous of others, and neglects

His owne; but I will part those their stolne pleasures,

And crosse those lustfull sports they haue in chase,
Not be the pillow to my owne disgrace. *Exit.*

Str. The game's on foote, and there's an easie path

To my reuenge; this beauteous *Millanois*
Vnto th' Duke sole heire, still courted, crau'd,
And by the *Parma* Prince sollicitd,
Which I still study how to breake, and cast
Aspersions betwixt both of strange dislike;
But wherein hath the other innocent Mayde
So iniur'd me, that I should scandall her?
Her Father is the Generall to the Duke:
For when I studdied to be rais'd by Armes,
And purchase me high eminence in Campe,
He crost my fortunes, and return'd me home
A Cashierd Captaine; for which iniury
I scandall all his meanes vnto the Duke,
And to the Princeesse all his daughters vertues
I labour to inuert, and bring them both
Into disgracefull hatred.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. *Storza?*

Str. My Lord?

Par. Saw you the Princeesse?

Str. *Julia?*

Par. She?

Str. I haue my Lord of late no eare of hers,
Nor she a tongue of mine; the time hath bin
Till soothing Sycophants and Court Parasites
Supplanted me.

Par. I haue the power with her
To bring thee into grace.

Str. Haue you the power
To keepe your selfe in? doe you smile my Lord?

Par. I tell thee *Stroza*, I haue that interest
In *Iulias* bosome, that the proudest Prince
In *Italy* cannot supplant me thence.

Str. Sir,
I no way question it : but haue I not knowne
A Prince hath bin repulst, and meanest persons
Bosom'd ? the Prince would once have lookt vpon
me,
When small intreaty would haue gain'd an eye,
An eare, a tongue, to speake yea, and a heart,
To thinke I could be secret.

Par. What meanes *Stroza* ?

Str. But 'tis the fate of all mortality :
Man cannot long be happy ; but my passion
Will make me turne blab, I shall out with all.

Par. Whence comes this ? 'tis suspitious, and I
must be
Inquisitiue to know't.

Str. A Iest my Lord,
I'll tell you a good Iest.

Par. Prithee let's heare it.

Str. What will you say, if at your meeting next
With this faire Princeesse ? shee begins to raue,
To raile vpon you, to exclaime on your
Inconstancy, and call the innocent name
Of some chaste Maide in question, whom perhaps
You neuer ey'd my Lord.

Par. What of all this ?

Str. What but to excuse her owne : (I'll not say
what)
Put off the purpos'd Contract : and my Lord
Come, come, I know you haue a pregnant wit.

Par. We parted last with all the kindest greeting
Louers could adde fare-well with : but should this
change
Suite thy report, I should be forc't to thinke
That, which euen Oracles themselues could neuer
Force me to that she is.

Str. All women are not
Sincerely constant, but observe my Lord.

*Enter Iulia, the Generals Wife, and Lauretta
her Daughter.*

Iul. Minion is't you? there's for you, know your
owne.

Iulia meets her and strikes her, then speaks.

Str. Observe'd you that my Lord?

Lau. Why did you strike me Madame?

Iul. Strumpet, why?

Dare you contest with vs?

Lau. Who dare with Princesses? subjects must
forbear

Each step I treade I'll water with a teare.

Exeunt Mother and Lauretta weeping.

Str. I spy a storme comming, Ile to shelter.

Exit Stro.

Par. Your meaning Madame?

Iul. Did it Sir with yours

But correspond, it would be bad indeede.

Par. Why did you strike that Lady?

Iul. Cause you should pittie her.

Par. Small cause for blowes.

Iul. I stricke her publickly.

You give her blowes in priuate.

Par. *Stroza* still?

Iul. Go periurd and dispose thy false allure-
ments

'Mongst them that will beleue thee, thou hast lost
Thy credit here for euer.

Par. I shall finde

Faith else-where then.

Iul. Eye spread thy snares

To catch poore innocent Maides: and hauing tane
them

In the like pit-fall, with their shipwrackt honours,
Make seafure of their liues.

Par. Iniurious Lady,
 All thou canst touch my Honour with, I cast
 On thee, and henceforth I will flye thee as
 A Bafaliske. I haue found the change of lust,
 Your loose inconstancy, which is as plaine
 To me, as were it writ vpon thy brow,
 You shall not cast me off: I hate thy fight,
 And from this houre I will abiure thee quite.

Exit Parma.

Iul. Ile call him backe: if *Stroza* be no villaine,
 He is not worth my clamour. What was that
 Startled within me? Oh I am dishonoured
 Perpetually; for he hath left behinde
 That pledge of his acquaintance, that will for euer
 Cleaue to my blood in scandall, I must now
 Sue, fend, and craue, and what before I scorn'd
 By prayers to grant, submissiuely implore. *Exit Iulia.*

*A flourish. Enter the Duke of Millenie, the Generals
 wife, and deliuers a petition with Stroza, Lauretta,
 and attendants.*

Duke. Lady your suite?

Wife. So please your Grace peruse it,
 It is included there.

Duk. Our generals Wife?
 We know you Lady, and your beauteous Daughter,
 Nay you shall spare your knee.

Str. More plot for mee;
 My brain's in labour, and must be deliuered
 Of some new mischeife?

Duk. You petition heere
 For Men and Money! making a free relation
 Of all your Husbands fortunes, how supplies
 Haue beene delay'd, and what extremities
 He hath indurd at *Naples* dreadfull Seige;
 Wee know them all, and withall doe acknowledge
 All plentious blessings by the power of Heauen,
 By him wee doe obtaine, and by his valour

Lady we greue he hath beene so neglected.

Wife. O Roiall Sir, you still were Gracious,
But twixt your Vertues and his Merits there
Hath beene some interception, that hath stopt
The current of your fauours.

Duk. All which shal bee remou'd, and hee
appeare
Henceforth a bright starre in our courtly spheare.

Str. But no such Comet here shall daze my sight,
Whilst I a Cloud am to Eclips that light. *Exit Stroza.*

Duk. We sent out our Commissions two Monthes
since

For Men and Money, nor was't our intent
It should bee thus delayd : though we are Prince,
We onely can command, to execute
Tis not in vs but in our Officers,
We vnderstand that by their negligence
He has beene put to much extremity
Of Dearth and Famine, many a stormy night
Beene forc'd to roofe himselfe i'th open field,
Nay more then this, much of his owne reuenue
He hath expended, all to pay his Souldiers :
Yet Reuerend Madame, but forget what's past,
Though late, weele quit his merit at the last.

Enter Iulia and Stroza whispering.

Wife. Your Highnesse is most Royall ?

Stro. Her Father shall be in the Campe releiu'd,
She grac'd in Court, how will she braue you then ?
If suffer this take all ? why the meanest Lady
Would neuer brooke an equall ? you a Princeesse ?
And can you brooke a base competitor ?

Iulia. It shall not, we are fixt and stand immou'd,
And will be swaid by no hand.

Duk. *Iulia ?*

Iulia. A Sutor to that Lady Royall Father,
Before she be a widdow that you are
So priuate in discourse ?

Duk. O you mistake,
For shee the futor is, and hath obtain'd.

Julia. I am glad I haue found you in the giuing
vaine,
Will you grant me one boone to ?

Duk. Question not,
To haſt your Marriage with the former Prince,
Or at the leaſt the contract, is't not that ?

Julia. Say twere my Lord ?

Duk. It could not be denide.
But ſpeake ? thy ſuite ?

Julia. To haue this modeſt Gentlewoman
Baniſht the Court.

Wife. My Daughter Royall princeſſe,
Show vs ſome cauſe I beg it ?

Julia. Lady though
You be i'th begging vaine, I am not now
In the giuing, will you leaue vs ?

Lauretta. Wherein O Heauen
Haue I deſeru'd your wrath, that you ſhould thus
Perſue me ? I haue ſearcht, indeed beyond
My understanding, but yet cannot finde ?
Wherein I haue offended by my chaſtity.

Julia. How chaſtity ?
A thing long ſought 'mongſt Captains wiues and
daughters,
Yet hardly can bee found.

Duk. Faire Lady yeild
Vnto my daughters ſpleen her rage blowne 'ore,
Feare not, Ile make your peace, as for your ſuite
Touching your husband, that will I ſecure.

Iul. Haſte *Stroza*, vnto the Prince his chamber,
Giue him this letter, it concernes my honor,
My ſtate, my life, all that I can call good
Depends vpon the ſafe deliuey
Of theſe few broken Letters.

Str. Maddam, tis done——

Exit.

Iul. What ſtayes ſhe to out-face me ?

Lau. Madam, I yeeld

Way to your spleene, not knowing whence it growes,
Bearing your words more heauy then your blowes.

Wife. Small hope there is to see the Father
righted
When the child is thus wrong'd.

Enter a Souldier and Stroza.

Soul. Must speake with the Duke.

Str. Must fellow? stay your howre, and dance attendance

Vntill the Duke's at leisure.

Soul. Ile doe neither,
I come in haste with newes.

Str. Why then keepe out fir.

Soul. Ha Milkop? know perculist gates
Though kept with Pikes & Muskets, could nere keepe
me out

And dost thou thinke to shut me out with Waincot?

Duk. What's he?

Soul. A Souldier.

Duk. Whence?

Soul. The Campe.

Duk. The newes?

Soul. A mighty losse; a glorious victory.

Duke. But which the greater?

Soul. Tis vncertaine fir:

But will you heare the best or bad newes first?

Duke. Cheere me with conquest first, that being
arm'd

With thy best newes, we better may endure
What founds more fatall.

Soul. Heare me then my Lord,
We sack't the Citty after nine Moneths siege,
Furnisht with store of all warres furniture,
Our (neuer to be praifd enough) braue Generall
Fought in the Cannons face, their number still
Increast, but ours diminisht; their fouldiers pay
Doubled, and ours kept backe: but we (braue spirits)

The lesse we had of Coyne, the more we tooke
 Vnto our selues of Courage, but when all
 Our furniture was spent euen to one day,
 And that to morrow we must be inforc't
 To raise a shameful siege, then stood our General
 (Our valiant General) vp, and breath'd vpon vs
 His owne vndaunted spirit, which spred through
 The Campe, return'd it doubly arm'd againe :
 For he did meane to lay vpon one shott
 His state and fortune, and then instantly
 He bad vs arme and follow : On then he went,
 We after him ; oh ! 'twas a glorious fight,
 Fit for a Theater of Gods to see,
 How we made vp and mauger all opposure,
 Made way through raging stormes of shewing bullets ;
 At last we came to hooke our ladders, and
 By them to skale. The first that mounted, was
 Our bold couragious Generall : after him
 Ten thousand, so we instantly were made
 Lords of the Citty, purchas'd in two houres
 After a nine Moneths siege : all by the valour
 Of our approued Generall.

Duke. I neuer heard a brauer victory,
 But what's our losse ?

Soul. Oh that, which ten such Conquests
 Cannot make good, your worthy Generall.

Wife. My Lord and husband ? spare me passion,
 I must with-draw to death. *Exit.*

Duke. How perish't he ?
 What dy'de he by the sword ?

Soul. Sword ? No alas,
 No sword durst byte vpon his noble flesh,
 Nor bullet raze his skinne : he whom War feared,
 The Cannon spar'd, no steele durst venture on.
 No Duke, 'twas thy vnkinde ingratitude
 Hath flaine braue *Sforza*.

Duke. Speake the cause ?

Soul. I shall :
 This Citty feaz'd, his purpose was the spoyle

To give his Souldiers ; but when his seal'd Commiſſion
He had vnript, and ſaw expreſſe command,
To deale no farther then to victory,
And that his great Authority was curb'd,
And giuen to others, that reſpect their profit
More then the worth of ſouldiers : euen for grieve,
That he could neither furniſh vs with pay
Which was kept back, nor guerdon vs with ſpoile,
What was about him he diſtributed,
Fuen to the beſt deſeruers, as his garments,
His Armes, and Tent, then ſome few words ſpake,
And ſo oppreſt with grieve, his great heart brake.

Str. There's one gone then.

Duke. Attend for thy reward,
So leaue vs.

Soul. Pray on whom ſhall I attend?
Who is't muſt pay me?

Str. I ſir.

Soul. You ſir? tell me,
Will it not coſt me more the waiting for,
Then the ſumme comes to when it is receiu'd?
I doe but aſke the queſtion.

Str. You are a bold
And ſaucy ſouldier.

Soul. You are a cunning ſlaue,
And cowardly Courtier.

Duke. See all things be diſpatcht
Touching conditions of attoned peace
'Twixt vs and *Naples* : ſee that ſouldier to
Haue his reward.

Soul. Come will you pay me ſir? *Exit Soul.*

Str. Sir, will you walke : as for your ſaucineſſe
I'll teach you a Court-tricke : you ſhal be taught
How to attend.

Duke. But that our General's loſt :

Str. Is't not now peace, what ſhould a Generall
doe?

Had he return'd, he would haue lookt for honours,
This ſuite and that for ſuch a follower :

Now Royall fir, that debt is quite discharg'd.

Duke. But for his wife, we must be mindefull of her,

And see we doe so.

Exit Duke.

Iul. Speake, will he come?

Str. Madam, I found him ready to depart
The Court with expedition: but at my vrgence
He promis't you a parley.

Iul. It is well:

If prayers or teares can moue him, Ile make way
To saue my owne shame, and enforce his stay.

Exeunt.

Enter three souldiers: one without an arme.

1 *Soul.* Come fellow souldiers, doe you know the reason

'That we are summon'd thus vnto the house
Of our dead Generall?

2 *Soul.* Sure 'tis about

Our pay.

3 *Soul.* But stand aside, here comes the Lady.

Enter the Mother, Lauretta, and Clowne.

Wife. Are all these Gentlemen summond together,
'That were my Husbands followers, and whose fortunes
Expir'd in him?

Clo. They are if please your Ladiship: though I
was neuer Tawny-coate, I haue playd the summoners
part, and the rest are already paide, onely these three
attend your Ladiships remuneration.

Wife. Welcome Gentlemen,
My Husband led you on to many dangers
'Two yeares, and last to pouerty: His reuenewes
Before hand he sold to maintaine his Army,
When the Dukes pay still fail'd, you know you
were
Stor'd euer from his Coffers.

2 *Soul.* He was a right
And worthy Generall.

2. *Soul.* He was no lesse.

Clo. He was no lesse ; and all you know hee was
no more, well, had he liu'd, I had beene plac't in some
house of office or other ere this time.

Wife. It was his will, which to my vtmost power
I will make good, to satisfie his souldiers
To the vtmost farthing. All his Gold and Jewels
I haue already added, yet are we still
To score to souldiery ? what is your summe ?

1 *Soul.* Pay for three Moneths.

Wife. There's double that in Gold.

1. *Soul.* I thanke your Ladiship.

Wife. What yours ?

2. *Soul.* Why Madam,
For foure Moneths pay.

Wife. This Iewell furmounts that.

2. *Soul.* I am treble satisfied.

Wife. You are behinde hand too.

Clo. Ey but Madam, I thinke he be no true
souldier.

Wife. No true Souldier ? your reason ?

Clo. Marry becaufe he walkes without his Armes.

Wife. The Dukes Treasure
Cannot make good that losse, yet are we rich
In one thing :

Nothing we haue that were of nothing made,
Nothing we owe, my Husbands debts are payd.
Morrow Gentlemen.

All. Madam, Hearts, Swords and hands, rest still
At your command.

Wife. Gentlemen I'me sorry that I cannot pay you
better,
Vnto my wishes and your owne desert,
'Tis plainly seene great Persons oft times fall,
And the most Rich cannot giue more then all.
Good morrow Gentlemen.

All. May you be euer happy.

Exeunt Souldiers.

Clo. I but Madam, this is a hard case being truly considered, to giue away all, why your Shoe-maker, though he hath many other Tooles to worke with, he will not giue away his All.

Wife. All ours was his alone, it came by him,
And for his Honour it was paid againe.

Clo. Why, say I had a peece of Meate I had a mind to, I might perhaps giue away a Modicum, a Morcell, a Fragment or so, but to giue away and bee a hungry my selfe, I durst not doo't for my Guts, or say I should meete with a friend that had but one Penny in his Purse, that should giue mee a Pot of Ale, that should drinke to me, and drinke vp all, I'll stand too't there's no Conscience in't.

Lau. What hath beene done was for my Fathers Honor.

Clo. Shee might haue giuen away a little, and a little, but when all is gone, what's left for me?

Wife. Wee will leaue *Millaine* and to *Florence* straight,
Though wee are poore, yet where we liue vn-
knowne

'Tis the lesse grieve, firrah, will you comfort
With vs, and beare a part in our misfortunes?

Clo. Troth Madam, I could find in my heart to goe with you but for one thing.

Wife. What's that?

Clo. Because you are too liberall a Mistresse : and that's a fault seldome found among Ladies : For looke, you vse to giue away all, and I am all that is left ; and I am affraide when you come into a strange Countrey, you'll give away me too, so that I shall neuer liue to be my owne man.

Wife. Tush, feare it not.

Clo. Why then I'll goe with you in spite of your teeth.

Wife. Leaue *Milleine* then, to *Florence* be our
guide,
Heauen when man failes, muſt for our helpe prouide.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Parma reading a Letter: after him Julia.

Par. This Letter came from you, 'tis your
Character.

Iul. That hand in Contract you ſo long haue had,
Should not ſeeme ſtrange to you now.

Par. You are with - childe,
So doth your Letter ſay: what change your face?

Iu. My bluſhes muſt ſpeake for me.

Par. And this Childe
You would beſtow on me: y^eare very liberall Lady,
You giue me more then I did meane to aſke.

Iu. And yet but what's your owne Sir, I am
ſerious,
And it will ill become your Oathes and Vowes
To ieſt at my vndoeing.

Par. You would ſay
Rather your doing.

Iu. In doing thus, you ſhould vndoe me quite.

Par. What doe you weepe, that late did rayle in
clamor?

Your thunders turnd to ſhowres? It is moſt ſtrange.

Iu. You haue diſhonoured me, and by your
flattery

Haue rob'd me of my chaſte Virginitie:
Yet ere I yeelded, we were man and wife,
Sauing the Churches outward Ceremony.

Par. But Lady, you that would be wonne by me

To such an act of lust, would soone consent
Vnto another.

Iu. Can this be found in man ?

Par. This *Strozas* language moues me, and I
intend

To try what patience, constancy, and loue
There can be found in woman : why do you weepe ?
You are not hungry, for your bellie's full ;
Lady, be rul'd by me : take the aduice
A Doctor gaue a Gentleman of late,
That sent to him to know, whether Tobacco
Were good for him or no : My friend quoth he,
If thou didst neuer loue it, neuer take it ;
If thou didst euer loue it, neuer leaue it ;
So-I to thee ; if thou wert as thou hast
Beene alwayes honest, I could wish thee still
So to continue ; but being a broken Lady,
Your onely way's to make vse of your Talent,
Farewell, I'll to my Countrey. *Exit Parma.*

Iu. Oh miserable,
Let me but reckon vp ten thousand ills
My looseness hath committed, the aspersiō
And scandalous reputation of my Childe,
My Father too, 'tmust come vnto his eare,
Oh——

Enter Milleine.

Duke. Iulia.

Iu. Away.

Duke. Come hither, but one word.

Iu. That all those blacke occurrents should con-
spire,
And end in my disgrace.

Duke. Ha ! what's the businesse ?

Iu. If all men were such,
I should be forry that a man begot me,
Although he were my father.

Duke. Iulia, how's that ?

Iul. Oh Sir, you come to know whether Tobacco be good for you or no ; Ile tell you, if you neuer tooke it, neuer take it then, or if you euer vs'd it, take it still ; Nay, I'me an excellent Phisitian growne of late I tell you.

Duke. What meane these strange Anagrams ?
I am thy Father and I loue thee sweete.

Iul. Loue me thou dost not.

Duke. Why thou doest know I doe.

Iul. I say thou doest not : lay no wager with me,
For if thou dost, there will be two to one
On my side against thee.

Duke. Ha ! I am thy Father,
Why *Iulia* ?

Iu. How my Father ! then doe one thing
For me your Daughter.

Duke. One thing ? any thing,
Ey all things.

Iu. Instantly then draw your sword,
And pierce me to the heart.

Duke. I loue thee not so ill,
To be the Author of thy death.

Iu. Nor I my selfe so well, as to desire
A longer life : if you be then my Father,
Punish a sinne that hath disgrac't your Daughter,
Scandall your blood, and poyson'd it with mud.

Duke. Be plaine with vs.

Iu. See, I am flumpeted,
A bastard issue growes within my wombe.

Duke. Whose fact ?

Iu. Prince *Parmaes*.

Duke. *Stroza*.

Str. My Lord.

Duke. Search out
Prince *Parma*, bring the Traytour backe againe
Dead or aliuie.

Str. My Lord, he is a Prince.

Duke. No matter ; for his head shall be the
ransome

Of this foule Treafon. When I fay begon.
But as for thee bafe and degenerate——

Iul. Doe fhew your felfe a Prince : let her no
longer

Liue, that hath thus difgrac't your Royall blood.

Duk. Nature preuailes 'boue honour : her offence
Merits my vengeance, but the name of Childe
Abates my Swords keene edge : yet Royalty
Take th' vpper hand of pittie : kill the flumpet,
And be renown'd for Iuftice.

Iul. Strike, I'll ftand.

Duke. How eafie could I period all my care,
Could I her kill, and yet her Infant spare :
A double Murder I muft needes commit,
To ruine that which neuer offended yet.
Oh Heauen ! in this I your affiftance craue,
Punifh the faultier, and the innocent faue.

Iul. You are not true to your owne honour
Father,
To let me longer liue.

Duke. Oh *Iulia*, *Iulia*,
Thou haft ouerwhelm'd vpon my aged head
Mountaines of griefe, t'opprefle me to my graue.
Is *Parma* found ?

Str. My Lord, hee's priuately
Fled from the Court.

Duke. Then flye thou after villaine.

Str. Sir, are you madde ?

Duke. What's to be done ? Alacke,
I cannot change a father and a Prince
Into a cruell Hang-man : tell me *Iulia*,
Is thy guilt yet but priuate to thy felfe ?

Iul. It is my Lord.

Duke. Conceale it then : wee'll ftudy
To falue thy honour, and to keepe thy loofeneffe
From all the world conceal'd, comprefle thy griefe,
And I will ftudy how to shadow mine.
Wipe from thy cheekes thefe teares : oh curfed
Age,

When Children 'gainst their Parents all things dare,
Yet Fathers still proue Fathers in their care. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Lauretta, and Clowne.

Moth. Oh misery beyond comparifon !
When faue the Heauens we haue no roofe at all
To fhelter vs.

Clow. That word all stickes more in my stomacke
then my victuals can : For indeede wee can get none
to eate now : I told you, you were fo prodigall we
fhould pinch for't.

Wife. What place may wee call this ? what Clime ?
what Prouince ?

Clow. Why this is the Duke-dome of *Florence*, and
this is the Forreft where the hard-hearted Duke hunts
many a Hart : and there's no Deere fo deare to him,
but hee'le kill it : as goodly a large place to ftarue
in, as your Ladifhip can defire to fee in a Summers
day.

Wife. Yet here, fince no man knowes vs, no
man can
Deride our misery : better dye ftaru'd,
Then bafely begge.

Clow. How better ftarue then begge ; all the
Ladies of *Florence* fhall neuer make me of that beleefe.
I had rather beg a thoufand times, then ftarue once,
doe you fcorne begging ? Your betters doe not, no
Madam ; get me a Snap-facke, I'll to *Florence* : I'll
make all the high-ways ring of me with for the Lords
facke. I haue ftudied a Prayer for him that giues, and
a Poxe take him that giues nothing : I haue one for
the Horfe-way, another for the Foote-way, and a third
for the turning-ftile. No Madam, begging is growne
a gentleman-like Calling here in our Countrey.

Wife. I haue yet one poore piece of Gold referu'd,
Step to the Village by and fetch fome Wine.

Clow. You had better keepe your Gold, and trust

to my begging Oratory, yet this is the worst they can
fay to mee, that I am my Ladies Bottle-man.

Exit Clowne.

Wife. Here's a strange change : we must be
patient,
Yet can I not but weepe thinking on thee.

Lau. Madam on me? there is no change of
Fortune
Can puffed me or dejected me ; I am all one
In rich abundance and penurious want :
So little doe my miseries vex me,
Or the faire Princeesse wrong,
That I will end my passions in a Song.

A Song.

Sound Hornes within.

Wife. It seemes the Duke is Hunting in the
Forrest,
Here let vs rest our selues, and listen to
Their Tones, for nothing but mishap here lies ;
Sing thou faire Childe, I'll keepe tune with my eyes.

*Winde hornes. And enter the Prince of Florence
& Mounseur.*

Prince. This way the voyce was, let vs leaue the
Chace.

Moun. Behold my Lord two sad dejected Crea-
tures
Throwne on the humble verdure.

Prince. Here's beauty mixt with teares, that
pouerty
Was neuer bred in Cottage : I'll farther question
Their state and fortune.

Wife. Wee're discovered,
Daughter arise.

Prince. What are you gentle Creatures?

Nay anfwere not in teares.

If you by casuall losse, or by the hand
Of Fortune haue beene cruft beneath these forrowes,
He demands your grieve
That hath as much will as ability
To succour you, and for your owne faire sake ;
Nay beautious Damfell, you neede not question that.

Lau. If by the front we may beleue the heart,
Or by the out-side iudge the inward vertue :
You faire Sir, haue euen in your selfe alone
All that this world can promise ; for I ne're
Beheld one so compleate ; and were I sure
Although you would not pittie, yet at least
You would not mocke our misery : I would relate
A Tale should make you weepe.

Prince. Sweete if the Prologue
To thy sad passion moue thus : what will the Sceane
And tragicke act it selfe doe ? Is that Gentlewoman
Your Mother sweete ?

Lau. My wretched Mother Sir.

Prince. Pray of what Prouince ?

Lau. *Milleine.*

Prince. What fortune there ?

Lau. My Father was a Noble Gentleman,
Rank't with the best in Birth, and which did adde
To all his other vertues, a bold Souldier ;
But when he dy'de——

Prince. Nay, proceede beauteous Lady,
How was your Father stil'd ?

Lau. To tell you that,
Were to exclaime vpon my Prince, my Countrey,
And their Ingratitude : For he being dead,
With him our fortunes and our hopes both fail'd ;
My Mother loath to lue ignobly base,
Where once she flourisht, hauing spent her meanes
Not loofely nor in riot, but in the honour
Of her dead Husband : left th' ingratfull Land,
Rather to spend her yeares in pouerty,
Mongst those that neuer knew her height of Fortune,

Then with her thankelesse Friends and Countrey-men,
Fled here to perissh.

Prince. More then her charming beauty
Her passion moues me : where inhabit you ?

Lau. Here, euery where.

Prince. Beneath these Trees ?

Lau. We haue
No other rooffe then what kinde Heanen lends.

Prince. Gentle Creature,
Had you not told me that your Birth was Noble,
I should haue found it in your face and gesture.
Mounsfieur.

Mounsfieur. My Lord.

Prince. Goe winde thy Horne abroad, and call to
vs

Some of our traine : we pittie these two Ladies,
And we will raise their hope : Cheere you old
Madam,
You shall receiue some bounty from a Prince.

Enter a Huntf-man.

Who keepe the Lodge below ?

Huntf. Your Highnesse Huntf-man.

Prince. Command him to remoue, and instantly
We giue it to these Ladies : besides, adde
Vnto our Guest three thousand pounds a yeare :
We'll see it furnisht too with Plate and Hangings.
'Las pretty Maide, your Father's dead you say,
We'll take you now to our owne Patronage,
And trust me Lady, while wee're Prince of *Florence*,
You shall not want nor foode, nor harborage.

Wife. Pardon Great Sir, this our neglect of
duty
Vnto a Prince so gracious and compleate
In vertuous indowments.

Lau. To excuse
Our former negligence, behold I cast
Me at your foote.

Prince. Arise fweete, pray your name ?

Lau. Lauretta.

Prince. Faire *Lauretta*, you shall be henceforth
ours,

Oh Mounfieur ! I ne're saw where I could loue
Till now.

Moun. How now my Lord, remember pray,
What you are to this poore deiected Maide.

Prince. Well Mounfieur, well ; when e're I match,
pray Heauen,
We loue so well : but loue and toyle hath made vs
Euen somewhat thirfty, would we had some Wine.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Nay, now I thinke I haue fitted you with a
Cup of Mipfilato.

Moun. How now firrah, what are you ?

Clow. What am I ? Nay what art thou ?
I thinke you'le proue little better then a smell-
smocke,

That can finde out a pretty wench in such a Corner.

Wife. Peace firrah, 'tis the Prince.

Clow. What if he be ? he may loue a Wench as
well as another man.

Prince. What hast thou there ?

Clow. A bottle of Wine and a Manchel that my
Lady sent me for.

Prince. Thou ne're couldst come to vs in better
time,
Reach it vs Mounfieur.

Moun. Your bottle quickly firrah, come I say.

Clow. Yes, when ? can you tell ? doe you thinke
I am such an Ass, to part so lightly with my liquor ?
Know thou my friend, before I could get this bottle
fill'd, I was glad to change a piece of gold, and call
for the rest againe : And doe you thinke I'le loose my
liquor, and haue no Gold nor rest againe ? Not so
my Friend, not so.

Moun. There's Gold fir.

Clow. Madam, will you giue me a Licence to fell Wine? I could get no Plate in the Forrest but a wooden Dish.

Wife. Fill to the Prince *Lauretta*.

Lau. Will it please
Your Highnesse drinke out of a wooden Mazer?

Prince. Yes sweete with thee in any thing: you know

Wee are a Prince, and you shall be our taster.

Lau. Why should I loue this Prince? his bounteous gifts

Exalt me not, but make me much more poore,
I'me more deiected then I was before.

Wife. Sir.

Moun. Lady, thanks: I feare me he is caught,
But if he be, my Counsell must diuert him.

Clow. The bottome of the bottle is at your seruice Sir,

Shall you and I part flakes?

Moun. There's more Gold for you.

Clow. I had rather you had broke my pate then my draught, but harke you Sir, are you as a man should say, a belonger to?

Hunt. A belonger to? what's that fir?

Clow. Oh ignorant! are you a follower?

Hunt. I seldome goe before when my betters are in place.

Clow. A Seruing-man I take it.

Hunt. Right fir.

Clow. I desire you the more complement: I haue the courtesie of the Forrest for you.

Hunt. And I haue the courtesie of the Court for you fir.

Clow. That's to bring me to Buttery hatch, and neuer make me drinke.

Prince. Sirrah, conduct those Ladies to the Lodge,
And tell the keeper we haue stor'd for him,
A better fortune: you shall heare further from vs,

You vsher them.

Hunt. Come Ladies will you walke?

Clow. How now sawce-boxe, know your manners : was not I Gentleman vsher before you came? Am not I hee that did the bottle bring? Come Ladies follow me. *Exit Clowne with Ladies, with Huntsman.*

Moun. Your purpose Sir, is to loue this Lady, And hazard all your hopes.

Prince. Oh gentle Friend, Why was I borne high? but to raise their hopes That are dejected—so much for my bounty.

Moun. But for your loue.

Prince. It is with no intent To make the Maide my wife, because I know Her fortunes cannot equall mine.

Moun. Then 'twere more dishonorable To strumpet her.

Prince. Still thou mistak'st, mine Is honourable loue, and built on vertue; Nor would I for the Emperours Diademe Corrupt her whom I loue.

Moun. Braue Prince I'me glad That ere I kept thy company.

Prince. Come Mounfieur, night steales on, not many yeares Shall passe me, but I purpose to reuifite This my new Mistresse, my auspicious fate To thee my happy loue I consecrate. *Exeunt.*

A Dumb show. *Enter the Duke of Milleine, a Midwife with a young Childe, and after them Stroza: the Duke shewes the Childe to Stroza, hee takes it: then the Duke sweares them both to secrecy vpon his Sword, and exit with the Midwife: then Stroza goes to hide it, and Parma dogs him: when hee hath laid the Childe in a Corner, he departs in haste, and Parma takes vp the Childe and speaks.*

Par. Thou shouldst be mine: and durst I for my Head

Euen in the open Court I'de challenge thee,
 But I haue so incens'd th' offended Duke,
 And layd such heauy spots vpon her head,
 I cannot doo't with safety : methinks this Child
 Doth looke me in the face, as if 'twould call
 Me Father, and but this suspected *Stroza*.
 Stuff my too credulous eares with ieloufies.
 For thee sweete Babe I'le sweare, that if not all,
 Part of my blood runnes in thy tender veynes,
 For those few drops I will not see thee perish ;
 Be it for her sake whom once I lov'd,
 And shall doe euer : Oh iniurious *Stroza* !
 I now begin to feare ; for this sweete Babe
 Hath in his face no bastardy, but shewes
 A Princely femblance : but *Stroza* and the Duke,
 This will I keepe as charie as her honour,
 The which I prize aboue the Vniuerse.
 Though she were forc't to be vnnaturall,
 I'le take to me this Infants pupillage ;
 Nor yet resolu'd, till I a way haue found
 To make that perfect which is yet ynfound. *Exit.*

Explicit Actus Secundus.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Milleine with Lords and Iulia.

Milleine. Forbeare my Lords for a few priuate
 words :

Faire Daughter, wee'le not chide you farther now,
 Nor adde vnto your blushes by our rude reproofes :
 Your faults are couered with these your sighes,
 Since all your fire of lust is quencht in ashes.

Iul. Durst I presume my Lord, to know
Whither you haue sent my sonne?

Mil. I'le not haue it question'd.
I striue to salue thy honour, and thou seek'st
To publish thy disgrace: my study is
Where I may picke thee out a noble Husband,
To shadow these dishonours, and keepe thee
From the like scandall.

Iul. Whom but *Parmaes* Prince.

Mil. Oh name him not thou strumpet.

Iul. I haue done.

Mil. There's a Prince of noble hopes and fortunes,
The Prince of *Florence*: what if I sent to him
About a speedy Marriage? for I feare,
Delay may breed strange doubts.

Iul. Since I haue lost the name of Child,
I am a seruant now and must obey.

Enter Stroza and Lords.

Mil. *Stroza.*

Str. Your eare my Lord, 'tis done.

Mil. Laid out?

Str. To safety as I hope.

Mil. What, and suspec'tlesse?

Str. Vnlesse the silent Groue of Trees should
blabe,

There is no feare of scandall, mantled close,
I left the sucking Babe where the next passenger
Must finde it needes, and so it hapned for
Some two yeares after,
Passing that way to know where 'twas become,
'Twas gone, and by some courteous hand I hope
Remou'd to gentle fosterage.

Mil. My excellent friend,
For this wee'le bosome thee: your counsell *Stroza*,
Our Daughter's growne to yeares, and we intend
To picke her out a Husband, in whose issue

Her name may flourish, and her honours liue.

All Lords. Most carefully deuise'd.

Mil. But where my Lords

May we prouide a match to equall her ?

1. *Lord.* *Ferrara* hath a faire and hopefull Heire.

2. *Lord.* And so hath *Mantua*.

3. *Lord.* How do you prize the Noble *Florentine* ?

1. *Lord.* In fame no whit inferior.

2. *Lord.* But in state

Many degrees excelling : aime no further Sir,

If that may be accepted.

Duke. To *Florence* then wee'le streight dispatch .

Embassadours,

Stroza, bee't your care to mannage this high bufinesse.

Oh to see

How Parents loue descends : and howfoe're

The Children proue vngratefull and vnkinde,

Though they deride, we weepe our poore eyes blinde.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne gallant, and the Huntsman.

Clow. Nay, nay, the case is alter'd with mee since you saw me last : I was neuer in any hope to purchase any other suite then that I wore yesterday ; but now I can say *Ecce signum*, the case is alter'd. Now euery begger comes vpon me with *good Gentleman*, *good Gentleman* : when yesterday Gentlemen would haue shun'd the way for feare I should haue begg'd of them. Then comes another vpon mee with *good your Worship*, *good your Worship*, then doe I double my fyles, and cast him a single two pence.

Hunt. Sirrah, thou mayst thanke the Prince for this.

Clow. Thou say'st true ; for he hath chang'd our wooden Dishes to Siluer Goblets : goodly large Arras that neuer yet deseru'd hanging, he hath caus'd to be hang'd round about the Chamber : My Lady and Mistresse, now my Lady and Mistresse lyes ouer head

and eares in Downe and Feathers: well, if they be rul'd by me, I would haue them to keepe their beds.

Hunt. Why wouldst thou haue them lye a bed all day?

Clow. Oh dull ignorant! I meane knowing how hard they haue bin lodg'd in the Forrest; I would not haue them fell away their beds, and lie vpon the boords.

Hunt. Oh now I vnderstand you sir.

Clow. Ey, ey; thou may'st get much vnderstanding by keeping my company: But Sir, does not the new Gowne the Prince sent my Mistresse, become her most incomparably?

Hunt. 'Tis true: 'tis strange to see how Apparrell makes or marres.

Clow. Right: for yesterday thou wouldst haue taken me for a very Clowne, a very Clowne; and now to see, to see.—

Enter Mother and the young Lady gallant.

Wife. Sirrah.

Clow. Madam.

Lau. Why dost view me thus?

Clow. To see if the Tayler that made your Gowne, hath put ne're an M. vnder your Girdle, there belongs more to beaten Sattin then sirrah.

Lau. What thinke you Mother of the Prince his bounty,
His vertue, and perfection?

Wife. He's a mirrour, and deserues a name
Amongst the famous Worthies.

Lau. Heighoe.

Wife. Why sigh you?

Lau. Pray tell me one thing Mother: when you
were
Of my yeares, and first lou'd, how did you feele
Your selfe?

Wife. Loue Daughter ?

Clow. Shee talkes now, as if she should be enamored of my comely shape ; for I haue (as they say) such a foolish yong and relenting heart, I should neuer say her nay, I should neuer weare off this.

Lau. Stand farther off fir.

Clow. No, I'll assure your Ladiship 'tis beaten Sattin.

Lau. Then take your Sattin farther.

Clow. Your Ladiship hath coniu'r'd me, and I will auoide Satan.

Lau. Had you not sometimes mufings, sometimes extasies,

When some delicate man 'boue other
Was present ?

Wife. I aduise you curbe your fence in time,
Or you will bring your selfe into the way
Of much dishonour.

Lau. And speake you by experience Mother?
then

I doe begin to feare lest that his shape
Should tempt me, or his bounty worke aboue
My strength and patience ; pray Mother leaue vs
neuer,

Left that without your Company, my loue
Contending with my weakenesse, should in time
Get of 't the vpper hand.

Wife. For this I loue thee.

Enter Clowne running.

Clow. So hoe Mistris Madam, yonder is the Prince, and two or three Gentlemen come riding vpon the goodliest Horses that euer I set my eyes vpon : and the Princes Horse did no sooner see me, but he weeighed and wagg'd his taylor : now I thinking he had done it to take acquaintance of me, said againe to him, Gramercy Horse ; so I left them, and came to tell your Ladiship.

Lau. Goe see them stabled, my foule leapt within
me
To heare the Prince but named.

Enter Prince and Mounfieur.

Prince. Now my faire Friend.

Lau. Your hand-mayd mighty Prince.

Prince. Looke Mounfieur,
Can she be lesse then Noble? nay deserues she
Thus habited, to be tearm'd lesse then Royall,
What thinkst thou Mounfieur?

Moun. Faith my Lord,
I neuer loue a woman for her habite,
When Sir I loue, I'll see my loue starke naked.

Prince. Right courteous Lady,
Our bounty is too sparing for your worth,
Yet such as 'tis accept it.

Wife. Royall sir,
'Tis beyond hope or merit.

Prince. I prithee Mounfieur,
A little complement with that old Lady,
Whilst I conferre with her.

Moun. I thanke you Sir :
See, you would make me a fir Panderus,
Yet farre as I can see you, I will trust you.

Hee talks with the old Lady.
Sweete Lady, how long is't—nay keepe that hand,
Since those fierce warres 'twixt *Florence* and great
Millaine?

Nay that hand still.

Prince. And haue you ne're a loue then?

Lau. Yes my Lord :
I should belye my owne thoughts to deny,
And say I had none.

Prince. Pray acquaint me with him,
And for thy sake I'll giue him state and Honours,
And make him great in *Florence*. Is he of birth?

Lau. A mighty Duke-domes Heire.

Prince. How now my *Lauretta*?

I prithee sweete where liues he?

Lau. In his Countrey.

Prince. Honour me so much

As let me know him.

Lau. In that your Grace must pardon me.

Prince. Must? then I will. Is he of prefence sweete?

Lau. As like your Grace as one Prince to another.

Prince. Honour me so much then, as let me know him.

Lau. In that excuse me Sir.

Prince. Thee, loue I will

In all things: wherefore study you?

Lau. Why my Lord?

I was euen wishing you a mighty harme;

But pardon me 'twas out euen vnawares.

Prince. Harme? there's none can come from thee

Lauretta,

Thou art all goodnesse, nay confesse it sweete.

Lau. I was wishing with my selfe that you were poore:

Oh pardon me my Lord, a poore, a poore man.

Prince. Why my *Lauretta*?

Lau. Sir, because that little

I haue, Might doe you good: I would you had

No money, nay, no meanes: but I speake idly,

Pray pardon me my Lord.

Prince. By all my hopes,

I haue in *Florence*, would thou wert a Dutcheffe,

That I might court thee vpon equall tearmes;

Or that I were of low deiected fortunes,

To ranke with thee in Birth: for to enioy

Thy beauty, were a greater Dowre then *Florence*
wth great Duke-dome.

had

him,

Enter Clowne.

your *Lw.* Oh my Lord, my Lord,

Are you close at it ? and you too crabbed Age,
And you—there's Rods in pisse for some of you.

Prince. Now fir, the newes ?

Clow. Oh my Lord, there's a Nobleman come
from the Court to speake with you.

Prince. Mounfieur,
Vpon my life 'tis some Embassadour.

Moun. Good Sir make haste, lest I be challeng'd
for you.

Prince. No worthy Friend, for me thou shalt not
suffer,
At our best leasur'd houres we meane to visite you ;
Now giue me leaue to take a short fare-well.

Exeunt Prince and Mounfieur.

Lau. Your pleasure is your owne,
To part from him I am rent quite asunder.

Clow. And you can but keepe your leggs close,
Let him rend any thing else and spare not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Florence and Lords with Stroza Embassadour.

Flo. Speake the true Tenor of your Embassie.

Str. If *Florence* prize the Duke of *Millaines*
loue,
His indear'd Amity : If he haue minde
To mixe with him in consanguinity,
To strengthen both your Realmes : he makes this pro-
iect

To your faire Treaty, that your hopefull Heire
Shall with the Princeesse *Iulia* his faire Daughter,
Be ioynd in Marriage ; her large Dowre shall be
A spacious Duke-dome after his decease.
But which my Lord counts most, is a faire League
'Twixt your diuided Duke-domes.

Florence. We doe conceite you :
But for the Dowre you craue ?

Str. Ten thousand Crownes
By th'yeare.

Flo. 'Tis granted : onely our Sonnes consent
Is wanting : but see here, he wiht for comes.

Enter Prince and Mounseur.

Prince. Mounseur, what are those ?

Moun. Embassadours my Lord.

Prince. Whence are these Lords ?

Dake. From *Millaine*.

Prince. Their businesse Royall Sir ?

Flo. About a match,
Which if you 't please, we highly shall applaud.
They offer you a faire and vertuous Princeffe
Vnto your bed.

Prince. Vnto my bed my Lord ?
I am not so affraide of spirits Sir,
But I can lye alone without a bed-fellow.

Flo. 'Tis the faire Princeffe *Iulia* you must marry.

Prince. Marry my Lord ?

Flo. I marry must you Sir,
Or you diuorce your selfe from our deare loue.

Prince. But is she faire ?

Stro. As euer *Hellen* was.

Prince. What, and as Chaste ?

Stroza. It were not Princely in you, Royall Sir,
To question such a Princeffe Chastity :
I could haue instanc'd *Lucrece*.

Prince. Would you had,
For both were rauisht.

Moun. How's this my Lord ?
They offer loue and beauty, which being both
So freely offer'd, doe deserue acceptance.

Stroza. Your answere Sir ?

Prince. That I am yours : the States ;
And if you please so to dispose me, hers,
What ere she be : come friend, I must impart
My Loue this newes, or it will rend my heart.

Exit Prince.

Stroza. I shall returne this answere.

Flo. Faithfully

As we intend it : But you first shall taste
The bounty of our Court, with royall Presents
Both to the Duke your master, and the Princeffe ;
It done, prepare we for this great solemnity,
Of Hymeneall Iubilies. Fixt is the day,
Wherein rich *Florens* shall her pompe display.

Exeunt.

Enter Parma and a Lord of Millaine.

Parm. Onely to you, of all the *Millaine* Peeres,
I dare expose my safety.

Lord. In these armes
My Lord, you are Sanctuared.

Parm. I doe not doubt it :
But I pray you tell me, since I left the Court,
How is my absence taken ?

Lord. Of the Duke,
With much distaste.

Parm. But of the Princeffe *Iulia* ?

Lord. Full two Moneths
Shee kept her Chamber, grievously distracted,
They say, meere griefe for your departure hence.

Parm. Brauely manag'd,
The Duke I see was more kind to her fame,
Then to his prettie grand-childe ; well Ile salt it all,
But what thinke you if after all I should
Send Letters to her, or Ambassadors ?
I should not win her, for I know
They haue her heart in bondage.

Lord. Why worthy Prince,
Haue you not heard the newes : Shee hath beene
offered

Vnto the Florentine, the match accepted,
And the Nuptiall day the tenth of the next Moneth.

Parm. No more : Pray leaue mee Sir.

Lord. I will : Pray Sir

Regard your safety.

Exit *Lord*.

Parm. To bee married, *Ruimus in vestitum semper*,

I did neglect her, but being deni'd,
I doate upon her beautie : Methinkes 'tis fit,
If I begot the Child ? I wed the Mother :
The Prince, I pitie hee should bee so wrong'd,
And I the Instrument : Now helpe mee braine,
That neare was wont to fayle mee : 'Tis decreed
Something to Plot, although I fayle to speede.

Exit *Parma*.

Enter Clowne, Mother, and Lauretta.

Clowne. I wonder you should bee so sad and melanchollie, Ile lay a yeeres wages before hand Ile tell your diseafe, as well as any Doctor in *Florence*, and let me but feele your pulse.

Lauret. Away, you are a foole, and trouble vs.

Clowne. That's no matter whether I bee a foole or a phisitian, if I loofe, Ile pay, that's certain.

Wife. Try the fooles counsell daughter, but bee fure

To forfit, and to pay.

Lauret. Now fir, your skill.

Clowne. Nay I must feele your pulse first, for if a Womans pulse bee neere a place, I know there's few heere of my yeeres but would bee glad to turne Doctors.

Lauret. Now fir, you see I doe not smile.

Clowne. Nay, if it bee nothing else, Ile fetch that will cure you presently.

Exit *Clowne*.

Wife. Child I must chide you, you giue too much way

Vnto this humour : It alters much your beautie.

Enter the Clowne.

Clowne. Oh young Mistris, where are you, the Prince,

The Prince.

Lauret. Oh Mother, doe you heare the newes, the Prince,

The Prince is comming : Where is hee, oh where ?

Clowne. Where is hee ? Why at the Court ; where should hee bee ? I did but doo't to make you smile : Nay, Ile tickle you for a Doctor : Madam I haue a yeeres wages before hand.

Lauret. Is hee not come then ?

Clowne. No marrie is hee not.

Lauret. My soule did leape within, to heare the Prince

But nam'd : It started every ioynt.

Clowne. Nay Madam, the Prince is come.

Wife. Away, your foolerie's vnseasonable,
Weele not beleeeve you.

Enter the Prince and Mounfieur.

Clowne. If you will not belieue mee, will you beleeeue thefe ?

Lauret. Welcome my Lord : And wherefore doe you figh ?

Prince. I figh *Lauretta*, caufe I cannot chufe.

Lauret. Nor could I chufe, should you but figh againe.

Prince. Ile tell thee Loue, strange newes : I muft be married.

Lauret. Married my Lord !

Prince. Why doe you weepe ? You blam'd mee now for fighing :

Why doe you melt in teares ? Sweet what's the caufe ?

Lauret. Nay, nothing.

Prince. And as I told thee Sweete ; I muft bee married,

My Father and the State will haue it fo ;
And I came instantly to tell the newes

To thee *Lauretta* ; As to one, from whom
I nothing can conceale.

Lauret. Why should you grieve
For that ? For I, my Lord, must haue a Husband
too.

Prince. Must you ? But when's the day ?

Lauret. When's yours my Lord ?

Prince. The tenth of the next moneth.

Lauret. The selfe same day,
And selfe same houre that you inioy your loue,
My Princely Husband I must then inioy.

Prince. But doe you loue him ?

Lauret. Not my selfe more deere.

Prince. How happie are you about mee faire
friend,

That must inioy where you affect ? When I
Am tide to others fancies : It was your promise
That I should know him further.

Lauret. You shall see him
That day, as richly habited as the great
Heire of *Florence* : But royall Sir, what's shee
That you must bed then ?

Prince. 'Tis *Iulia*,
The Duke of *Millaines* daughter : Why change your
Face ? *Lauretta speakes to her selfe.*

Lauret. That shee that hates mee most should liue
to inioy
Him I affect best : O my ominous fate,
I thought to haue hid mee from thee in these
defarts,
But thou dost dogg mee euery where.

Shee Swounes.

Prince. Looke to her safety, not for the Crowne
Of *Florence* I would haue her perish.

Wife. Helpe to support her.

Exit with Mother and Clowne.

Prince. Oh Friend, that I should change my
Royaltie

To weakneffe now : I doe thinke this lodge
A Pallace, and this Beautious Mayden-head
Of greater worth then *Iulia*.

Moun. Come my Lord,
Lay by thefe idle thoughts, and make you ready
To entertaine your Bride.

Enter Parma disguised.

Parm. The Prince, the Prince,
I come to feeke the Prince, and was directed
Vnto this place.

Prince. Thy newes.

Parm. A Letter.

Prince. Whence ?

Parm. Reade, the Contents will shew you ; their
eyes are from mee, and I muſt hence. *Exit Parma.*

The Prince reads.

Prince. The *Millaine* Princeſſe is betroathed ; de-
flowred,
Not worthy of your loue, beleeeue this true
Vpon a Prince his word ; when you ſhall bed
her,
And find her flawd in her Virginitie,
You ſhall haue cauſe to thinke vpon his loue
From whom you had this caution ;
But doe it with that Princely management,
Her honour bee not ſlandered : Hee that loues,
Admires, and honours you :
Where's hee that brought this Letter ?

Moun. Fled my Lord.

Prince. Poaſt after ; bring him backe,
Could hee not ſet his hand to't——
How now, the newes ?

Moun. Hee's fled vpon a milke white Gennet
Sir,
Seeming t' outſtrip the winde, and I—loſt him.

Prince. Thou hast lost mee quite.

Moun. What meanes this passion Sir?

Prince. Mounfieur reade there,

What will confound thee: Oh if shee bee vnchast!

Could they find none but mee to worke vpon.

Moun. It confounds mee my Lord.

Prince. If shee bee Chast,

How shall I wrong her, to question her faire Vertues?

Moun. Right.

Prince. But if shee bee not right? I wrong my Honor,

Which after marriage, how shall I recall?

Moun. 'Tis certaine.

Prince. Yes: Oh how am I perplext!

Come, Ile to Court,

Ile not bee sway'd: Were shee a Potent Queene,

Where Counsell sayles mee, Ile once trust to spleene.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne with his Table-bookes.

Clowne. Let me see, the *Prince* is to bee married to morrow, and my young Mistris meanes to keepe a Feast in the Forrest, in honour of his wedding at the Court: Now am I sent as Caterer into the City to provide them with victualls, which they charg'd me to buy; no ordinary fare, no more it shall, and therefore I haue cast it thus; First and foremost, wee will haue—(yes downe it shall) we will haue a Gammon of Bacon roasted, and stufft with Oysters; And fixe Black-Puddings to bee serued vp in Sorrell-sops; A pickell'd shoulder of Mutton, and a furloyne of Beefe in White-broth, so much for the first course. Now for the second, we will haue a Cherry-Tart cut into Rashers and broyled; A Custard Carbonado'd on the coales; A liue Eele swimming in clowted Creame; And fixe Sheepes-heads baked, with the hornes peering out of the pasty-crust. The morrall is, because it is a wedding-dinner.

Enter Stroza with another Lord.

Stro. The ioyfull day's to morrow. Paffe this
plunge
And we are made for euer.

Clowne. What, my old Polititian? hee that vnder-
min'd my old Lady and my yong Mistris? now that
I could find but one stratagem to blow him vp; I
would tosse him, I would blanket him i' th Ayre, and
make him cut an Italian caper in the Clouds: These
Politicians can doe more execution with a pen, in
their studies, then a good Souldier with his sword in
the field, but he hath spi'd mee.

Stro. Thee friend I should haue knowne?

Clowne. And you too, I should haue knowne, but
whether for a friend, or no, ther's the question?

Stro. Thou seru'st the Generall *Sforza*.

Clow. I confesse it; but whether you haue seru'd
him well, or no, there hangs a Tale.

Stro. How doth thy noble Lady, faire *Lauretta*?
They have left *Millaine* long, reside they here
Neere to the City *Florence*?

Clow. Some three miles off, here in the Forrest,
not halfe an houres riding.

Stro. I pray thee recommend me to them both,
And say, It shall goe hard with mine affaires
But Ile find season'd houres to visit them.

Clow. You shall not want directions to find the
place, come when you will, you shall be most heartily
—poyson'd.

Stro. Tell them, The newes that they are well
Is wondrous pleasing to me, and that power
I haue in *Millaine* is referu'd for them,
To worke them into grace: I can but smile,
To see how close I haue plotted their exile.
Now businesse calls me hence: farewell.

Exit.

Clow. And be hang'd, Mounsfieur *Stroza*, whose
description my *Muse* hath included in these few
lines;

*Stroza, Thy Head is of a comely Block,
 And would shew well, crown'd with the combe of Cock :
 His Face an Inne, his Brow a fluttish Roome,
 His Nose the Chamberlaine, his Beard the Broome,
 Or like New-market Heath, that makes theeues rich,
 In which his Mouth stands iust like Devills-ditch.
 And so farewell to your worship, graue Mounseur
 Stroza, for I must about my market. Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

A Dumbe shew. Enter at one doore, the Duke of Millaine, Iulia, Stroza, and a Bishop : At the other doore, the Duke of Florens, the Prince and Mounseur, with attendants : Then the Bishop takes their hands and makes signes to marry them, and then the Prince speakes.

Prince. Stay till we be resolu'd.

Florens. What meanes our sonne ?

Princ. Not to be gull'd by the best Prince in Europe ;

Much lesse by *Millaine*.

Millaine. Sir, be plaine with vs.

Prin. I much suspect that Ladies Chastity.

Millaine. Hers.

Prin. I haue said.

Stroza. Ther's Worme-wood.

Millaine. I came in termes of Honour,
 Brought with me, all my comforts here on earth,
 My daughter ; to bestow her on thy son :
 Poore Lady, innocently comming, forfaking all,
 Father and Countrey, to betake her selfe

Vnto his bosome; and is she for all this,
Branded with shame?

Stro. Who can accuse her, speake? what probabilities?

What ground? the place? the meanes? the season how
Shee did become corrupt?

Prince. Sir, so we haue heard.

Stro. Produce the witnesse; and behould, I stand
The Champion for her honour, and will auerre
Her Chaste, aboue degree; infinitely honest:
Oh Prince! what, can you ground such iniury
Vpon vaine heare-say? Speake for your selfe, take
spirit.

Iulia. Came we thus farre, to be thus wrong'd?

Apart to herselfe.

Stro. Was the slaue neuer Christen'd, hath hee no
name?

Iulia. Haue you sent for me, to accuse me heere
In this strange Clime? It is not Princely done.

Prince. O Heauen, how am I perplex't!

Floren. Sonne, Sonne, you wrong
Your selfe and me too, to accuse a Lady
Of such high birth and fame; vnlesse you confesse
You selfe to haue err'd, you needs must forfeit vs.

Moun. My Lord, yeeld to your father, lest you draw
His wrath vpon you.

Prince. Well, since I must, I will:
Your pardon, Royall Father: Yours faire Princeesse:
And yours great Duke;
If I shall find my selfe truely to haue err'd,
I shall confesse your chastity much iniur'd.

Iulia. Submission is to me full recompence.

Milla. My daughters honour?

Stro. Doe not stand off my Lord,
If she be wrong'd, shee's not much behind-hand.

Milla. Oh let me alone *Stroza.*

Flor. Nay, good Brother
Accept him as your Sonne.

Milla. My hearts no closet for reuenge; 'tis done.

Prin. Now heare my protestations : I receiue
 This Ladies hand on these Conditions ;
 If you, my Lord, her father, or her selfe,
 Know her selfe faulty, Oh confesse it here,
 Before the Ceremonies fasten on me : for if hereafter
 I find you once corrupted ? by this right hand,
 My future hopes, my Fathers royalty,
 And all the honours due vnto our house,
 Ile haue as many liues and heads for it,
 As he hath Manners, Castles, Liues and Towres ;
 It shall be worthy to be lockt in Chronicles
 Of all strange tongues : And therefore beautious
 Lady,
 As you esteeme a Prince his name or honour,
 That youd be a *Mecenas* vnto vertue ;
 If in the least of these you guilty be,
 Pull backe your hand.

Stro. What if you find her chaste ?

Prin. If chaste, she shall be dearer farre to me
 Then my owne soule : I will respect her honour,
 Equall with that of my great Ancestours ;
 All this I vow, as I am Prince and vertuous.

Stro. Then ioyne their hands.

Prin. Shee's mine : Set forwards then.

Excunt all but Stroza.

Stro. All goes not well, This iugling will be
 found,
 Then where am I ? would I were safe in *Millaine*.
 Here Matchiuell thou wast hatcht : Could not the
 same
 Planet inspire this pate of mine with some
 Rare stratagem, worthy a lasting Character :
 No, 'twill not be ; my braine is at a non-plus,
 For I am dull.

Enter Millaine.

Milla. Stroza.

Stro. My Lord.

Milla. Oh now, or neuer *Stroza* !

Stro. I am turn'd Foole, Affe, Iddeot ; Are they married ?

Milla. Yes, and the Prince after the Ceremonie, Imbrac'd her louingly.

Stro. But the hell is That they must lie together, ther's the Deuill.

Milla. And then——

Stro. And then we are disgrac'd and sham'd.

Milla. Canst thou not help't man ?

Stro. Why you would make A man—midwife, woo'd you ? I haue no skill.

Milla. *Stroza*, awake, th'art drowfie.

Stro. Peace, interrupt me not, I ha'te : fo to reuenge mee vpon her Whom most I hate. To Strumpet her 'twere braue.

Milla. Counsell aduise me.

Stro. Youle make me mad my Lord : And in this sweet reuenge, I am not onely Pleas'd (with iust satisfaction for all wrongs) But the great Prince most palpably deceiu'd.

Milla. The time runs on, thinke on my honor

Stroza.

Stro. If youle eate grapes vnripe, edge your owne teeth, Ile stay the mellow'd season, doo't your selfe, Vnlesse you giue me time for't.

Milla. But thinke with mine, on thine owne safety

Stroza.

Stro. Peace, giue me way my Lord, fo shall the Prince Bee palpably deceiu'd, Faire *Iulia's* honor Most prosperously preferu'd, The Duke my master, Freed from all blame, Warre hindred, Peace confirm'd,

And I secur'd ; Oh I am fortunate Beyond imagination !

Milla. O deare *Stroza*, Helpe now, or neuer !

Stro. Hee was a meere Affe
That rais'd Troy's Horfe : 'twas a pritty structure.

Milla. Oh mee !

Stro. *Synon*, a foole, I can doe more
With precious Gold, then hee with whining Teares.

Milla. Oh my tormented foule !

Stro. Pray my Lord, giue mee
Five hundred crownes.

Milla. What to doe with them man ?

Stro. See how you stand on trifles ; when our
liues,
Your honour ; all our fortunes lie a bleeding ;
What shall I haue the Gold ?

Milla. Thy purpose preethee ?

Stro. I know a defolate Lady, whom with Gold
I can corrupt.

Milla. There are five hundred Crownes,
Stroza bethinke thee what thou vndertak'st,
Such an Act, would make huge *Atlas* bend his head
Vnto his heele.

Stro. But say I cannot win her,
They bide the brunt of all, heere let them stay,
With these five hundred Crownes Ile poast away.
Exit Stroza, and Duke.

Enter Mother, Daughter, *and* Clowne.

Clow. Maddam, yonder's a Gentleman comes to
speake with you in all hast.

Lauret. Admit him in.

Enter Stroza.

Stro. Lady bee happy, and from this blest houre
Euer reioyce faire Virgin, for I bring you
Gold, and Inlargement ; with a recouerie
Of all your former losse, and dignitie,
But for a two houres labour : Nay, that no labour
Nor toyle, but a meere pleasure.

Lau. Your words like musick, please me with delight,
Beyond imagination : Offered to vs ?
Being exil'd our Countrey, and our friends,
Therefore good sir, delay not with long complement ;

But tell these hopes more plaine.

Stro. Haue wee not heere
Too many eares ?

Lauret. Wee would bee priuate sirra,
And therefore leaue vs. *Exit Clowne.*

Stro. You haue seene the Prince of *Florence* ?

Lauret. Yes I haue.

Stro. Is he not for his Feature, Beauty, Goodnesse,
The most Compleate ? So absolute in all things.

Lauret. All this is granted.

Stro. How happy doe you thinke that Lady then
That shall Inioy him ? Nay, that shall bee the first
To prooue him, and exchange Virginitie,
Were't not bright Lady a great happinesse ?

Lauret. I wish that happinesse were mine alone,
Oh my faint heart : Passion ouer-swayes me quite,
But hide thy grieve *Lauretta* : Sir, you'le make
Me fall in loue with him : Were I his equall,
I then should iudge him worthy of no lesse.

Stro. Loue him : What's she doth not, if shee haue
eyes ?

Were I my selfe a Woman : I would lay
My selfe a prostitute vnto the Prince :
Shee is not wise that would refuse him Lady.

Lauret. Good Sir bee briefe :
To what pray tends these speeches ?

Stro. To thee sweete Lady : I offer all these pleasures,
Oh happie fate that hath selected mee
To be your raiser : Lady take this gold,
But that's not all : For there are greater honours

Prepared for you ; the Duke of *Millaine* doth
Commend him to you : *Julia* his daughter
Hath in her honour late miscarried,
Now't lies in you to salve and make all good.

Wife. Who ? Lies this in my daughter.

Stro. Yes, in her,
Shee hath the power to make the Duke her friend,
Julia her sister, and all *Millaine* bound
To offer vp for her their Orrisons.

Lauret. Good Sir bee plaine.

Stro. This night lie with the Prince
In *Julia's* stead : There's way made for you,
Who would not woo, for what you are wooed too ?

Lauret. Doe you not blush, when you deliuer
this

Pray tell the Duke, all Women are not *Julia*,
And though wee bee deiected, thus much tell him,
Wee hold our honour at too high a price,
For Gold to buy.

Stro. Nay Lady, heare mee out ;
You shall preserue her honour, gaine the Duke,
Redeeme your fortunes : Strengthen you in friends,
You shall haue many Townes and Turrets standing,
Which future Warre may ruine : Thinke on that.

Wife. *Lauretta*, oh behold thy mothers teares !
Thinke on thy Father, and his honour wonne,
And call to mind our exile : All the wrongs
Wee haue indured by her, to whom wee gaue
No cause, and now are plundg'd in a deepe streame,
Which not refuted, will for euer blemish
The name of *Sforza* thy great Ancestors,
Thou'lt waken thy dead Father from his graue,
And cause his honour'd wounds which hee receiu'd
From that vnthankfull Duke, to bleede afresh,
Powing out new blood from his grisly wounds,
If thou consentest to this abhorred fact,
Thy Mothers curse will feaze on thee for euer :
Oh child, behold me on my knees : Ile follow thee ;

Oh doe not leaue me thus; and pull on thee
An euerlasting staine, to scandall all
Thy former Vertues, for the momentarie
Short pleasures of one night.

Stro. She doth not counsell well; 'tis foolish rash-
nes,
Womanish Indiscretion.

Lauret. Sir bee answered,
If *Julia* bee disloyall: Let her bee found
So by the Prince she wedds: Let her be branded
With the vile name of strumpet: Shee disgrac'd
Mee, that nere thought her harme; publicly strucke
mee,

Nay in the Court: And after that, procur'd
My banishment: These Injuries I reap't
By her alone, then let it light on her.

Stro. Now see your errour,
What better, safer, or more sweete reuenge,
Then with the Husband? what more could woman
aske?

Lauret. My blood rebells against my reason, and
I no way can withstand it: 'Tis not the Gold
Mooues mee, but that deere loue I beare the Prince,
Makes me neglect the credit and the honour
Of my deare Fathers house: Sir, what the Duke desires
I am resolu'd to doe his vtmost will.

Wife. Oh my deare daughter.

Lauret. Good Mother speake not, for my word is
past,
And cannot bee recall'd, Sir will you away?
I am resolute.

Stro. Shee yeeldes vnto her shame; which makes
me blest,
Let Millions fall, so I bee crown'd with rest.

Wife. Oh mee, vnhappy, that nere knew grieffe
till now.

Exeunt.

Musicke. A Dumbe Show. *Enter* Millaine, to
him *Stroza*, and brings in *Lauretta* masked,

the Duke takes her and puts her into the Bed, and Exit.

Enter both the Duke and Iulia, they make signes to her and Exit: Stroza hides Iulia in a corner, and stands before her.

Enter againe with the Prince to bring him to bed. They cheere him on, and others snatch his Pointes, and so Exit. The Dukes Imbrace, and Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Millaine to Stroza.

Milla. Thou art our trusty Counsellor; if this
passe currant
We're past all feare: What is the preethee? What?
Stro. What's that to you, bee thee what ere the
can,

All's one to vs, so the be found a Virgin;
I haue hyred her, and thee's pleas'd.

Milla. But gaue you charge
Affoone as ere the Prince was fast asleepe,
That thee should rise and giue place to our daughter?

Stro. Doubt you not that; what, iealous already?

Milla. How long she stayer, I faine would be a
bed;

Pray heauen thee doe not fall
By him asleepe, and so forget her selfe.

Stro. Heer's in my heart, a violent Feauer still;

Nor shall I find my selfe in my true temper,
Vntill this brunt bee past.

Milla. What, not yet ?
Had she with *Parma* beene a bed so long,
It would haue more perplex mee.

Enter Lauretta.

Stro. See, here shee is ;
The newes ?

Lauret. The Prince is fast, all done.

Milla. Step in her place ;
Nay when ? and counterfeit sleepe presently.

Stro. Away to bed my Lord : You to the For-
rest,
I'll to my Coach, all's well.

Exeunt Stroza and the Duke.

Lauret. And for my part, it was not much amisse,
Because my Lord the Prince had such content
Which caus'd him giue his Charter to my hand,
The full assurance of faire *Iulia's* dowre :
Day gins to breake, and I must to the Lodge.
Oh what a grieve it was to leaue the Prince !
But leaue those thoughts : These Gifts to me assign'd,
Are nothing worth the Iem I left behind. *Exit.*

Enter Prince and Mounfieur with a Torch.

Moun. What doe you not like your bed-fellow, my
Lord,
That you are vp so soone ?

Prin. Oh friend, was neuer man blest with a
Bride
So chaste ! I'me scarce my selfe, till this be knowne
To my faire Forrest friend : Lett's mount away,
The nights quite spent : and now begins the day.

Enter Mother and Clowne.

Wife. And what was it you said firra ?

Clo. Marry, I would intreat your Ladyship to turne away my fellow *Ierom*, for I thinke hee's no true man.

Wife. No true man, Why?

Clo. Marry, we were both in the Tauerne together tother day——

Wife. And hee stole some Plate?

Clo. No Madam, but there stood at our elbow a pottle Pot——

Wife. And hee stole the Pot?

Clo. No Madam, but he stole the wine in the Pot, and drunke it off,
And made himselfe so drunke hee be-pist himselfe :
Your Ladyship could not be better be-pist in a Summers-day.

Enter Prince and Mounfieur.

Prin. Good morrow Lady : Wher's your daughter pray?

Wife. She tooke so little rest last night, my Lord,
I thinke shee is scarce well.

Prin. Pray may wee see her?

Wife. My Lord, you may.

Shee's drawne out vpon a Bed.

Song.

Hence with *Passion, Sighes and Teares,*
Defasters, *Sorrowes, Cares and Feares.*
See, my Loue (my Loue) appeares,
That thought himselfe exil'd.
Whence might all these loud Ioyes grow?
Whence might Myrth, and Banquet's flow?
But that hee's come (hee's come) I know.
Faire Fortune thou hast smil'd.

2.

Giue to these blind windowes, Eyes ;
Daze the Stars, and mocke the Skies,

*And let vs two (vs two) devise,
To lavish our best Treasures
Crowne our Wishes with Content,
Meete our Soules in sweet consent,
And let this night (this night) bee spent
In all abundant pleasures.*

Prince. Oh good morrow Lady,
I come to tell you newes !

Lauret. They are wellcome to me my Lord.

Prin. You know the Princeſſe *Iulia* was ſuppos'd
To bee adulterate——

Lauret. So we haue heard it rumor'd.

Prin. Oh but faire friend, ſhe was indeed bely'd !
And I this morning roſe from her chaſt bed :
But wherefore ſweet caſt you that bluſhing ſmile ?
But you haue broak promiſe with me : For you told
me

That the ſame day and houre I tooke my Bride,
You ſhould Inioy a Princely Husband.

Lauret. Trew
My Lord, I did.

Prin. And are you married then ?

Lauret. And lay with him laſt night.

Prin. Is hee off fortunes ?

Lauret. That you may ſoone coniecture by this
gift.

Prin. What haue you then, ſome tokens that were
his ?

Lauret. Some few my Lord, amongſt the reſt, this
diamond

Hee put vpon my finger.

Prin. You amaze mee !

Yet Rings may bee alike : If then your husband
Bee of ſuch ſtate and fortunes, What dowre are you
allotted.

Lauret. Sir, ten thouſand crownes by th' yeere.

Prin. I gaue no more vnto my *Iulia*.
But where is the ſecurity you haue

For the performance of it?

Lauret. See here, My Lord,
Sir, Is not that sufficient for a dowry?

Prin. This is the Indenture that I gaue to *Iulia*;
Preethee *Lauretta*, but resolue me true,
How came you by this Charter?

Lauret. Pardon great Prince; for all that loue you
Ipake

To *Iulia*, you whispher'd in my eare :
Shee is vnchast; which, left you should haue found,
Her father sent mee here, fue hundred crownes
By *Stroza*; but neither his gold, nor all
His fly temptations, could one whit mooue mee ;
Onely the loue I euer bare your honour,
Made me not prise my owne. No lustfull appetite
Made me attempt such an ambitious practife,
As to aspire vnto your bed my Lord.

Prin. Rife, doe not weepe, Oh I am strangely
rapt
Into deepe strange confusion?

Moun. *Millaine* should know, were it my case my
Lord,
A better Prince then hee should not wrong me.

Prin. I haue bethought already how to beare
mee;
This Charter and this Ring, faire Loue, keepe you ;
And when I send for you, you shall repaire
Vnto the Court : This all I shall inioyne you.

Lauret. Great Sir, I shall.

Prin. Come *Mounseieur*, now 'tis cast,
Reuenge neere rules, so it be found at last.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the two Dukes with Iulia, Stroza and
attendants.*

Milla. Who saw the Prince last? Is't a custome
with him
To rise thus early?

Floren. Sir, hee neuer sleepe
Longer then th' day, nor keepe his bed by Sunne :
'Tis not the loue of the fairest Lady liues,
Can make him leaue his morning exercife.

Iulia. He neuer exercis'd with me, I'm fure ;
I might haue layne as safe, free, and vntoucht,
By any Lady liuing.

Enter the Prince and Mounfi.

Prince. Pardon Lords,
I haue stay'd you long, your blefing royall Father.
My custome is, euer to rise before
A womans houre : Now heare me speake my Lords,
I'm married to a Lady, whose chaste honour,
Reports and false Suggestions, did inforce me
To call in publike question ; but that we leaue
Vnto our last nights rest.

Stro. True my good Lord ;
But did you find me faulty ?

Prin. I doe protest, my Lords, I bosom'd with
As true and chaste a Virgin, as ere lodg'd
Within a Princes armes ; All this I vow
As I am Royall.

Stro. All's well my Lord ?

Milla. All's excellent *Stroza.*

Princ. Now for amends and publike satisfaction,
For the foule wrong I did her, questioning
Her Vertue, Ile confirme her dowre, and that
Before I eate : Sweet Lady, reach the Charter
I gaue you last night, 'fore you were full mine ?

Iulia. I receiu'd none Sir.

Prin. Sweet, will you tell mee that ?
With which you did receiue a Ring the Duke
My father gaue me.

Iulia. When ?

Prince. Last night.

Iulia. Where ?

Prince. In your Bed.

Iulir. 'Twas in my dreame then.

Prince. Being broad awake.

Stro. I like not this : I smell a Rat.

Milla. *Stroza*, I feare too.

Stro. Brazen fore-head, Wilt

Thou leaue me now : 'Tis true my Lord. You did
Receiue them both, Haue you forgot sweet Lady,
This very morning, that you gaue them both
To me ? The Princeesse ieasted, to see how
You woo'd but take it.

Moun. Excellent Villaine !

Prince. 'Twas well put off :

'Tis strange thees so forgetfull : I prethee *Stroza*
Where are they ?

Stroza. Where are they ? they are——

Prince. Where ?

Why studdy you ?

Stro. They are there——

Prince. Where man ?

Stro. I poasted them

To *Millaine*, sent them safe, dare you not trust my
word.

Prince. Not till I see my deeds.

Stro. By one oth' Princes Traine.

Prince. See which of the Traine is wanting.

Moun. I shall my Lord.

Stro. I would I were in *Turkey*.

Milla. Would I were on horse-backe.

Prin. Nay, looke not you deiected beautionous
Bride,

For this is done onely to honour you.

Enter a Seruing-man with a child in a couered Dish.

Gent. The Prince, my Master, hearing your so-
lemnities,
Hath sent this dish, to adde a present to
Your royall Feasts, wishing himselfe therein
To be a wellcome guest.

Prince. Your Masters name ?

Gent. Prince *Parma*.

Prince. Giue this Gentleman

A 100. crownes : This will much grace our banquet.

Flo. Ther's in that dish, some Morrall.

Milla. Comming from him,
Meethinks it should be season'd with some strange
And dangerous poyson : Touch't not, my Lord.

Flo. There should be more in't, then a feasting
dish ;

What's here, a Child ?

Iulia. O my perplexed heart !

Pri. Upon his brest ther's something writ, Ile
read it.

*'Tis fit, if Iustice bee not quite exil'd
That he that wedds the mother, keepe the child.*

This Child was sent to me.

Stro. From whom ? whom, *Parma* ? breake the
bastards necke,

As I would doe the Fathers, were hee here.

Prin. Sure spare't for the Mothers sake ; t'was
sent to vs : *Enter Mounseieur.*

Which of the trayne is wanting ?

Moun. None my Lord.

Prin. *Stroza*, where is this Charter and the
Ring ?

Stro. I know of none.

Moun. Why, t'was confest.

Stro. Right, I confest it ; but your grace must
know,

'Twas but to please your humour, which began
To grow into some violence.

Moun. I can forbear no longer ; Impudent
Stroza,

Thou art a Villaine, periur'd, and forsworne :
That Duke dishonourable ; and thee vnchast :
Besides, thou hyredst a Virgin in her roome ;
(Slave as thou art) to bosome with the Prince ;

Gau'ſt her five hundred Crownes. That this is true,
I will maintaine by combat.

Stro. That I did this? Hee lies below his en-
trayles,
That dares to braue mee with ſuch a proud affront:
And in the honour of my Prince and Countrey
I will approue thee recreant.

Prin. A ſtrife, that nought ſaue combat can
deſide,
The cauſe ſo full of doubts, and intricate.
See, they are both arm'd, and euenly, without odds,
Saue what the iuſtice of the cauſe can yeeld.

Exit Mounſieur and Stroza.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. Bee't no intrusion held, if a ſtrange Prince
(Setting behind, all complementall leaue)
Amongſt ſtrange Princes enters: Let me know
Which is the Prince of *Florence*?

Prince. Wee are hee.

Parm. And *Parma*?

Juli. *Parma*?

Prince. Excuse mee Sir,
I know him not: But if I much miſtake not,
Wee are late indebted to you for a preſent.

Parm. It was a gift, I ſhould bee loath to part
with,
But vpon good conditions. Am I then
To all a ſtranger: Doe you not know mee Lady?

Milla. Heare him not ſpeake, I charge thee by
thine honor?

Prince. *Parma* ſpeake, and if thy ſpeech was bent
to mee?

Parm. Ere I proceede, let mee behold this babe;
Nere a Nurſe heere? Pray hand it you ſweete Lady,
Till I find out a Mother.

Milla. Touch it not,
I charge thee on my bleſſing.

Iulia. Pardon Sir,
It well becomes my handling.

Prince. *Parma* proceede.

Parm. Then *Florence* know, thou hast wrong'd me
beyond thought ;
Shipwrackt my Honour, and my Fame ; nay strumpeted
Her, whom I tearme my Bride.

Prince. 'Tis false, I neuer saue with one imbrac'd,
And her, I found to be most truely chaste.

Parm. Then It maintaine : Hast thou a Wife
heere ?

Prince. Yes.

Parm. Then Ile approue her to bee none of
thine,
That thou hast fetch't her from anothers armes.
Nay more, that shee's vnchast ?

Prin. Know *Parma*, thou hast kindled such a
Flame,
That all the Oceans billowes scarce can quench :
Bee that our quarrells ground.

Florence. Princes, forbear :
First see the Issue of the former Combat,
Before more blood you hazard.

Prince. Wee are pleased.

Parm. And wee content.

*Enter Stroza and the Mounfieur, they fight, and
Stroza is ouercome.*

Moun. Yeeld thy selfe recreant villaine, or thou
dy'ft.

Stro. Saue mee, I will confesse ; Is *Parma* heere ?

Parm. Yes, heere we are.

Stro. I falsely stuff thy head with Iealousies,
And for some priuate ends of my reuenge,
Disgrac'd the Generall, and set odds betwixt
Lauretta and the Princeffe : All these mischiefes
Proceede from my suggestions.

Milla. Damne him for it.

Stro. Is that your kindnesse? giue me leaue to
liue,
Bee't but to taynt his honour.

Prince. Tell mee *Stroza*,
Was *Iulia* chaste?

Str. No.

Prince. Did her Father know it?

Str. Yes, and more too: I had the Gold from
him,
To bribe the Generalls daughter.

Florence. Iniuries,
Beyond the thought of man.

Milla. Which wee'le no longer striue with, since
the heauens
Haue laid that ope most plaine and palpable,
Which most wee thought to conceale.

Prince. Will *Parma* fight?

Parm. Resolue mee first? Was *Iulia* found chaste?

Priece. I heere protest, wee parted both, as cleere,
As at our first encounter.

Parm. Then I accept her,
If you my Lord bee pleas'd so to part with her.

Prince. Willingly.

Iulia. Now haue I my desires: Had I withall,
The Princely babe I boare.

Parm. See *Iulia*,
Whom thy hard-hearted Father doom'd to death,
My care hath still conferued, Imbrace it Lady;
Nay, tis thy owne nere feare it.

Prince. Then Prince *Parma*,
With your words Ile proceed.

'Tis fit all Iustice bee not quite exil'd,
That hee that wedds the Mother keepe the child.

Florence. But Peeres, the Virgin that this *Stroza*
hired
To Iustifie these wrongs?

Prince. At hand my Lord:
Mounfieur conduct them hither?

Moun. I shall Sir.

Milla. The Generalls Wife and Daughter.

Enter Lauretta, Wife, and Clowne.

Clow. Yes and their man too; all that's left of him.

Prince. This the Maide,
To whom I am so bound?

Lauret. Oh let me lie
As prostrate at your foot in Vassallage,
As I was at your pleasure.

Prince. Sweete arise.

Clow. Your Lordship hath bin vp already, when
shee was downe: I hope if the thing you wott of goe
no worfe forward then it hath begun, and that you
take charge of my young Lady, you neede not bee
altogether vnmindfull of her Gentleman-Vsher.

Florence. Of what birth is that Lady?

Milla. Euen the least
Enuy can speake, Shee is a Souldiers Daughter,
Descended from a noble parentage.

Wife. Who with her mother,
Thus kneeles to him, as to their Soueraigne.
Intreating grace and pittie.

Milla. You haue both:
Sure, fure, the heauens for our Ingratitude,
To noble *Sforza*, our braue generall,
Hath thus crost our proceedings; which to recom-
pence,
Wee'll take you vnto our best patronage.

Wife. *Millaine* is honorable.

Prince. But by your fauour Sir,
This must bee our owne charge.

Florence. With which we are pleas'd.

Iulia. *Stroza* was cause of all, but his submission
Hath sau'd him from our hate, arise in grace.
Whil'st we thus greete *Lauretta*.

Lauret. Royall Princeesse,
I still shall be your hand-maide.

Stroza. Who would striue,
To bee a villaine, when the good thus thriue ?

Prince, You crowne me with 'your wishes, Royall
father ;

My Mistris first, and next my bed-fellow,
And now my Bride most welcome. Excellent Sir,
Imbrace the *Millaine* Duke, whil't I change hand
With Princely *Parma* ; *Iulia*, once my Wife ?

Backe to your husband I returne you chaste :
Mounfieur, bee still our friend : You our kind Mother :
And let succeeding Ages, thus much say :
Neuer was Maiden-head better giuen away.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



The Epilogue.

N*ew Playes, are like new Fashions; If they
take?*

*Followed and worne: And happy's hee can make
First into'th Garbe: But when they once haue past
Censure, and proue not well, they seldome last.
Our Play is new, but whether shaped well
In Act or Seane, Iudge you, you best can tell:
Wee hope the best, and 'tis our least of feare,
That any thing but comely should shew heere;
However Gentlemen, 'tis in your powers,
To make it last; or weare out, in two hours.*



The late Lancashire
VVITCHES.

A well received Comedy, lately
Acted at the *Globe* on the *Banke-side*,
by the Kings Majesties
Actors.

WRITTEN,
By THOM. HEYWOOD,
AND
RICHARD BROOME.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.



LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Harper* for *Benjamin Fisher*,
and are to be sold at his Shop at the Signe of the
Talbot, without *Aldersgate*.
1634.

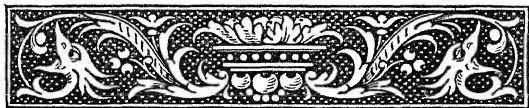


THE PROLOGVE.

COrrantoes failing, and no foot post late
Possessing us with Newes of forraine State,
No accidents abroad worthy Relation
Arriving here, we are forc'd from our owne Nation
To ground the Scene that's now in agitation.
The Project unto many here well knowne ;
Those Witches the fat Iaylor brought to Towne,
An Argument so thin, persons so low
Can neither yeeld much matter, nor great show.
Expect no more than can from such be rais'd,
So may the Scene passe pardon'd, though not prais'd.







ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

Enter Master Arthur, Mr. Shakstone, Mr. Bantam :
(as from hunting.)

Arthur.



As ever sport of expectation
Thus crost in th' height.

Shak. Tush these are accidents all game
is subiect to.

Arth. So you may call them
Chances, or crosses, or what else you please,
But for my part, Ile hold them prodigies,
As things transcending Nature.

Bantam. O you speake this,
Because a Hare hath crost you.

Arth. A Hare? a Witch, or rather a Divell I
think.

For tell me Gentlemen, was't possible
In such a faire course, and no covert neere,
We in pursuit, and she in constant view,
Our eyes not wandring but all bent that way,
The Dogs in chase, she ready to be ceas'd,
And at the instant, when I durst have layd
My life to gage, my Dog had pinch't her, then
To vanish into nothing!

Shak. Somewhat strange,
But not as you inforce it.

Arth. Make it plaine
That I am in an error, sure I am

That I about me have no borrow'd eyes.
They are mine owne, and Matches.

Bant. She might find
Some Muse as then not vifible to us,
And escape that way.

Shak. Perhaps fome Foxe had earth'd there,
And though it be not common, for I feldome
Have knowne or heard the like, there fquat her felfe,
And fo her fcape appeare but Naturall,
Which you proclaime a Wonder.

Arth. Well well Gentlemen,
Be you of your own faith, but what I fee
And is to me apparent, being in fence,
My wits about me, no way toft nor troubled,
To that will I give credit.

Bant. Come, come, all men
Were never of one minde, nor I of yours.

Shak. To leave this argument, are you refolv'd
Where we fhall dine to day?

Arth. Yes where we purpos'd.

Bant. That was with Master *Generous*.

Arth. True, the fame.

And where a loving welcome is prefum'd,
Whofe liberall Table's never unprepar'd,
Nor he of guefts unfurnisht, of his meanes,
There's none can beare it with a braver port,
And keepe his ftate unshaken, one who fels not
Nor covets he to purchafe, holds his owne
Without oppreffing others, alwayes preft
To indeere to him any knowne Gentleman
In whom he finds good parts.

Bant. A Character not common in this age.

Brth. I cannot wind him up
Vnto the leaft part of his noble worth.
Tis far above my ftrength.

Enter Whetstone.

Shak. See who comes yonder,

A fourth, to make us a full Messe of guests
At Master *Generous* Table.

Arth. Tush let him passe,
He is not worth our luring, a meere Coxcombe,
It is a way to call our wits in question,
To have him seene amongst us.

Baut. He hath spy'd us,
There is no way to evade him.

Arth. That's my grieve ;
A most notorious lyar, out upon him,

Shak. Let's set the best face on't.

Whet. What Gentlemen ? all mine old acquaint-
ance ?

A whole triplicity of friends together ? nay then
'Tis three to one we shall not soone part Company.

Shak. Sweet Mr. *Whetstone*.

Bant. Dainty Mr. *Whetstone*.

Arth. Delicate Master *Whetstone*.

Whet. You say right, Mr. *Whetstone* I have bin,
Mr. *Whetstone* I am, and Mr. *Whetstone* I shall be,
and those that know me, know withall that I have not
my name for nothing, I am hee whom all the brave
Blades of the Country use to whet their wits upon ;
sweet Mr. *Shakton*, dainty Mr. *Bantham*, and dainty
Mr. *Arthur*, and how, and how, what all lustick, all
frologozone ? I know, you are going to my Vncles to
dinner, and so am I too, What shall we all make one
randevous there, you need not doubt of your welcome.

Shak. No doubt at all kind Mr. *Whetstone* ; but
we have not seene you of late, you are growne a great
stranger amongst us, I desire sometimes to give you a
visit ; I pray where do you lye ?

Whet. Where doe I lye ? why sometimes in one
place, and then againe in another, I love to shift
lodgings ; but most constantly, wherefoere I dine or
sup, there doe I lye ?

Arth. I never heard that word proceed from him
I durst call truth till now.

Whet. But where so ever I lye 'tis no matter for that,

I pray you say, and say truth, are not you three now
Going to dinner to my Vncles ?

Bant. I thinke you are a Witch Master *Whetstone*.

Whet. How ? A Witch. Gentlemen ? I hope you
doe not meane to abuse me, though at this time (if
report be true) there are too many of them here in our
Country, but I am fure I look like no such ugly
Creature.

Shak. It seemes then you are of opinion that
there are Witches, for mine own part, I can hardly be
induc'd to think there is any such kinde of people.

Whet. No such kinde of people ! I pray you tell
me Gentlemen, did never any one of you know my
Mother ?

Arth. Why was your Mother a Witch ?

Whet. I doe not say as Witches goe now a dayes,
for they for the most part are ugly old Beldams, but
she was a lusty young Lasse, and by her owne report,
by her beauty and faire lookes bewicht my Father.

Bant. It seemes then your Mother was rather a
yong wanton wench, than an old wither'd witch.

Whet. You say right, and know withall I come of
two ancient Families, for as I am a *Whetstone* by the
Mother-side, so I am a *By-blow* by the Fathers.

Arth. It appeares then by your discourse, that you
came in at the window.

Whet. I would have you thinke I sorne like my
Granams Cat to leape over the Hatch.

Shak. He hath confest himselfe to be a Bastard.

Arth. And I beleeve't as a notorious truth.

Whet. Howsoever I was begot, here you see I am,
And if my Parents went to it without feare or wit,
What can I helpe it.

Arth. Very probable, for as he was got without
feare,
So it is apparent he was borne without wit.

Whet. Gentlemen, it seemes you have some private

businesse amongst your selves, which I am not willing to interrupt, I know not how the day goes with you, but for mine owne part, my stomacke is now much upon 12. You know what houre my Vncle keeps, and I love ever to bee set before the first grace, I am going before, speake, shall I acquaint him with your comming after?

Shak. We meane this day to see what fare he keeps.

Whet. And you know it is his custome to fare well, And in that respect I think I may be his kinsman, And so farewell Gentlemen, Ile be your fore-runner, To give him notice of your visite.

Bant. And so intyre us to you.

Shak. Sweet Mr. *Whetstone*.

Arth. Kind Mr. *Byblow*.

Whet. I see you are perfect both in my name & surname; I have bin ever bound unto you, for which I will at this time be your *Noverint*, and give him notice that you *Univerſe* will bee with him *per præſentes*, and that I take to be presently. *Exit.*

Arth. Farewell *As in præſenti*.

Shak. It seemes hee's peece of a Scholler.

Arth. What because he hath read a little Scriveners Latine, hee never proceeded farther in his Accidence than to *Mentiri non est meum*; and that was such a hard Lesson to learne, that he stucke at *mentiri*; and cu'd never reach to *non est meum*: since, a meere Ignaro, and not worth acknowledgement.

Bant. Are these then the best parts he can boast of?

Arth. As you see him now, so shall you finde him ever: all in one strain, there is one only thing which I wonder he left out.

Shak. And what might that be.

Arth. Of the same affinity with the rest. At every second word, he is commonly boasting either of his Aunt or his Vncle.

Enter Mr. Generous.

Bant. You name him in good time, see where he comes.

Gener. Gentlemen, Welcome, 'tis a word I use,
From me expect no further complement :
Nor do I name it often at one meeting,
Once spoke (to those that understand me best,
And know I alwaies purpose as I speake)
Hath ever yet suffiz'd : so let it you ;
Nor doe I love that common phraze of guests,
As we make bold, or we are troublesome,
Wee take you unprovided, and the like ;
I know you understanding Gentlemen,
And knowing me, cannot persuade your selves
With me you shall be troublesome or bold,
But still provided for my worthy friends,
Amongst whom you are lifted.

Arth. Noble sir,
You generously instruct us, and to expresse
We can be your apt schollers : in a word
Wee come to dine with you.

Gener. And Gentlemen,
Such plainnesse doth best please me, I had notice
Of so much by my kinsman, and to show
How lovingly I tooke it, instantly
Rose from my chayre to meet you at the gate,
And be my selfe your usher ; nor shall you finde
Being set to meat, that i'll excuse your fare,¹
Or say, I am sory it falls out so poore ;
And had I knowne your comming wee'd have had
Such things and such, nor blame my Cooke, to say
This dish or that hath not bin sauc'd with care :
Words, fitting best a common Hostesse mouth,
When ther's perhaps some just cause of dislike,
But not the table of a Gentleman ;
Nor is it my wives custome ; in a word,
Take what you find, & so——

Arth. Sir without flattery
You may be call'd the sole furviving sonne
Of long since banisht Hospitality.

Gener. In that you please me not : But Gentlemen

I hope to be beholden unto you all,
Which if I proove, Ile be a gratefull debtor.

Bant. Wherein good fir.

Gener. I ever studied plainenesse, and truth
withall.

Shak. I pray expresse your selfe.

Gener. In few I shall. I know this youth to
whom my wife is Aunt

Is (as you needs must finde him) weake and shallow :

Dull, as his name, and what for kindred sake

We note not, or at least, are loath to see,

Is unto such well-knowing Gentlemen

Most grossely visible : If for my sake

You will but seeme to winke at these his wants,

At least at table before us his friends,

I shall receive it as a courtesie

Not soone to be forgot.

Arth. Prefume it fir.

Gener. Now when you please pray Enter Gentlemen.

Arth. Would these my friends prepare the way
before,

To be resolved of one thing before dinner

Would something adde unto mine appetite,

Shall I intreat you so much.

Bant. O fir you may command us.

Gener. I'th meane time

Prepare your stomackes with a bowle of Sacke.

Exit Bant. & Shak.

My Cellar can afford it ; now Mr. *Arthur*

Pray freely speake your thoughts.

Arth. I come not fir

To presse a promise from you, tak't not so,

Rather to prompt your memory in a motion

Made to you not long since.

Gener. Wast not about
A Mannor, the best part of your estate,
Morgag'd to one slips no advantages
Which you would have redeem'd.

Arth. True fir the fame.

Gener. And as I thinke, I promist at that time
To become bound with you, or if the usurer
(A base, yet the best title I can give him)
Perhaps should question that security,
To have the money ready. Wast not so?

Arth. It was to that purpose wee discourt.

Gener. Provided, to have the Writings in my
custody.

Else how should I secure mine owne estate.

Arth. To denie that, I should appeare to th'
World

Stupid, and of no braine.

Gener. Your monie's ready.

Arth. And I remaine a man oblig'd to you.
Beyond all utterance.

Gener. Make then your word good
By speaking it no further, onely this,
It seemes your Vncle you trusted in so far
Hath failed your expectation.

Arth. Sir he hath, not that he is unwilling or
unable,

But at this time unfit to be solicited;
For to the Countries wonder, and my sorrow,
Hee is much to be pitied.

Gener. Why I intreat you.

Arth. Because hee's late become the sole dis-
coursse

Of all the countrey; for of a man respected
For his discretion and knowne gravitie,
As master of a govern'd Family,
The house (as if the ridge were fixt below,
And groundfils lifted up to make the rooffe)
All now turn'd topsie turvy.

Gener. Strange, but how?

Arth. In such a retrograde & preposterous way
As feldome hath bin heard of. I thinke never.

Gener. Can you discourfe the manner?

Arth. The good man,
In all obedience kneeles vnto his fon,
Hee with an auftere brow commands his father.
The wife prefumes not in the daughters fight
Without a prepared courtesie. The girle, thee
Expects it as a dutie; chides her mother
Who quakes and trembles at each word she fpeaks,
And what's as ftrange, the Maid she dominiers
O're her yong miftris, who is aw'd by her.
The fon to whom the Father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much feare of the groome his man.
All in fuch rare diforder, that in fome
As it breeds pittie, and in others wonder;
So in the moft part laughter.

Gener. How thinke you might this come.

Arth. T'is thought by Witchcraft.

Gener. They that thinke fo dreame,
For my beliete is, no fuch thing can be,
A madneffe you may call it: Dinner ftayes,
That done, the beft part of the afternoone
Wee'le fpend about your bufineffe. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Seely and Doughty.

Seely. Nay but underftand me neighbor *Doughty.*

Doughty. Good mafter *Seely* I do underftand
you, and over and over underftand you fo much,
that I could e'ene blufh at your fondneffe; and had I
a fonne to ferve mee fo, I would conjure a divell out
of him.

See. Alas he is my childe.

Dough. No, you are his childe to live in feare of
him, indeed they fay oldmen become children againe,
but before I would become my childes childe, and

make my foot my head, I would stand upon my head,
and kick my heels at the skies.

Enter Gregory.

See. You do not know what an only son is, O fee,
he comes now if you can appease his anger toward
me, you shall doe an act of timely charity.

Dou. It is an office that I am but weakly
vers'd in

To plead to a sonne in the fathers behalfe,
Blesse me what looks the devilish young Rascall
Frights the poore man withall !

Greg. I wonder at your confidence, and how you
dare appeare before me.

Doug. A brave beginning.

See. O sonne be patient.

Greg. It is right reverend counsell, I thanke you
for it, I shall study patience shall I, while you practice
waies to begger mee, shall I ?

Dough. Very handfomè.

See. If ever I transgresse in the like againe—

Greg. I have taken your word too often sir and
neither can nor will forbear you longer.

Dough. What not your Father Mr. *Gregory* ?

Greg. Whats that to you sir ?

Dough. Pray tell me then sir, how many yeares has
hee to serve you.

Gre. What do you bring your spokesman now,
your advocat,
What fee goes out of my estate now, for his Ora-
tory ?

Dou. Come I must tell you, you forget your
selfe,

And in this foule unnaturall strife wherein
You trample on your father. You are false
Below humanitie. Y'are so beneath
The title of a sonne, you cannot clayme

To be a man, and let me tell you were you mine
Thou shouldst not eat but on thy knees before me.

See. O this is not the way.

This is to raise Impatience into fury.
I do not seek his quiet for my ease,
I can beare all his chidings and his threats,
And take them well, very exceeding well,
And finde they do me good on my owne part,
Indeed they do reclaim me from those errors
That might impeach his fortunes, but I feare
Th' unquiet strife within him hurts himselfe,
And wastes or weakens Nature by the breach
Of moderate sleepe and dyet; and I can
No lesse than grieve to finde my weaknesse
To be the cause of his affliction,
And see the danger of his health and being.

Dou. Alas poore man! Can you stand open
ey'd

Or dry ey'd either at this now in a Father?

Greg. Why, if it grieve you, you may look of
ont,

I have seen more than this twice twenty times,
And have as often bin deceiv'd by his dissimu-
lations

I can see nothing mended.

Dou. He is a happy fire that has brought vp his
son to this.

See. All shall be mended son content your selfe,
But this time forget but this last fault.

Greg. Yes, for a new one to morrow.

Dou. Pray Mr. *Gregory* forget it, you see how
Submissive your poore penitent is, forget it,
Forget it, put it out o' your head, knocke it
Out of your braines. I protest, if my Father,
Nay if my fathers dogge should haue sayd
As much to me, I should have embrac't him.
What was the trespassse? It c'ud not be so hainous.

Greg. Wel Sir, you now shall be a Iudge for all
your jeering.

Was it a fatherly part thinke you having a sonne
To offer to enter in bonds for his nephew, so to in-
danger

My estate to redeeme his morgage.

See. But I did it not sonne?

Gre. I know it very well, but your dotage had
done it,

If my care had not prevented it.

Dou. Is that the bufinesse : why if he had done it,
had hee not bin sufficiently secur'd in having the mor-
gage made over to himselfe.

Greg. He does nothing but practice waies to undo
himselfe, and me : a very spendthrift, a prodigall fire,
hee was at the Ale club but tother day, and spent a
foure-penny.

See. 'Tis gone and past sonne.

Greg. Can you hold your peace sir ? And not long
ago at the wine he spent his teaster, and two pence
to the piper, that was brave was it not ?

See. Truly we were civily merry. But I have
left it.

Greg. Your civility have you not ? For no longer
agoe than last holiday evening he gam'd away eight
double ring'd tokens on a rubbers at bowles with the
Curate, and some of his idle companions.

Dou. Fie Mr. *Gregory Seely* is this seemely in a
sonne.

You'll have a rod for the childe your father shortly I
feare.

Alasse did hee make it cry ? Give me a stroke and Ile
beat him,

Blesse me, they make me almost as mad as them-
selves.

Greg. 'Twere good you would meddle with your
own matters sir.

See. Sonne, sonne.

Greg. Sir, Sir, as I am not beholden to you for
house or Land, for it has stood in the name of my an-

cestry the *Seelyes* above two hundred yeares, so will I look you leave all as you found it.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. What is the matter con yeow tell ?

Greg. O *Lawrence*, welcom, Thou wilt make al wel I am fure.

Law. Yie whick way con yeow tell, but what the foule evill doone yee, heres sick an a din.

Dou. Art thou his man fellow ha? that talkest thus to him.

Law. Yie fir, and what ma' yoew o'that, he main-
teynes me to rule him, and i'le deu't, or ma' the heart
weary o'the weambe on him.

Dou. This is quite upside downe, the sonne con-
trols the father, and the man overcrows his masters
coxfcombe, fure they are all bewitch'd.

Greg. 'Twas but so, truely *Lawrence*; the peevish
old man vex't me, for which I did my duty, in telling
him his owne, and Mr. *Doughty* here maintaines him
against me.

Law. I forbodden yeow to meddle with the old
carle, and let me alone with him, yet yeow still be at
him, hee serv'd yeow but weell to bast ye for't, ant he
were stonk enough, but an I saw foule with yee an
I fwaddle yee not favorly may my girts braft.

See. Prethee good *Lawrence* be gentle and do not
fright thy Master so.

Law. Yie, at your command anon.

See. Enough good *Lawrence*, you have said
enough.

Law. How trow yeou that? A fine World when
a man cannot be whyet at heame for busie brain'd
neighbors.

Dou. I know not what to say to any thing here,
This cannot be but witchcraft.

Enter Ioane and Winny.

Win. I cannot indure it nor I will not indure it.

Dou. Hey day! the daughter upon the mother too.

Win. One of us two, chuse you which, must leave the house, wee are not to live together I see that, but I will know, if there be Law in *Lancashire* for't, which is fit first to depart the house or the World, the mother or the daughter.

Ioane. Daughter I say.

Win. Do you say the daughter, for that word I say the mother, unlesse you can prove me the eldest, as my discretion almost warrant it, I say the mother shall out of the house or take such courses in it as shall sort with such a honse and such a daughter.

Foan. Daughter I say, I will take any course so thou wilt leave thy passion; indeed it hurts thee childe, I'll sing and be merry, weare as fine clothes, and as delicate dressings as thou wilt have me, so thou wilt pacifie thy selfe, and be at peace with me.

Win. O will you so, in so doing I may chance to looke upon you, Is this a fit habite for a handsome young Gentlewomans mother, as I hope to be a Lady, you look like one o' the Scottish wayward sisters, O my hart has got the hickup, and all lookes greene about me, a merry song now mother, and thou shalt be my white girle.

Ioan. Ha, ha, ha! she's overcome with joy at my conversion.

Dough. She is most evidently bewitcht.

Song.

Foane. *There was a deft Lad and a Lasse fell in love,
with a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly;*

*With kissing and toying this Maiden did prove,
with a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly ;
So wide i' th wast, and her Belly so high,
That unto her mother the Maiden did cry,
O Langtidowne dilly, O Langtidowne dilly,
fa la la Langtidowne, Langtidowne dilly.*

Enter Parnell.

Parn. Thus wodden yeou doone and I were dead,
but while I live yoeu fadge not on it, is this aw the
warke yeou con fine ?

Dough. Now comes the Mayd to fet her Mistresses
to work.

Win. Nay pri'thee sweet *Parnell*, I was but chiding
the old wife for her unhandfomnesse, and would have
been at my work presently, she tels me now she
will weare fine things, and I shall dresse her head as
I list.

Dough. Here's a houle well govern'd ?

Parn. Dresse me no dressings, lessen I dresse yeou
beth, and learne a new lesson with a wainon right now,
han I bin a fervant here this halfe dozen o' yeares,
and con I see yeou idler then my selve !

Ioa. Win. Nay pri'thee sweet *Parnell* content, &
hark thee—

Dough. I have knowne this, and till very lately, as
well govern'd a Family as the Country yeilds, and now
what a nest of severall humors it is growne, and all
divellish ones, sure all the Witches in the Country,
have their hands in this home-spun medley ; and there
be no few 'tis thought.

Parn. Yie, yie, ye shall ye shall, another time, but not
naw I thonke yeou, yeou shall as soone pisse and paddle
in't, as flap me in the mouth with an awd Petticoat, or
a new paire o' shoine, to be whyet, I cannot be whyet,
nor I wonnot be whyet, to see sicky doings I.

Lawr. Hold thy prattle *Parnell*, aw's coim'd about
as weene a had it, wotst thou what *Parnell* ? wotst
thou what ? o deare, wotst thou what ?

Parn. What's the fond wexen waild trow I.

Lawr. We han bin in love these three yeares, and ever wee had not enough, now is it com'd about that our love shall be at an end for ever, and a day, for wee mun wed may hunny, we mun wed.

Parn. What the Deowl ayles the lymmer lowne, bin thy braincs broke lowfe trow I.

Lawr. Sick a waddin was there never i' Loncofhire as ween couple at on Monday newft.

Par. Awa away, fayn yeou this fickerly, or done you but jaum me?

Lawr. I jaum thee not nor flam thee not, 'tis all as true as booke, here's both our Masters have contented and concloyded, and our Mistresses mun yeild toyt, to put aw house and lond and aw they have into our hands.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And we mun marry and be master and dame of aw.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And theyn be our Sijourners, because they are weary of the world, to live in frendibleneffe, and see what will come on't.

Par. Awa, awaw, agone.

Seel. & Greg. Nay 'tis true *Parnell*, here's both our hands on't, and give you joy.

Ioan & Win. And ours too, and 'twill be fine Ifackins.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw!

Dou. Here's a mad bufineffe towards.

Seel. I will bespeake the Guefts.

Greg. And I the meat:

Ioan. I'll dresse the dinner, though I drip my fweat.

Lawr. My care shall sumptuous parrelments provide.

Win. And my best art shall trickly trim the Bride.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

Greg. Ile get choyce musick for the merriment.

Dough. And I will waite with wonder the event.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

ACTVS, II. SCÆNA, I.

Enter 4. Witches : (severally.)

All.



Oe! well met, well met.

Meg. What new devife, what dainty
straine

More for our myrth now then our

gaïne,

Shall we in praçtice put.

Meg. Nay dame,

Before we play another game,

We muſt a little laugh and thanke

Our feat familiars for the pranck

They playd us laſt.

Mawd. Or they will miſſe

Vs in our next plot, if for this

They find not their reward.

Meg. 'Tis right.

Gil. Therefore ſing *Mawd*, and call each ſpright.
Come away, and take thy duggy.

Enter foure Spirits.

Meg. Come my *Mamilion* like a Puggy.

Mawd. And come my puckling take thy teat,
Your travels have deſerv'd your meat.

Meg. Now upon the Churles ground
On which we're met, lets dance a round ;
That Cocle, Darnell, Poppia wild,
May choake his graine, and fill the field.

Gil. Now spirits fly about the taske,
That we projected in our Maske. *Exit Spirits.*

Meg. Now let us laugh to thinke upon
The feat which we have so lately done,
In the distraction we have set
In *Seelyes* house ; which shall beget
Wonder and sorrow 'mongst our foes,
Whilst we make laughter of their woes.

All. Ha, ha ha !

Meg. I can but laugh now to foresee,
The fruits of their perplexity.

Gil. Of *Seely's* family ?

Meg. I, I, I, the Father to the Sonne doth cry,
The Sonne rebukes the Father old ;
The Daughter at the mother Scold,
The wife the husband check and chide,
But that's no wonder, through the wide
World 'tis common.

Gil. But to be short,
The wedding must bring on the sport
Betwixt the hare-brayn'd man and mayd,
Master and dame that over-sway'd.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

Meg. Enough, enough,
Our sides are charm'd, or else this stuffe
Would laughter-cracke them ; let's away
About the Iig : we dance to day,
To spoyle the Hunters sport.

Gil. ~~I that,~~
Be now the subject of our chat.

Meg. Then list yee well, the Hunters are
This day by vow to kill a Hare,
Or else the sport they will forswear ;
And hang their Dogs up.

Mawd. Stay, but where
Must the long threatned hare be found ?

Gill. They'l search in yonder Meadow ground.

Meg. There will I be, and like a wily Wat,
Vntill they put me up ; ile squate.

Gill. I and my puckling will a brace

Of Greyhounds be, fit for the race ;
And linger where we may be tane
Vp for the course in the by-lane ;
Then will we lead their Dogs a course,
And every man and every horse ;
Vntill they breake their necks, and fay—

All. The Divell on Dun is rid this way. Ha, ha,
ha, ha.

Meg. All the doubt can be but this,
That if by chance of me they misse,
And start another Hare.

Gil. Then we'll not run
But finde some way how to be gone.
I shal know thee *Peg*, by thy grissel'd gut.

Meg. And I you *Gilian* by your gaunt thin gut.
But where will *Mawd* bestow her selfe to day?

Mawd. O' th' Steeple top ; Ile sit and see you
play. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mr. Generous, Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone,
and Whetstone.*

Gener. At meeting, and at parting Gentlemen,
I onely make use of that generall word,
So frequent at all feasts, and that but once ; y'are wel-
come.

You are so, all of you, and I intreat you
Take notice of that speciall businesse,
Betwixt this Gentleman my friend, and I.
About the Morgage, to which writings drawne,
Your hands are witnesse.

Bant. & Shak. We acknowledge it.

Whet. My hand is there too, for a man cannot set
to his Marke, but it may be call'd his hand ; I am a
Gentleman both wayes, and it hath been held that it
is the part of a Gentleman, to write a scurvie hand.

Bant. You write Sir like your selfe.

Gener. Pray take no notice of his ignorance,
You know what I foretold you.

Arth. 'Tis confest,
But for that word by you so feldome spoke
By us so freely on your part perform'd,
We hold us much ingag'd.

Gener. I pray, no complement,
It is a thing I doe not use my selfe,
Nor doe I love't in others.

Arth. For my part,
Could I at once dissolve my selfe to words
And after turne them into matter ; such
And of that strength, as to attract the attention
Of all the curious, and most itching eares
Of this our Crittick age ; it cou'd not make
A theame amounting to your noble worth :
You seeme to me to super-arrogate,
Supplying the defects of all your kindred
To innoble your own name : I now have done Sir.

Whet. Hey day, this Gentleman speakes like a
Country Parson that had tooke his text out of *Ovids*
Metamorphosis.

Gener. Sir, you Hyperbolize ;
And I coo'd chide you for't, but whilst you connive
At this my Kinsman, I shall winke at you ;
'Twill prove an equall match.

Gener. Your name proclaimes
To be such as it speakes, you, *Generous*.

Gener. Still in that straine !

Arth. Sir, sir, whilst you persever to be good
I must continue gratefull.

Gener. Gentlemen,
The greatest part of this day you see is spent
In reading deeds, conveyances, and bonds,
With sealing and subscribing ; will you now
Take part of a bad Supper.

Arth. We are like travellers
And where such bayt, they doe not use to Inne.
Our love and service to you.

Gener. The first I accept,
The Last I entertaine not, farewell Gentlemen.

Arth. We'l try if we can finde in our way home
When Hares come from their coverts, to reliefe,
A course or too.

Whet. Say you so Gentlemen, nay then I am for
your company still, 'tis sayd Hares are like Hermo-
phrodites, one while Male, and another Female, and
that which begets this yeare, brings young ones the next;
which some think to be the reason that witches take
their shapes so oft: Nay if I lye *Pliny* lyes too, but
come, now I have light upon you, I cannot so lightly
leave you farewell Vnckle.

Gener. Cozen I wish you would comfort your
selfe,
With such men ever, and make them your President
For a more Gentle carriage.

Arth. Good Master *Generous*——

Exeunt, manet Generous.

Enter Robert.

Gen. *Robin.*

Rob. Sir.

Gen. Goe call your Mistresse hither.

Rob. My Mistresse Sir, I doe call her Mistresse, as
I doe call you Master, but if you would have me call
my Mistresse to my Master, I may call lowd enough
before she can heare me.

Gener. Why she's not deafe I hope, I am sure since
Dinner
She had her hearing perfect.

Rob. And so she may have at Supper too for ought
I know, but I can assure you she is not now within my
call.

Gener. Sirrah you trifle, give me the Key oth'
Stable.

I will goe see my Gelding; i'th' meane time
Goe seeke her out, say she shall finde me there.

Rob. To tell you true sir, I shall neither finde my
Mistresse here, nor you your Gelding there.

Gener. Ha ! how comes that to passe ?

Rob. Whilst you were busie about your writings, she came and commanded me to saddle your Beast, and sayd she would ride abroad to take the ayre.

Gener. Which of your fellowes did she take along to wayte on her ?

Rob. None sir.

Gener. None ! hath she us'd it often ?

Rob. Oftner I am sure then she goes to Church, and leave out Wednesdayes and Fridayes.

Gener. And still alone ?

Rob. If you call that alone, when no body rides in her company.

Gen. But what times hath she sortd for these journeyes ?

Rob. Commonly when you are abroad, and sometimes when you are full of businesse at home.

Gener. To ride out often and alone, what sayth she

When she takes horse, and at her backe returne ?

Rob. Onely conjures me that I shall keepe it from you, then clappes me in the fist with some small piece of silver, and then a Fish cannot be more silent then I.

Gen. I know her a good woman and well bred,
Of an unquestion'd carriage, well reputed
Amongst her neighbors, reckon'd with the best
And ore me most indulgent ; though in many
Such things might breed a doubt and jealousy,
Yet I hatch no such phrensie. Yet to prevent
The smallest jarre that might betwixt us happen ;
Give her no notice that I know thus much.
Besides I charge thee, when she craves him next
He be deny'd : if she be vext or mov'd
Doe not thou feare, Ile interpose my selfe
Betwixt thee and her anger, as you tender
Your duty and my service, see this done.

Rob. Now you have exprest your minde, I know
what I have to doe ; first, not to tell her what I have

told you, & next to keep her side-saddle from coming upon your Gueldings backe; but howsoever it is like to hinder me of many a round tester.

Gener. As oft as thou deny'st her, so oft clayme That teaster from me, 't shall be roundly payd.

Rob. You say well in that sir, I dare take your word, you are an honest Gentleman, and my Master; and now take mine as I am your true servant, before she shall backe your Guelding again in your absence, while I have the charge of his keeping; she shall ride me, or Ile ride her.

Gen. So much for that. Sirrah my Butler tels me

My Seller is drunke dry, I meane those Bottles Of Sack and Claret, are all empty growne And I have guests to morrow, my choyse friends. Take the gray Nag i'th' stable, and those Bottles Fill at *Lancaster*, there where you use to fetch it.

Rob. Good newes for me, I shall sir.

Gen. O *Robin*, it comes short of that pure liquor We drunke last Terme in London at the *Myter* In *Fleet-street*, thou remembrest it; me thought It was the very spirit of the Grape, Meere quintessence of Wine.

Rob. Yes sir, I so remember it, that most certaine it is I never shall forget it, my mouth waters ever since when I but think on't, whilst you were at supper above, the drawer had me down into the Cellar below, I know the way in againe if I fee't, but at that time to finde the way out againe, I had the help of more eies than mine owne: is the taste of that *Ipstate* stil in your pallat sir?

Gener. What then? But vaine are wishes, take those bottles And see them fil'd where I command you sir.

Rob. I shall: never c'ud I have met with such a faire opportunity: for iust in the mid way lies my sweet-heart, as lovely a lassie as any is in *Lancashire*,

and kisses as sweetly : i'll see her going or coming,
 i'll have one smouch at thy lips, and bee with thee to
 bring *Mal Spencer*. *Exit.*

Gen. Go hasten your return, what he hath told
 me
 Touching my wife is somewhat strange, no matter
 Bee't as it will, it shall not trouble me.
 Shee hath not lyen so long so neere my side,
 That now I should be jealous.

Enter a souldier.

Sold. You seeme fir a Gentleman of quality, and
 no doubt but in your youth have beene acquainted
 with affaires military, in your very lookes there ap-
 pears bounty, and in your person humanity. Please
 you to vouchsafe the tender of some small courtesie to
 help to beare a souldier into his countrey.

Gen. Though I could tax you friend, & justly too
 For begging 'gainst the Statute in that name,
 Yet I have ever bin of that compassion,
 Where I see want, rather to pittie it
 Than to use power. Where hast thou serv'd ?

Sold. With the Russian against the Polack, a heavy
 war, and hath brought me to this hard fate. I was
 tooke prisoner by the Pole, & after some few weeks of
 durance, got both my freedom and passe. I have it
 about me to show, please you to vouchsafe the
 perusal.

Gener. It shall not need. What Countreyman.

Sold. Yorkeshire fir. Many a sharpe battell by
 land, and many a sharpe storme at sea, many a long
 mile, and many a short meale, I have travel'd and
 suffer'd ere I c'ud reach thus far, I beseech you fir take
 my poore & wretched case into your worships noble
 consideration.

Gener. Perhaps thou lov'st this wandring life
 To be an idle loitering begger, than
 To eat of thine owne labour.

Sold. · I fir ! Loitering I defie fir, I hate lazineffe as I do leprosie : It is the next way to breed the scurvie, put mee to hedge, ditch, plow, thresh, dig, delve, any thing : your worship shal find that I love nothing lesse than loitering.

Gener. Friend thou speakest well.

Enter Miller (his hands and face scratcht, and bloody.

Miller. Your Mill quoth he, if ever you take me in your mill againe, i'le give you leave to cast my flesh to the dogges, and grinde my bones to powder, betwixt the Milstones. Cats do you call them, for their hugeness they might, bee cat a mountaine, and for their claws, I thinke I have it here in red and white to shew, I pray looke here fir, a murreine take them, ile be sworne they have scratcht, where I am sure it itcht not.

Gener. How cam'ft thou in this pickle ?

Mil. You see fir, and what you see, I have felt, & am come to give you to understand i'le not indure fuch another night if you would give mee your mill for nothing, they say we Millers are theeves : but I c'ud as soone bee hangd as steale one piece of a nap all the night long, good Landlord provide your selfe of a new tenant, the noise of fuch catterwawling, & fuch scratching and clawing, before I would indure againe, i'le bee tyed to the saile when the winde blowes sharpest, and they flie swiftest, till I be torne into as many fitters as I have toes and fingers.

Sold. I was a Miller my selfe before I was a fouldier. What one of my own trade should be so poorly spirited frighted with cats ?

Sir trust me with the Mill that he forsakes.

Here is a blade that hangs upon this belt

That spight of all these Rats, Cats, Wezells, Witches

Or Dogges, or Divels, shall so coniure them

I'le quiet my possession.

Gener. Well fpoke Souldier.
I like thy resolution. Fellow, you then
Have given the Mill quite over.

Mil. Over and over, here I utterly renounce it;
nor would I stay in it longer, if you would give me
your whole estate; nay if I say it, you may take my
word Landlord.

Sold. I pray fir dare you trust your mill with me.

Gener. I dare, but I am loth, my reasons these.
For many moneths, scarce any one hath lien there
But have bin strangely frighted in his sleepe,
Or from his warme bed drawne into the floore,
Or clawd and scratcht, as thou seest this poore man,
So much, that it stood long untenanted,
Till he late undertooke it, now thine eies
Witnesse how he hath sped.

Sold. Give me the keies, ile stand it all danger.

Gener. 'Tis a match: deliver them.

Mil. Mary withall my heart, and I am glad, I am
so rid of em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Boy with a switch.

Boy. Now I have gathered Bullies, and fild my
bellie pretty well, i'le goe see some sport. There are
gentlemen coursing in the medow hard by; and 'tis a
game that I love better than going to Schoole ten to
one.

*Enter an invisable spirit. F. Adson with a brace of
greyhounds.*

What have we here a brace of Greyhounds broke
loose from their masters: it must needs be so, for they
have both their Collers and slippes about their neckes.
Now I looke better upon them, me thinks I should
know them, and so I do: these are Mr. *Robinsons*
dogges, that dwels some two miles off, i'le take them
up, & lead them home to their master; it may be

some thing in my way, for he is as liberall a gentleman, as any is in our countrie. Come *Hector*, come. Now if I c'ud but start a Hare by the way, kill her, and carry her home to my supper, I should thinke I had made a better afternoones worke of it than gathering of bullies. Come poore cures along with me. *Exit.*

Enter Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone, and Whetstone.

Arth. My Dog as yours.

Shak. For what?

Arth. A piece.

Shak. 'Tis done.

Bant. I say the pide dog shall outstrip the browne.

Whe. And ile take the brown dogs part against the pide.

Bant. Yes when hee's at his lap youle take his part.

Arth. *Bantam* forbear him prethee.

Bant. He talks so like an Ass I have not patience to indure his non sence.

Whe. The browne dogge for two peeces.

Bant. Of what?

Whe. Of what you dare; name them from the last Farthings with the double rings, to the late Coy'ned peeces which they say are all counterfeit.

Bant. Well sir, I take you: will you cover these, give them into the hands of either of these two gentlemen.

Whe. What needs that? doe you thinke my word and my money is not all one?

Bant. And weigh alike: both many graines too light.

Shak. Enough of that, I presume Mr. *Whetstone*, you are not ignorant what belongs to the sport of hunting.

Whe. I thinke I have reason, for I have bin at the death of more Hares.

Bant. More then you fhed the laft fall of the leafe.

Whet. More then any man here I am fure. I fhould be loath at thefe yeares to be ignorant of hair-ing or whoring. I knew a hare clofe hunted, clime a tree.

Bant. To finde out birds nefts.

Whet. Another leap into a river, nothing appearing above water, fave onely the tip of her nofe to take breath.

Shak. Nay that's verie likely, for no man can fifh with an angle but his Line muft be made of hare.

Whet. You fay right, I knew another, who to efcape the Dogges hath taken a houfe, and leapt in at a window.

Bant. It is thought you came into the World that way.

Whet. How meane you that?

Bant. Becaufe you are a baftard.

Whet. Baftard! O bafe.

Bant. And thou art bafe all over.

Arth. Needs muft I now condemne your indifcretion.

To fet your wit againft his.

Whe. Baftard? that fhall be tried; well Gentlemen concerning Hare-hunting you might have hard more, if he had had the grace to have faid leffe, but for the word Baftard, if I do not tell my Vncle, I and my Aunt too, either when I would fpeake ought or goe of the skore for any thing, let me never be truſted, they are older than I, and what know I, but they might bee by when I was begot; but if thou *Bantam* do'ſt not heare of this with both thine eares, if thou haſt them ſtill, and not loſt them by ſcribbling, inſtead of *Whetſtone* call me *Grindeſtone*, and for *By-blow*, *Bulfinch*. Gentlemen, for two of you your companie is faire and honeſt; but for you *Bantam*, remember and take notice alſo, that I am a baftard, and ſo much i'll teſtifie to my Aunt and Vncle.

Exit.

Arth. What have you done, 'twill grieve the good old Gentleman, to heare him baffled thus.

Bant. I was in a cold sweat ready to faint
The time he staid amongst us.

Shak. But come, now the Hare is found and started,
She shall have Law, so to our sport. *Exit.*

Enter Boy with the Greyhounds.

A Hare, a Hare, halloe, halloe, the Divell take these cures, will they not stir, halloe, halloe, there, there, there, what are they growne so lither and so lazie? Are Mr. *Robinsons* dogges turn'd tykes with a wanion? the Hare is yet in fight, halloe, halloe, mary hang you for a couple of mungrils (if you were worth hanging), & have you serv'd me thus? nay then ile serve you with the like sauce, you shall to the next bush, there will I tie you, and use you like a couple of curs as you are, & though not lash you, yet lash you whilest my fwitch will hold, nay since you have left your speed, ile see if I can put spirit into you, and put you in remembrance what halloe, halloe meanes.

As he beats them, there appeares before him, Gooddy Dickifon, and the Boy upon the dogs, going in.

Now blesse me heaven, one of the Greyhounds turn'd into a woman, the other into a boy! The lad I never saw before, but her I know well; it is my gammer *Dickifon.*

G. Dick. Sirah, you have serv'd me well to fwindle me thus.

You yong rogue, you haue vs'd me like a dog.

Boy. When you had put your self into a dogs skin, I pray how c'ud I help it; but gammer are not you a Witch? if you bee, I beg upon my knees you will not hurt me.

Dickif. Stand up my boie, for thou shalt have no harme.

Be silent, speake of nothing thou hast seene.
And here's a shilling for thee.

Boy. Ile have none of your money gammer, because you are a Witch : and now she is out of her foure leg'd shape, ile see if with my two legs I can out-run her.

Dickif. Nay, firra, though you be yong, and I old, you are not so nimble, nor I so lame, but I can overtake you.

Boy. But Gammer what do you meane to do with me
Now you have me ?

Dickif. To hugge thee, stroke thee, and embrace thee thus,

And teach thee twentie thousand pretty things.

So thou tell no tales ; and boy this night

Thou must along with me to a brave feast.

Boy. Not I gammer indeedla, I dare not stay out late,

My father is a fell man, and if I bee out long, will both chide and beat me.

Dickif. Not firra, then perforce thou shalt along,

This bridle helps me still at need,

And shall provide us of a steed.

Now firra, take your shape and be

Prepar'd to hurrie him and me.

Exit.

Now looke and tell mee wher's the lad become.

Boy. The boy is vanisht, and I can see nothing in his stead

But a white horse readie fadled and bridled.

Dickif. And thats the horse we must bestride,

On which both thou and I must ride,

Thou boy before and I behinde,

The earth we tread not, but the winde,

For we must progresse through the aire,

And I will bring thee to such fare

As thou ne're saw'st, up and away,

For now no longer we can stay.

She catches him up, & turning round. Exit.

Boy. Help, help.

Enter Robin and Mall.

Thanks my sweet Mall for thy courteous entertainment, thy creame, thy cheefe-cakes, and every good thing, this, this, & this for all. *kisse.*

Mal. But why in such hast good *Robin*?

Robin. I confesse my stay with thee is sweet to mee, but I must spur Cutt the faster for't, to be at home in the morning, I have yet to Lancaster to ride to night, and this my bandileer of bottles, to fill to night, and then halfe a score mile to ride by currie-combe time, i' the morning, or the old man chides *Mal.*

Mal. Hee shall not chide thee, feare it not.

Robin. Pray *Bacchus* I may please him with his wine, which will be the hardest thing to do ; for since hee was last at London and tasted the Divinitie of the Miter, scarce any liquour in Lancashire will go downe with him, sure, sure he will never be a Puritane, he holds so well with the Miter.

Mal. Well *Robert*, I find your love by your haste from me, ile' undertake you shal be at Lancaster, & twife as far, & yet at home time enough, and be rul'd by me.

Rob. Thou art a witty rogue, and thinkst to make me believe any thing, because I saw thee make thy broome sweepe the house without hands t'other day.

Mal. You shall see more than that presently, because you shall beleeeve me ; you know the house is all a bed here : and I dare not be mist in the morning. Besides, I must be at the wedding of *Lawrence* and *Parnell* to morrow.

Rob. I your old sweet heart *Lawrence*? Old love will not be forgotten.

Mal. I care not for the losse of him, but if I fit him not hang me : but to the point, if I goe with you

to night, and help you to as good wine as your master desires, and you keepe your time with him, you will give me a pinte for my company.

Rob. Thy belly full wench.

Mal. I'll but take up my milk payle and leave it in the field, till our comming backe in the morning, and wee'll away.

Rob. Goe fetch it quickly then.

Mal. No *Robert*, rather than leave your company so long, it shall come to me.

Rob. I would but see that.

The Payle goes.

Mal. Looke yonder, what do you thinke on't.

Rob. Light, it comes; and I do thinke there is so much of the Divell in't as will turne all the milke shall come in't these seven yeares, and make it burne too, till it stinke worse than than the Proverbe of the Bishops foot.

Mal. Looke you sir, heere I have it, will you get up and away.

Rob. My horse is gone, nay prithee *Mal.* thou hast fet him away, leave thy Roguerie.

Mal. Looke againe.

Rob. There stands a black long-sided jade: mine was a trufs'd gray.

Mal. Yours was too short to carrie double such a journey. Get up I say, you shall have your owne againe i'th morning.

Rob. Nay but, nay but.

Mal. Nay, and you stand butting now, i'll leave you to look your horse. Payle on afore to the field, and staie till I come.

Rob. Come away then, hey for *Lancaster*: stand up.

Exeunt.



ACTVS, III. SCENA, I.

Enter old Seely and Ioane his wife.

Seely.



Ome away wife, come away, and let us be ready to breake the Cake over the Brides head at her entrance; we will have the honour of it, we that have playd the Steward and Cooke at home, though we lost Church by't, and saw not Parson *Knit-knot* doe his office, but wee shall see all the house rites perform'd; and—— oh what a day of jollity and tranquility is here towards?

Ioane. You are so frolick and so cranck now, upon the truce is taken amongst us, because our wrangling shall not wrong the Wedding, but take heed (you were best) how ye behave your selfe, lest a day to come may pay for all.

Seel. I feare nothing, and I hope to dye in this humor.

Foan. Oh how hot am I! rather then I would dresse such another dinner this twelve moneth, I would wish Wedding quite out of this yeares Almanack.

Seel. Ile fetch a Cup of Sack Wife——

Ioan. How brag he is of his liberty, but the holy-day carries it.

Seel. Here, here sweet-heart, they are long me thinks a comming, the Bels have rung out this halfe

houre, harke now the wind brings the found of them sweetly againe.

Ioan. They ring backwards me thinks.

Seel. Ifack they doe, sure the greatest fire in the Parish is in our Kitchin, and there's no harme done yet, no 'tis some merry conceit of the stretch-ropes the Ringers, now they have done, and now the Wedding comes, hearke, the Fidlers and all, now have I liv'd to see a day, come, take our stand, and be ready for the Bride-cake, which we will so cracke and crumble upon her crowne: o they come, they come.

Enter Musitians, Lawrence, Parnell, Win. Mal. Spencer, two Country Lasses, Doughty, Greg. Arthur, Shakton, Bantam, and Whetstone.

All. Ioy, health, and children to the married paire.

Lawr. & Parn. We thanke you all.

Lawr. So pray come in and fare.

Parn. As well as we and taste of every cate:

Lawr. With bonny Bridegroome and his lovely mate.

Arth. This begins bravely.

Doug. They agree better then the Bels eene now, 'slid they rung tunably till we were all out of the Church, and then they clatter'd as the divell had beene in the Bellfry: on in the name of Wedlocke, Fidlers on.

Lawr. On with your melody.

Bant. Enter the Gates with joy,
And as you enter play the sack of *Troy*.

The Fidlers passe through, and play the battle.

The Spirit appears.

Ioan. Welcome Bride *Parnell*.

Seel. Bridegroome *Lawrence* eke,
In you before, for we this cake must breake.

Exit Lawrence.

Over the Bride——

*As they lift up the Cake, the Spirit snatches it,
and poudres down bran.*

Forgi' me—what's become

O' th' Cake wife !

Ioan. It slipt out of my hand, and is falne into crums I think.

Dought. Crums? the divell of crum is here, but bran, nothing but bran, what prodigie is this ?

Parn. Is my best Brides Cake come to this ? o wea warth it.

Exit Parn. Seely, Foane, and Maides.

Whet. How daintily the Brides haire is powder'd with it.

Arth. My haire stands an end to see it.

Bant. And mine.

Shak. I was never so amaz'd !

Dough. What can it meane ?

Greg. Pax, I think not on't, 'tis but some of my Father and Mothers roguery, this is a Law-day with 'em, to doe what they list.

Whet. I never feare any thing, so long as my Aunt has but bidden me thinke of her, and she'll warrant me.

Dough. Well Gentlemen, let's follow the rest in, and feare nothing yet, the house smels well of good cheere.

Seel. Gentlemen, will it please you draw neere, the guests are now all come, and the house almost full, meat's taken up.

Dough. We were now comming.

Seel. But sonne *Gregory*, Nephew *Arthur*, and the rest of the young Gentlemen, I shall take it for a favor if you will (it is an office which very good Gentlemen doe in this Country) accompane the Bride-groome in serving the meat.

All. With all our hearts.

Seely. Nay neighbor *Doughty*, your yeares shall excuse you.

Dough. Peugh, I am not so old but I can carry more meate then I can eate, if the young rascals coo'd carry their drinke as well, the Country would be quieter——

Knock within, as at dresser.

Seel. Well fare your hearts,—the dresser calls in Gentlemen,

Exeunt Gentlemen.

'Tis a busie time, yet will I review the Bill of fare, for this dayes dinner——(*Reades*) for 40. people of the best quality, 4. messes of meat; *viz.* a leg of Mutton in plum-broth, a dish of Marrow-bones, a Capon in white-broth, a Surloyme of beefe, a Pig, a Goose, a Turkie, and two Pyes: for the second course, to every messe 4. Chickens in a dish, a couple of Rabbets, Custard, Flawn, Florentines, and stewd prunes,—all very good Country fare, and for my credit,——

Enter Musicians playing before, Lawrence, Doughy, Arthur, Shakton, Bantam, Whetstone, and Gregory, with dishes: A Spirit (over the doore) does some action to the dishes as they enter.

The service enters, O well sayd Musicke, play up the meat to the Table till all be serv'd in, Ile see it passe in answer to my bill.

Dough. Hold up your head Mr. Bridegroome.

Lawr. On afore Fidlers, my doubler cewles in my honds.

Seely. *Imprimus*, a leg of Mutton in plum-broth,—how now Mr. Bridegroome, what carry you?

Lawr. 'Twere hot eene now, but now it's caw'd as a steane.

Seel. A stone, 'tis horne man.

Lawr. Aw——

Exit Fidlers.

Seely. It was Mutton, but now 'tis the horns on't.

Lawr. Aw where's my Bride——

Exit.

Dough. 'Zookes, I brought as good a Surloyme of Beefe from the Dresser as Knife coo'd be put to, and see—Ile stay i' this house no longer.

Arth. And if this were not a Capon in white broth, I am one i' the Coope.

Shak. All, all's transform'd, looke you what I have !

Bant. And I.

Whet. And I ! Yet I feare nothing thank my Aunt.

Greg. I had a Pie that is not open'd yet, Ile see what's in that—live Birds as true as I live, look where they flye !

Exit Spirit.

Dough. Witches, live Witches, the house is full of witches, if we love our lives let's out on't.

Enter Foane and Win.

Ioan. O husband, O guests, O sonne, O Gentlemen, such a chance in a Kitchin was never heard of, all the meat is flowne out o' the chimney top I thinke, and nothing instead of it, but Snakes, Batts, Frogs, Beetles, Hornets, and Humble-bees ; all the Sallets are turn'd to Iewes-ears, Mufhromes, and Puckfists ; and all the Custards into Cowheards !

Dought. What shall we doe, dare we stay any longer ?

Arth. Dare we ! why not, I defie all Witches, and all their workes ; their power on our meat, cannot reach our persons.

Whet. I say so too, and so my Aunt ever told me, so long I will feare nothing ; be not afrayd Mr. *Doughty.*

Dough. Zookes, I feare nothing living that I can see more then you, and that's nothing at all, but to thinke of these invifible mischiefes, troubles me I confesse.

Arth. Sir I will not goe about to over-rule your reason, but for my part I will not out of a house on a Bridall day, till I see the last man borne.

Dough. Zookes thou art so brave a fellow that I will stick to thee, and if we come off handfomely,

I am an old Batchelour thou know'st, and must have an heyre, I like thy spirit, where's the Bride? where's the Bridegroom? where's the Musicke? where be the Lasses? ha' you any wine i' the house, though we make no dinner, lets try if we can make an after-noone.

Ioan. Nay sir if you please to stay, now that the many are frightened away, I have some good cold meates, and halfe a dozen bottles of Wine.

Seel. And I will bid you welcome.

Dough. Say you me so, but will not your sonne be angry, and your daughter chide you.

Greg. Feare not you that sir, for look you I obey my Father.

Win. And I my Mother.

Ioan. And we are all at this instant as well and as sensible of our former errors, as you can wish us to be.

Dough. Na, if the Witches have but rob'd of your meat, and restor'd your reason, here has beene no hurt done to day, but this is strange, and as great a wonder as the rest to me.

Arth. It seemes though these Hags had power to make the Wedding cheere a *Deceptio visus*, the former store has scap'd 'em.

Dough. I am glad on't, but the divell good 'hem with my Surloyne, I thought to have set that by mine owne Trencher—But you have cold meat you say?

Joan. Yes Sir.

Dought. And Wine you say?

Ioan. Yes sir.

Dought. I hope the Country wenches and the Fiddlers are not gone.

Win. They are all here, and one the merriest Wench; that makes all the rest so laugh and tickle.

Seel. Gentlemen will you in?

All. Agreed on all parts.

Dough. If not a Wedding we will make a Wake

on't, and away with the Witch; I feare nothing now you have your wits againe: but look you, hold 'em while you have 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Generous, and Robin, with a Paper.

Gener. I confesse thou hast done a Wonder in fetching me so good Wine, but my good Servant *Robert*, goe not about to put a Myracle upon me, I will rather beleeeve that *Lancaster* affords this Wine, which I thought impossible till I tasted it, then that thou coo'dst in one night fetch it from *London*.

Rob. I have known when you have held mee for an honest fellow, and would have beleev'd me.

Gener. Th'art a Knave to wish me to beleeeve this, forgi' me, I would have sworne if thou had'st stayd but time answerable for the journey (to his that flew to *Paris* and back to *London* in a day) it had been the same Wine, but it can never fall within the compasse of a Christians beleefe, that thou cou'dst ride above three hundred miles in 8. houres: You were no longer out, and upon one Horse too, and in the Night too!

Rob. And carry a Wench behind me too, and did something else too, but I must not speak of her lest I be divell-torne.

Gen. And fill thy bottles too, and come home halfe drunke too, for so thou art, thou wouldst never a had such a fancy else!

Rob. I am sorry I have sayd so much, and not let *Lancaster* have the credit o' the Wine.

Gen. O are you so! and why have you abus'd me and your selfe then all this while, to glorifie the *Myter* in *Fleet-street*?

Rob. I could say fir, that you might have the better opinion of the Wine, for there are a great many pallats in the Kingdome that can relish no Wine, unlesse it be of such a Taverne, and drawne by such a Drawer——

Gen. I sayd, and I say againe, if I were within ten mile of *London*, I durst swear that this was *Myter* Wine, and drawn by honest *Jacke Paine*.

Rob. Nay then sir I swore, and I sweare againe, honest *Jack Paine* drew it.

Gener. Ha, ha, ha, if I coo'd beleieve there were such a thing as Witchcraft, I should thinke this slave were bewitch'd now with an opinion.

Rob. Much good doe you sir, your Wine and your mirth, and my place for your next Groome, I desire not to stay to be laught out of my opinion.

Gen. Nay be not angry *Robin*, we must not part so, and how does my honest Drawer? ha, ha, ha; and what newes at *London*, *Robin*? ha, ha, ha; but your stay was so short I think you coo'd heare none, and such your haste home that you coo'd make none: is't not so *Robin*? ha, ha, ha, what a strange fancy has good Wine begot in his head?

Rob. Now will I push him over and over with a peece of paper: Yes sir, I have brought you something from *London*.

Gen. Come on, now let me heare.

Rob. Your honest Drawer sir, considering that you consider'd him well for his good wine——

Gen. What shall we heare now?

Rob. Was very carefull to keepe or convey this paper to you, which it seemes you dropt in the roome there.

Gener. Blessè me! this paper belongs to me indeed, 'tis an acquittance, and all I have to shew for the payment of one hundred pound, I tooke great care for't, and coo'd not imagine where or how I might loose it, but why may not this bee a tricke? this Knave may finde it when I lost it, and conceale it till now to come over me withall. I will not trouble my thoughts with it further at this time, well *Robin* looke to your businesse, and have a care of my Guelding.

Exit Generous.

Robin. Yes Sir. I think I have netled him now,

but not as I was netled last night, three hundred Miles a Night upon a Rawbon'd Divell, as in my heart it was a Divell, and then a Wench that shar'd more o' my backe then the sayd Divell did o' my Bum, this is ranke riding my Masters: but why had I such an itch to tell my Master of it, and that he should beleeve it; I doe now wish that I had not told, and that hee will not beleeve it, for I dare not tell him the meanes: 'Sfoot my Wench and her friends the Fiends, will teare me to pieces if I discover her; a notable rogue, she's at the Wedding now, for as good a Mayd as the best o' em——O my Mistresse.

Enter Mrs. Generous, with a Bridle.

Mrs. Robin.

Rob. I Mistresse.

Mrs. Quickly good *Robin*, the gray Gueiding.

Rob. What other horse you please Mistresse.

Mrs. And why not that?

Rob. Truly Mistresse pray pardon me, I must be plaine with you, I dare not deliver him you; my master has tane notice of the ill case you have brought him home in divers times.

Mrs. O is it so, and must he be made acquainted with my actions by you, and must I then be controll'd by him, and now by you; you are a sawcy Groome.

Rob. You may say your pleasure.

He turnes from her.

Mrs. No fir, Ile doe my pleasure.

She Bridles him.

Rob. Aw.

Mrs. Horse, horse, see thou be,
And where I point thee carry me. *Exeunt Neighing.*

Enter Arthur, Shakston, and Bantam.

Arth. Was there ever such a medley of mirth, madnesse, and drunkennesse, shuffled together.

Shak. Thy Vnckle and Aunt, old Mr. *Seely* and his wife, doe nothing but kisse and play together like Monkeyes.

Arth. Yes, they doe over-love one another now.

Bant. And young *Gregory* and his sifter doe as much over-doe their obedience now to their Parents.

Arth. And their Parents as much over-doat upon them, they are all as farre beyond their wits now in loving one another, as they were wide of them before in crossing.

Shak. Yet this is the better madneffe.

Bant. But the married couple that are both so daintily whited, that now they are both mad to be a bed before Supper-time, and by and by he will, and she wo' not : streight she will and he wo' not, the next minute they both forget they are married, and defie one another.

Arth. My fides eene ake with laughter.

Shak. But the best sport of all is, the old Batchelour Master *Doughty*, that was so cautious, & fear'd every thing to be witchcraft, is now wound up to such a confidence that there is no such thing, that hee dares the Divell doe his worst, and will not out o' the house by all persuation, and all for the love of the husbandmans daughter within, *Mal Spencer*.

Arth. There I am in some danger, he put me into halfe a beliefe I shall be his heire, pray love shee be not a witch to charme his love from mee. Of what condition is that wench do'st thou know her?

Sha. A little, but *Whetstone* knowes her better.

Arth. Hang him rogue, he'le belye her, and speak better than she deserves, for he's in love with her too. I saw old *Doughty* give him a box o' the eare for kissing her, and he turnd about as he did by thee yesterday, and swore his Aunt should know it.

Bant. Who would ha' thought that impudent rogue would have come among us after such a baffle.

Sha. 'He told me, hee had complain'd to his Aunt on us, and that she would speak with us.

Arth. Wee will all to her, to patch vp the bufinesse, for the respect I beare her husband, noble *Generous*.

Bant. Here he comes.

Enter Whetstone.

Arth. Hearke you Mr. *Byblow*, do you know the lassie within? What do you call her, *Mal Spencer*?

Whet. Sir, what I know i'll keepe to my selfe, a good civile merry harmlesse rogue she is, and comes to my Aunt often, and thats all I know by her.

Arth. You doe well to keepe it to your selfe sir.

Whet. And you may do well to question her if you dare. For the testy old coxcombe that will not let her goe out of his hand.

Sha. Take heed, he's at your heels.

Enter Doughty, Mal, and two country Lasses.

Dough. Come away Wenches, where are you Gentlemen? Play Fidlers: lets have a dance, ha my little rogue.

Kisses Mal.

Zookes what ayles thy nose.

Mal. My nose! Nothing sir.—turnes about—
Yet mee thought a flie toucht it. Did you see any thing?

Dou. No, no, yet I would almost ha' fworn, I would not have sprite or goblin blast thy face, for all their kingdome. But hangt there is no such thing: Fidlers will you play?

Selengers Round.

Gentlemen will you dance?

All. With all our hearts.

Arth. But stay wheres this household?
This Family of love? Let's have them into the revels.

Dou. Hold a little then.

Sha. Here they come all
In a True-love knot.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Greg, Win.

Greg. O Father twentie times a day is too little to aske you blessing.

See. Goe too you are a rascall: and you houswife teach your daughter better manners: i'lle ship you all for New England els.

Bant. The knot's untied, and this is another change.

Ioane. Yes I will teach her manners, or put her out to spin two penny tow: so you deare husband will but take mee into favor: i'lle talke with you dame when the strangers are gone.

Greg. Deare Father.

Win. Deare Mother.

Greg. Win. Deare Father and Mother pardon us but this time.

See. Ioa. Never, and therefore hold your peace.

Dough. Nay thats unreasonable.

Greg. Win. Oh!——— *Weepe.*

See. But for your sake i'lle forbear them, and beare with any thing this day.

Arth. Doe you note this? Now they are all worfe than ever they were, in a contrary vaine: What thinke you of Witchcraft now?

Dou. They are all naturall fooles man, I finde it now.

Art thou mad to dreame of Witchcraft?

Arth. He's as much chang'd and bewicht as they I feare.

Dough. Hey day! Here comes the payre of boyld Lovers in Sorrell fops.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Lawr. Nay deare hunny, nay hunny, but eance, eance.

Par. Na, na, I han' fwarne, I han' fwarne, not a bit afore bed, and look yeou it's but now dauncing time.

Dough. Come away Bridegroom, wee'll stay your stomach with a daunce. Now masters play a good: come my Lasse wee'll shew them how 'tis.

Musicke. *Selengers round.*

*As they beginne to daunce, they play another tune,
then fall into many.*

Ar. Ban. Sha. Whether now, hoe?

Dou. Hey day! why you rogues.

Whet. What do's the Divell ride o' your Fiddle-sticks.

Dou. You drunken rogues, hold, hold, I say, and begin againe soberly the beginning of the World.

Musicke. *Every one a severall tune.*

Arth. Bant. Shak. Ha, ha, ha, How's this?

Bant. Every one a severall tune.

Dou. This is something towards it. I bad them play the beginning o' the World, and they play, I know not what.

Arth. No 'tis running o' the country severall waies.

But what do you thinke on't. *Musicke cease.*

Dough. Thinke! I thinke they are drunke. Pri-thee doe not thou thinke of Witchcraft; for my part, I shall as soone thinke this maid one, as that theres any in *Lancashire.*

Mal. Ha, ha, ha.

Dough. Why do'st thou laugh?

Mal. To thinke this Bridegroom should once ha' bin mine, but he shall rue it, ile hold him this point on't, and thats all I care for him.

Dough. A witty Rogue.

Whet. I tell you sir, they say shee made a payle follow her t'other day up two payre of staires.

Dough. You lying Rascall.

Arth. O fir forget your anger.

Mal. Looke you Mr. Bridegroom, what my care provides for you.

Lawrence. What, a point?

Mal. Yes put it in your pocket, it may stand you instead anon, when all your points be tane away, to truffle up your trinkits, I meane your slopes withall.

Lawr. *Mal* for awd acquaintance I will ma' thy point a point of preferment. It than bee the Foreman of a haell Iewrie o' points, and right here will I weare it.

Par. Wy'a, wy'a, awd leove wo no be forgotten, but ay's never be jealous the mare for that.

Arth. Play fidlers any thing.

Dou. I, and lets see your faces, that you play fairely with us.

Musitians shew themselves above.

Fid. We do fir, as loud as we can possibly.

Sha. Play out that we may heare you.

Fid. So we do fir, as loud as we can possibly.

Dough. Doe you heare any thing?

All. Nothing not we fir.

Dough. 'Tis so, the rogues are brib'd to crosse me, and their Fiddles shall suffer, I will breake em as small as the Bride cake was to day.

Arth. Looke you fir, they'l fave you a labour, they are doing it themselves.

Whet. Oh brave Fidlers, there was never better scuffling for the Tudberry Bull.

Mal. This is mother *Johnson* and Gooddy *Dickisons* roguerie, I finde it, but I cannot helpe it, yet I will have musicke: fir theres a Piper without, would be glad to earne money.

Whet. She has spoke to purpose, & whether this were witchcraft or not: I have heard my Aunt say

twentie times, that no Witchcraft can take hold of a *Lancashire* Bag-pipe, for it selfe is able to charme the Divell, ile fetch him.

Dough. Well said, a good boy now; come bride and bridegroom, leave your kissing and fooling, and prepare to come into the daunce. Wee'le have a Horne-pipe, and then a posset and to bed when you please. Welcome Piper, blow till thy bagge cracke agen, a lusty Horne-pipe, and all into the daunce, nay young and old.

Daunce. *Lawrence and Parnell reele in the daunce.*
At the end, Mal vanishes, and the piper.

All. Bravely performd.

Dou. Stay, wheres my lassie?

Arth. Ban. Shak. Vanisht, she and the Piper both vanisht, no bodie knowes how.

Dou. Now do I plainly perceive again, here has bin nothing but witcherie all this day; therefore into your posset, & agree among your selves as you can, ile out o' the house. And Gentlemen, if you love me or your selves, follow me.

Ar. Bant. Sha. Whet. I, I, Away, away.

Exeunt.

See. Now good son, wife and daughter, let me intreat you be not angry.

Win. O you are a trim mother are you not?

Io. Indeed childe, ile do so no more.

Greg. Now fir, i'le talke with you, your champions are al gon.

Lavr. Weell fir, and what wun yeou deow than?

Par. Whay, whay, whats here to doe? Come awaw, and whickly, and see us into our Brayd Chamber, & delicatly ludgd togeder, or wee'l whap you out o' dores ith morne to sijourne in the common, come away.

All. Wee follow yee.

Exeunt.

ACTVS, IIII. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Mistresse Generous and Robin.

Now you this gingling bridle, if you see't agen? I wanted but a paire of gingling spurs to make you mend your pace, and put you into a sweat.

Robin. Yes, I have reason to know it after my hard journey, they say there be light women, but for your owne part, though you be merry. Yet I may be sorry for your heavinesse.

Mrs. Gener. I see thou art not quite tyr'd by shaking of thy selfe, 'tis a signe that as thou hast brought mee hither, so thou art able to beare mee backe, and so you are like good *Robert*. You will not let me have your masters gelding, you will not. Wel sir, as you like this journey, so deny him to me hereafter.

Rob. You say well mistresse, you have jaded me (a pox take you for a jade.) Now I bethinke my selfe how damnably did I ride last night, and how divellishly have I bin rid now.

Mrs. Doe you grumble you groome? Now the bridl's of, I turne thee to grazing, gramercy my good horse, I have no better provender for thee at this time, thou hadst best like *Æsops* Ass to feed upon Thistles, of which this place will afford thee plenty. I am bid to a better banquet, which done, ile take thee up from grasse, spur cutt, and make a short cutt home. Farewell.

Robin. A pox upon your tayle.

Enter all the Witches and Mal, at severall dores.

All. The Lady of the feast is come, welcome, welcome.

Mrs. Is all the cheare that was prepared to grace
the wedding feast, yet come?

Goody Dick. Part of it's here.

The other we must pull for. But whats hee?

Mrs. My horse, my horse, ha, ha, ha.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt.

Rob. My horse, my horse, I would I were now
some country Major, and in authority, to see if I
would not venter to rowze your Satanicall sisterhood :
Horse, horse, see thou be, & where I point thee, cary
me : is that the trick on't ? the diuel himselve shall be
her carrier next if I can shun her : & yet my Mr. will
not beleeeve theres any witches : theres no running
away, for I neither know how nor whether, besides to
my thinking, theres a deepe ditch, & a hye quick-fet
about mee, how shall I passe the time ? What place
is this ? it looks like an old barne : ile peep in at some
cranny or other, and try if I can see what they are
doing. Such a bevy of beldames did I never behold ;
and cramming like so many Cormorants : Marry choke
you with a mischief.

Goody Dickison. Whoope, whurre, heres a sturre,
never a cat, never a curre, but that we must have this
demurre.

Mal. A second course.

Mrs. Gen. Pull, and pull hard
For all that hath lately bin prepar'd
For the great wedding feast.

Mal. As chiefe.

Of *Doughtyes* Surloine of rost Beefe.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Meg. 'Tis come, 'tis come.

Mawd. Where hath it all this while beene ?

Meg. Some

Delay hath kept it, now 'tis here,
For bottles next of wine and beere,
The Merchants cellers they shall pay for't.

Mrs. Gener. Well,
What sod or rost meat more, pray tell.

Good. Dick. Pul for the Poultry, Foule, & Fish,
For emptie shall not be a dish.

Robin. A pox take them, must only they feed upon
hot meat, and I upon nothing but cold fallads.

Mrs. Gener. This meat is tedious, now some
Farie,
Fetch what belongs unto the Dairie.

Mal. Thats Butter, Milk, Whey, Curds and
Cheese,

Wee nothing by the bargain leese.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Goody Dickifon. Boy, theres meat for you.

Boy. Thanke you.

Goody Dickif. And drinke too.

Meg. What Beast was by thee hither rid?

Mawd. A Badger nab.

Meg. And I bestrid

A Porcupine that never prickt.

Mal. The dull fides of a Beare I kickt.

I know how you rid Lady Nan.

Mrs. Gen. Ha, ha, ha, upon the knave my man.

Rob. A murrein take you, I am fure my hooves
payd for't.

Boy. Meat lie there, for thou hast no taste, and
drinke there, for thou hast no relish, for in neither of
them is there either salt or favour.

All. Pull for the possfet, pull.

Robin. The brides possfet on my life, nay if they
come to their spoone meat once, I hope theil breake
up their feast presently.

Mrs. Gen. So those that are our waiters nere,
Take hence this Wedding cheere.
We will be lively all, and make this barn our hall.

Goody Dick. You our Familiars, come,
In speech let all be dumbe,
And to close up our Feast,
To welcome every guest
A merry round let's daunce.

Meg. Some Musicke then ith aire

Whilest thus by paire and paire,
We nimble foote it; strike. *Musick.*

Mal. We are obeyd.

Sprite. And we hels ministers shall lend our aid.

*Dance and Song together. In the time of which the Boy
speakes.*

Boy. Now whilest they are in their jollitie, and do
not mind me, ile steale away, and shift for my selfe,
though I lose my life for't. *Exit.*

Meg. Enough, enough, now part,
To see the brides vext heart,
The bridegroomes too and all,
That vomit up their gall
For lacke o'th wedding chere.

Gooddy Dickison. But stay, wheres the *Boy*, looke
out, if he escape us, we are all betrayed.

Meg. No following further, yonder horsemen
come,
In vaine is our purfuit, let's breake up court.

Gooddy Dickison. Where shall we next met?

Mawd. At Mill.

Meg. But when?

Mrs. At Night.

Meg. To horse, to horse.

2. Where's my *Mamilian*.

1. And my *Incubus*. *Robin stands amaz'd at this.*

3. My Tyger to bestri'd.

Mal. My Puggie.

Mrs. Gen. My horse.

All. Away, away,
The night we have Feasted, now comes on the
day.

Mrs. Come firrah, stoope your head like a tame
jade,
Whil'st I put on your Bridle.

Rob. I pray Mistresse ride me as you would be
rid.

Mrs. That's at full speed.

Rob. Nay then Ile try Conclusions.

A great noyse within at their parting.

Mare Mare, see thou be,

And where I point thee carry me.

Exeunt.

Enter Mr. Generous, making him ready.

Gen. I see what Man is loath to entertaine,
Offers it selfe to him most frequently,
And that which we most covet to embrace,
Doth feldome court us, and proves most averfe ;
For I, that never coo'd conceive a thought
Of this my woman worthy a rebuke,
(As one that in her youth bore her so fairely
That she was taken for a seeming Saint)
To render me such just occasion,
That I should now distrust her in her age ;
Distrust ! I cannot, that would bring me in
The poore aspersion of fond jealousie ;
Which even from our first meeting I abhorr'd.
The Gentile fashion sometimes we observe
To sunder beds ; but most in these hot monthes
June, Iuly, August, so we did last night.
Now I (as ever tender of her health)
And therefore rising early as I use,
Entring her Chamber to bestow on her
A custom'd Visite ; finde the Pillow swell'd,
Vnbruish'd with any weight, the sheets unruffled,
The Curtaines neither drawne, nor bed layd down ;
Which shoves, she slept not in my house to night.
Should there be any contract betwixt her
And this my Groome, to abuse my honest trust ;
I should not take it well, but for all this
Yet cannot I be jealous. *Robin*——

Enter Robin.

Gen. Is my horse safe, lusty, and in good plight ?
What, feeds he well ?

Rob. Yes fir, he's broad buttock'd and full
flanck'd, he doth not bate an ace of his flesh.

Gen. When was he rid last?

Rob. Not fir since you backt him.

Gen. Sirrah, take heed I finde you not a Knave,
Have you not lent him to your Mistresse late?
So late as this last Night?

Rob. Who I fir, may I dye fir, if you finde me in a
lye fir.

Gen. Then I shall finde him where I left him
last.

Robin. No doubt Sir.

Gener. Give me the Key o'th Stable.

Robin. There Sir.

Gen. Sirrah, your Mistresse was abroad all night,
Nor is she yet come home, if there I finde him not,
I shall finde thee, what to this present houre
I never did suspect; and I must tell thee
Will not be to thy profit.

Exit.

Rob. Well fir, finde what you can, him you shall
finde, and what you finde else; it may be for that,
instead of Gramercy horse, you may say Gramercy
Robin; you will beleeve there are no Witches! had I
not been late brideled, I coo'd have sayd more, but I
hope she is ty'd to the racke that will confesse some-
thing, and though not so much as I know, yet no
more then I dare justifie——

Enter Generous.

Have you found your Gelding fir?

Gen. Yes, I have.

Rob. I hope not spurr'd, nor put into a sweat, you
may see by his plump belly and flecke legs he hath
not bin fore travail'd.

Gener. Y'are a sawcy Groome to receive horses
Into my Stable, and not aske me leave.
Is't for my profit to buy Hay and Oates
For every strangers jades?

Rob. I hope fir you finde none feeding there but

your owne, if there be any you suspect, they have nothing to champe on, but the Bridle.

Gener. Sirrah, whose jade is that ty'd to the Racke?

Rob. The Mare you meane sir?

Gener. Yes, that old Mare.

Rob. Old doe you call her? You shall finde the marke still in her mouth, when the Bridle is out of it? I can assure you 'tis your owne Beast.

Gen. A beaſt thou art to tell me ſo, hath the wine

Not yet left working? not the *Myter* wine?

That made thee to beleeeve Witchcraft?

Prithee perfwade me,

To be a drunken Sot like to thy ſelfe;

And not to know mine owne.

Rob. Ile not perfwade you to any thing, you will beleeeve nothing but what you ſee, I ſay the Beaſt is your owne, and you have the moſt right to keepe her, ſhee hath coſt you more the currying, then all the Combs in your Stable are worth. You have paid for her Provender this twentie yeares and upwards, and furniſht her with all the Capariſons that ſhe hath worne, of my Knowledge, and becauſe ſhe hath been ridden hard the laſt Night, doe you renounce her now?

Gener. Sirrah, I feare ſome ſtolne jade of your owne

That you would have me keepe.

Rob. I am ſure I found her no jade the laſt time I rid her, ſhe carried me the beſt part of a hundred Miles in leſſe then a quarter of an houre.

Gener. The divell ſhe did!

Robin. Yes ſo I ſay, either the divell or ſhe did; an't pleaſe you walke in and take off her Bridle, and then tell me who hath more right to her, you or I.

Gen. Well *Robert*, for this once Ile play the Groome,

And doe your office for you. *Exit.*

Rob. I pray doe Sir, but take heed lest when the Bridle is out of her mouth, she put it not into yours ; if she doe, you are a gone man : if she but say once—Horfe, horfe, see thou be.
Be you rid (if you please) for me.

Enter Mr. Generous, and Mrs. Generous, he with a Bridle.

Gener. My blood is turn'd to Ice, and my all
vitals
Have ceas'd their working ! dull stupidity
Surpriseth me at once, and hath arrested
That vigorous agitation ; Which till now
Exprest a life within me : I me thinks
Am a meere Marble statue, and no man ;
Unweave my age O time, to my first thread ;
Let me loose fiftie yeares in ignorance spent :
That being made an infant once againe,
I may begin to know, what ? or where am I
To be thus lost in wonder.

Mrs. Gen. Sir.

Gen. Amazement still pursues me, how am I
chang'd
Or brought ere I can understand my selfe,
Into this new World.

Rob. You will beleieve no Witches ?

Gen. This makes me beleieve all, I any thing ;
And that my selfe am nothing : prithee *Robin*
Lay me to my selfe open, what art thou,
Or this new transform'd Creature ?

Rob. I am *Robin*, and this your wife, my *Mrs.*

Gen. Tell me the Earth
Shall leave it's seat, and mount to kisse the
Moone ;
Or that the Moone enamour'd of the Earth,
Shall leave her spheare, to stoope to us thus low.
What ? what's this in my hand, that at an instant

Can from a foure leg'd Creature, make a thing
So like a wife ?

Rob. A Bridle, a jugling Bridle Sir.

Gage. A Bridle, hence enchantment,
A Viper were more safe within my hand
Then this charm'd Engine.

Casts it away. Robin takes it up.

Rob. Take heed Sir what you do, if you cast it
hence, and she catch it up, we that are here now, may
be rid as far as the *Indies* within these few houres,
Mistresse down of your Mares bones, or your Mary-
bones whether you please, and confesse your selfe to
be what you are ; and that's in plaine *English* a Witch,
a grand notorious Witch.

Gen. A Witch ! my wife a Witch !

Rob. So it appeares by the storie.

Gener. The more I strive to unwind
My selfe from this *Meander*, I the more
Therein am intricat'd ; prithee woman
Art thou a Witch ?

Mrs. It cannot be deny'd,
I am such a curst Creature.

Gen. Keep aloofe,
And doe not come too neareme, O my trust ;
Have I since first I understood my selfe,
Bin of my foule so charie, still to studie
What best was for it's health, to renounce all
The workes of that black Fiend with my best force
And hath that Serpent twin'd me so about,
That I must lye so often and so long
With a Divell in my bosome !

Mrs. Pardon sir.

Gen. Pardon ! Can such a thing as that be
hop'd ?

Lift up thine eyes (loft woman) to yon Hills ;
It must be thence expected : look not down
Vnto that horrid dwelling, which thou hast fought
At such deare rate to purchase, prithee tell me,
(For now I can beleewe) art thou a Witch ?

Mrs. I am.

Gen. With that word I am thunderstrooke,
And know not what to answer, yet resolve me
Hast thou made any contract with that Fiend
The Enemy of Mankind?

Mrs. O I have.

Gen. What? and how farre?

Mrs. I have promis'd him my soule.

Gen. Ten thousand times better thy Body had
Bin promis'd to the Stake, I and mine too,
Then such a compact ever had bin made. Oh——

Rob. What cheere sir, shew your selfe a man,
though she appear'd so late a Beast; Mistresse con-
fesse all, better here than in a worse place, out
with it.

Gen. Resolve me, how farre doth that contract
stretch?

Mrs. What interest in this Soule, my selfe coo'd,
claime

I freely gave him, but his part that made it
I still reserve, not being mine to give.

Gen. O cunning Divell, foolish woman know
Where he can clayme but the least little part,
He will usurpe the whole; th'art a lost woman.

Mrs. I hope not so.

Gen. Why hast thou any hope?

Mrs. Yes Sir I have.

Gen. Make it appeare to me.

Mrs. I hope I never bargain'd for that fire,
Further then penitent teares have power to quench.

Gen. I would see some of them.

Mrs. You behold them now.

(If you looke on me with charitable eyes)
Tinctur'd in blood, blood issuing from the heart,
Sir I am sorry; when I looke towards Heaven
I beg a gracious Pardon; when on you
Me thinkes your Native goodnesse should not be
Lesse pittifull than they: 'gainst both I have err'd,
From both I beg attonement.

Gener. May I presum't ?

Mrs. I kneele to both your Mercies.

Gener. Know'st thou what a Witch is ?

Mrs. Alas, None better,

Or after mature recollection can be
More sad to thinke on't.

Gen. Tell me, are those teares
As full of true hearted penitence,
As mine of sorrow, to behold what state
What desperate state th'art false in.

Mrs. Sir they are.

Gen. Rise, and as I doe, so heaven pardon me ;
We all offend, but from such falling off,
Defend us. Well, I doe remember wife,
When I first tooke thee, 'twas for good and bad ;
O change thy bad to good, that I may keep thee,
As then we past our faiths, till Death us sever.
I will not aggravate thy griefe too much,
By Needles iteration : *Robin* hereafter
Forget thou hast a tongue, if the least Syllable
Of what hath past be rumour'd, you loose me ;
But if I finde you faithfull, you gaine me ever.

Rob. A match sir, you shall finde me as mute as if
I had the Bridle still in my mouth.

Gen. O woman thou had'st need to weepe thy
selfe

Into a fountaine, such a penitent spring
As may have power to quench invisable flames
In which my eyes shall ayde ; too little all,
If not too little, all's forgiven, forgot ;
Only thus much remember, thou had'st extermin'd
Thy selfe out of the blest society
Of Saints and Angels, but on thy repentance
I take thee to my Bosome, once againe,
My wife, sister, and daughter : saddle my Gelding,
Some businesse that may hold me for two dayes
Calls me aside.

Exeunt.

Rob. I shall Sir, well now my Mistresse hath promis'd to give over her Witchery, I hope though I still

continue her man, yet she will make me no more her journey-man ; to prevent which the first thing I doe shall be to burne the Bridle, and then away with the Witch. *Exit.*

Enter Arthur and Doughty.

Arth. Sir you have done a right noble courtesie, which deserves a memory, as long as the name of friendship can beare mention.

Dough. What I have done, I ha' done, if it be well, 'tis well, I doe not like the bouncing of good Offices, if the little care I have taken shall doe these poore people good, I have my end in't, and so my reward.

Enter Bantam.

Bant. Now Gentlemen, you seeme very ferious.

Arth. 'Tis true we are so, but you are welcome to the knowledge of our affayres.

Bant. How does thine Vncle and Aunt, *Gregory* and his sifter, the Families of *Seelyes* agree yet, can you tell?

Arth. That is the businesse, the *Seely* household is divided now.

Bant. How so I pray?

Arth. You know, and cannot but with pittie know

Their miserable condition, how
The good old couple were abus'd, and how
The young abus'd themselves : if we may say
That any of them are their selves at all
Which sure we cannot, nor approve them fit
To be their owne disposers, that would give
The governance of such a house and living
Into their Vassailes hands, to thrust them out on't
Without or Law or order, this consider'd
This Gentleman and my selfe have taken home

By faire entreaty, the old folkes to his house,
 The young to mine, untill some wholesome order
 By the judicious of the Common-wealth,
 Shall for their persons and estate be taken.

Bant. But what becomes of *Lawrence* and his
Parnell?

The lusty couple, what doe they now?

Dough. Alas poore folks, they are as farre to seeke
 of how they doe, or what they doe, or what they
 should doe, as any of the rest, they are all growne
Ideots, and till some of these damnable jades, with
 their divellish devises bee found out, to discharme
 them, no remedy can be found, I mean to lay the
 Country for their Hagships, and if I can anticipate
 the purpose, of their grand Mr. Divell to confound
 'em before their lease be out, be sure ile do't.

A shout within.

Cry. A Skimington, a Skimmington, a Skiming-
 ton.

Dough. Whats the matter now, is Hell broke
 loose?

Enter Mr. Shakstone.

Arth. *Tom Shakstone*, how now, canst tell the
 newes?

Sha. The news, ye heare it up i'th aire, do you
 not?

Within. A Skimington, a Skimington, a Skiming-
 ton.

Sha. Hearke ye, do you not heare it? theres a
 Skimington, towards gentlemen.

Dou. Ware Wedlocke hoe.

Bant. At whose suit I prithee is Don Skimington
 come to towne.

Sha. Ile tell you gentlemen, since you have taken
 home old *Seely* and his wife to your house, and you
 their son and daughter to yours, the house-keepers

Lawrence, and his late bride *Parnell* are fallen out by themselves.

Arth. How prithee?

Sha. The quarell began they say upon the wedding night, and in the bride bed.

Bant. For want of bedstaves?

Sha. No but a better implement it seemes the bridegroom was unprovided of, a homely tale to tell.

Dou. Now out upon her shee has a greedy worrne in her, I have heard the fellow complain'd on, for an over mickle man among the maids.

Arth. Is his haste to goe to bed at afternoone come to this now?

Dough. Witchery, witchery, more witcherie still flat and plaine witchery. Now do I thinke upon the codpeece point the young jade gave him at the wedding: shee is a witch, and that was a charme, if there be any in the World.

Arth. A ligatory point.

Bant. Alas poore *Lawrence*.

Sha. He's comming to make his mone to you about it, and she too, since you have taken their masters & mistresses to your care, you must do them right too.

Dough. Marry but ile not undertake her at these yeares, if lusty *Lawrence* cannot do't.

Bant. But has she beaten him?

Sha. Grievously broke his head in I know not how many places: of which the hoydens have taken notice, and will have a Skimmington on horse-backe presently. Looke ye, here comes both plaintiffe and defendant.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Dough. How now *Lawrence*, what has thy wedlock brought thee already to thy night-cap?

Lawr. Yie gadwat fir, I ware wadded but aw to feun.

Par. Han yeou reeson to complayne or ay trow yeou gaffer Downought? Wa warth the day that ever I wadded a Downought.

Ar. Ban. Sha. Nay hold *Parnel* hold.

Dough. We have heard enough of your valour already, wee know you have beaten him, let that suffice.

Parn. Ware ever poore mayden betrayed as ay ware unto a swagbellied Carle that cannot aw waw that cannot.

Dou. What faies she?

Dou. I know not, she catterwawles I think. *Parnel* be patient good *Parnell*, and a little modest too, 'tis not amisse, wee know not the relish of every eare that heares vs, lets talke within our felves. Whats the defect? Whats the impediment? *Lawrence* has had a lusty name among the Batchellors.

Par. What he ware when he ware a Batchelor, I know better than the best maid ith tawne. I wad I had not.

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace *Parnell*.

Par. 'Tware that, that coffen'd me, he has not now as he had than?

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace good *Parnell*.

Parn. For then he could, but now he connot, he connot.

Ar. B. Sha. Fie *Parnel* fie.

Par. I say agean and agean, hee connot, he connot.

Ar. Ba. Sha. Alas poore *Parnel*.

Par. I am not a bit the better for him fin wye ware wad. *Cries.*

Dou. Heres good stufte for a jurie of women to passe upon.

Arth. But *Parnel*, why have you beaten him so grievously? What would you have him doe in this case?

Dou. He's out of a doing case it seemes.

Par. Marry fir, and beat him will I into his grave,

or backe to the Priest, and be unwadded agone, for I wonot bee baund to lig with him and live with him, the laife of an honest woman for aw the layves good i' *Lancashire*.

Dou. An honest woman : thats a good mind *Parnel*. What say you to this *Lawrence*?

Law. Keepe her of o'me, and I shan teln yeou, and she be by I am no body : But keep her off and searck me, let me be searcht as never witch was searcht, and finde ony thing mor or lasse upo me than a sufficient mon shold have, and let me me be honckt by't.

Art. Do you heare this *Parnell*?

Par. Ah leear, leear, deell tacke the leear, troist yee and hong yee.

Dou. Alasse it is too plaine, the poore fellow is bewitcht.

Heres a plaine *Maleficium versus hanc* now.

Ar. And so is she bewitcht too into this immodesty.

Ban. She would never talke so else.

Law. I prayn yeow gi' me the lere o' that Latine fir.

Dough. The meaning is, you must get halfe a dozen bastards Within this twelvemoneth, and that will mend your next mariage.

Law. And I thought it would ma' *Parnel*, love me i'd be sure on't, and gang about it now right.

Sha. Y'are soone provided it seems for such a journey.

Dou. Best tarry till thy head be whole *Lawrence*.

Pa. Nay, nay, ay's white casten away ent I be unwadded agen : And then ine undertack to find 3 better husbands in a bean cod.

Sha. Hearke gentlemen, the shew is comming.

Ar. What shall we stay & see't.

Ban. O by all means Gent.

Dou. 'Tis best to have these away first.

Par. Nay mary shan yeou not fir, I heare yeou

well enogh, & I con the meaning o' the show well enogh, & I slay not the show & fee not the show, & ma' one i' the show, let me be honck't up for a show ile ware them to mel or ma with a woman that mels or mae's with a teftril a longie, a dowlittle losell that connot, & if I skim not their skimingtons cockskeam for't, ma that warplin boggle me a week lonker, & thats a curse eno' for any wife I tro.

Dough. Agreed, perhaps 'twill mend the sport.

Enter drum (beating before) a Skimington, and his wife on a horse; Divers country rusticks (as they passe)

Par. (puls Skimington of the horse: and *Law.* Skimingtons wife: they beat em. *Drum beats alar.* horse comes away: *The hoydens at first oppose the Gentlemen: who draw: the clownes vaile bonnet, (make a ring Par. and Skim. fight.*

Dou. Beat drum alarum.

Enough, enough, here my masters: now patch up your shew if you can, and catch your horse again, and when you have done drinke that.

Rabble. Thanke your worship. *Exeunt shout.*

Par. Lat'hem as they laik this gang a proceffion with their aydoll Skimington agean.

Arth. *Parnel*, thou didst bravely.

Parn. I am sure I han drawne blood o' theyr aydoll.

Law. And I thinke I tickled his waife.

Par. Yie to be sure, yeou bene eane of the owd ticklers.

But with what con yeou tell?

Law. Yieu with her owne ladel.

Par. Yie marry a ladell is something.

Dou. Come you have both done well, goe in to my house, see your old master and mistresse, while I travell a course to make yee all well againe, I will now a witch hunting.

Par. Na course for hus but to be unwadded agone.

Arth. Sha. Bant. Wee are for *Whet.* and his Aunt you know.

Dou. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Generous, and Mal. Spencer.

Welcome, welcome, my girle, what hath thy puggy
Yet suckt upon thy pretty duggy?

Mal. All's well at home, and abroad too.
What ere I bid my Pug, hee'l doo. You sent for mee?

Mrs. I did.

Mal. And why?

Mrs. Wench ile tell thee, thou and I
Will walk a little, how doth *Meg*?
And her Mamillion.

Mal. Of one leg
Shee's growne lame.

Mrs. Because the beaft
Did misse us last *Goodfriday* Feast,
I gest as much.

Mal. But *All-Saints* night
She met though she did halt downe right.

Mrs. *Dickifon* and *Hargrave* prithee tel,
How do they?

Mal. All about us well.
But Puggy whisperd in mine eare
That you of late were put in feare.

Mrs. The slave my man.

Mal. Who *Robin*?

Mrs. Hee.

Mal. My Sweet-heart?

Mrs. Such a tricke serv'd me.

Mal. About the bridle, now alacke.

Mrs. The villain brought me to the rack.
Tyed was I both to rack and manger.

Mal. But thence how scap't you?

Mrs. Without danger,
I thank my spirit.

Mal. I but than

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How pacified was your good man ?

Mrs. Some passionate words mixt with forc t
tears

Did so inchant his eyes and eares
I made my peace, with promise never
To doe the like ; but once and ever
A Witch thou know'ft. Now understand
New businesse wee tooke in hand.
My Husband packt out of the towne
Know that the house, and all's our owne.

Enter Whetstone.

Whet. Naunt, is this your promise Naunt ? (What
Mal! How doest thou *Mal?*) You told mee you
would put a trick upon these Gentlemen, whom you
made mee invite to supper, who abused and called me
bastard. (And when shall I get one upon thee my
sweet Rogue ?) And that you would doe I know not
what ; for you would not tell mee what you would
doe. (And shall you and I never have any doing
together) supper is done, and the table ready to
withdraw : And I am risen the earliest from the
boord, and yet for ought I can see I am never
a whit the neerer. What not one kisse at parting
Mal?

Mrs. Well Cozen this is all you have to do :
Retire the Gallants to some privat roome,
Where call for wine, and juncquets what you please,
Then thou shalt need to do no other thing
Than what this note directs thee, observe that
And trouble me no farther.

Whet. Very good, I like this beginning well : for
where they sleighted me before, they shall finde me a
man of note. *Exit.*

Mal. Of this the meaning.

Mrs. Marry Lasle
To bring a new conceit to passe.
Thy Spirit I must borrow more,

To fill the number three or foure ;
Whom we will use to no great harm,
Only affist me with thy charme.
This night wee'l celebrate to sport :
'Tis all for mirth, we mean no hurt.

Mal. My Spirit and my selfe command ;
Mamillion, & the rest at hand,
Shall all affist.

Mrs. Withdraw then, quicke,
Now gallants, ther's for you a trick. *Exeunt.*

Enter Whetstone, Arthur, Shakstone, Bantam.

Whet. Heer's a more privat roome gentlemen, free
from the noife of the Hall. Here we may talke, and
throw the chamber out of the casements. Some wine
and a short banquet.

Enter with a Banquet, Wine, and two Tapers.†

Whet. So now leave us.

Arth. Wee are much bound to you master *Whetstone* for this great entertainment : I see you command
the house in the absence of your vnkle.

Whet. Yes, I thanke my Aunt ; for though I
be but a daily guest yet I can be welcome to her at
midnight.

Shak. How shall we passe the time ?

Bant. In some discourse.

Whet. But no such discourse as we had last, I be-
seech you.

Bant. Now master *Whetstone* you reflect on me.
'Tis true, at our last meeting some few words
Then past my lips, which I could wish forgot ;
I thinke I call'd you Bastard.

Whet. I thinke so too ; but whats that amongst
friends, for I would faine know which amongst you all
knowes his owne father.

Bant. You are merrie with your friends, good

mafter *By-Blow*, and wee are gueſts here in your Vnckles houſe, and therefore privileged.

Enter Miſtreſſe Generous, Mal and Spirits.

Whet. I preſume you had no more privileged in your getting than I. But tell me gentlemen, is there any man here amongſt you, that hath a minde to ſee his father?

Bant. Why, who ſhall ſhew him?

Whet. Thats all one; if any man here deſire it, let him but ſpeake the word, and 'tis ſufficient.

Bant. Why, I would ſee my father.

Miſtreſſe Gener. Strike. *Muſique.*

Enter a Pedant dauncing to the muſique; the ſtrain don, he points at Bantam, & looks full in his face.

Whet. Doe you know him that lookes ſo full in your face?

Bant. Yes well, a pedant in my fathers houſe. Who beeing young, taught me my A, B, C.

Whet. In his houſe, that goes for your father you would ſay: For know one morning, when your mothers husband rid early to have a *Niſi prius* tryed at *Lan-caſter* Syzes, hee crept into his warme place, lay cloſe by her ſide, and then were you got. Then come, your heeles and tayle together, and kneele unto your own deare father.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Bant. I am abuſed.

Whet. Why laugh you Gentlemen? It may be more mens caſes than his or mine.

Bant. To be thus geer'd.

Arth. Come, take it as a jeſt.

For I preſume 'twas meant no otherwiſe.

Whet. Would either of you two now ſee his father in earneſt.

Shak. Yes, canst thou shew me mine ?

Mrs. Gen. Strike.

Enter a nimble Taylor dauncing, using the same posture to Shakstone.

Whet. Hee lookes on you, speake, doe yon know him ?

Shak. Yes, he was my mothers Taylor, I remember him ever since I was a childe.

Whet. Who when hee came to take measure of her upper parts had more minde to the lower, whilst the good man was in the fields hunting, he was at home whoring.

Then, since no better comfort can be had,
Come downe, come downe, aske blessing of your dad.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Bont. This cannot be indur'd.

Arth. It is plaine Witchcraft.

Nay since we are all bid unto one feast,
Lets fare alike, come shew me mine too.

Mrs. Gener. Strike.

Enter Robin with a switch and a Currycombe, he points at Arthur.

Whet. He points at you.

Arth. What then ?

Whet. You know him.

Arth. Yes, *Robin* the groome belonging to this house.

Whet. And never served your father ?

Arth. In's youth I thinke he did.

Whet. Who when your supposed father had businesse at the Lord Presidents Court in Yorke, stood for his Attorney at home, & so it seems you were got by deputy : what all a mort ? if you will have but a little patience, stay & you shall see mine too :

And knew I shew you him the rather,
To finde who hath the best man to his Father.

Mrs. Strike——

Musicke. Enter a Gallant, as before to him.

Whet. Now Gentlemen make me your Prefident,
learne your duties, and doe as I doe——A blessing
Dad.

Bant. Come, come, let's home, we'l finde some
other time,
When to dispute of these things——

Whet. Nay Gent. no parting in spleene, since we
have begun in mirth, let's not end in melancholy; you
see there are more By-blowes than beare the name; It
is growne a great kindred in the Kingdome. Come,
come, all friends; Let's into the Cellar and conclude
our Revels in a lusty health.

Shak. I faine would strike, but cannot.

Bank. Some strange fate holds me.

Arth. Here then all anger end,
Let none be mad at what they cannot mend.

Exeunt.

Mal. Now say what's next?

Mrs. I'th' Mill there lyes
A Souldier yet with unscratcht eyes,
Summon the Sifter-hood together
For we with all our Spirits will thither;
And such a Catterwailing keepe,
That he in vaine shall thinke to sleepe.
Call *Meg*, and *Doll*, *Tib*, *Nab*, and *Jug*,
Let none appeare without her Pug.
We'l try our utmost Art and skill.
To fight the stout Knave in the Mill.

Exeunt.



ACTVS, V. SCENA I.

Enter Doughty, Miller, Boy in a Cap.

Doughty.

THou art a brave Boy, the honour of thy Country; thy Statue shall be fet up in brasse upon the Market Crosse in *Lancaster*, I blesse the time that I answered at the Foñt for thee: 'Zookes did I ever thinke that a Godson of mine should have fought hand to fist with the Divell!

Mil. He was ever an unhappy Boy Sir, and like enough to grow acquainted with him; and friends may fall out sometimes.

Dought. Thou art a dogged Sire, and doest not know the vertue of my Godsonne, my sonne now; he shall be thy sonne no longer: he and I will worry all the Witches in *Lancashire*.

Mil. You were best take heed though.

Dough. I care not, though we leave not above three untainted women in the Parish, we'll doe it.

Mil. Doe what you please Sir, there's the Boy stout enough to justifie anything he has sayd. Now 'tis out, he should be my Sonne still by that: Though he was at Death's dore before he would reveale any thing, the damnable jades had so threatned him, and as soone as ever he had told he mended.

Dought. 'Tis well he did so, we will so swing them in twopenny halters Boy.

Mil. For my part I have no reason to hinder any

thing that may root them all out ; I have tasted enough of their mischiefe, witnesse my usage iⁿ the Mill, which could be nothing but their Roguerie. One night in my sleepe they set me a stride stark naked a top of my Mill, a bitter cold night too ; 'twas daylight before I waked, and I durst never speake of it to this houre, because I thought it impossible to be beleevved.

Dought. Villanous Hags !

Mil. And all last Summer, my Wife could not make a bit of butter.

Dough. It would not come, would it ?

Mill. No Sir, we could not make it come, though she and I both together, churn'd almost our harts out, and nothing would come, but all ran into thin waterish geere : the Pigges would not drinke it.

Dought. Is 't possible ?

Mil. None but one, and he ran out of his wits upon't, till we bound his head, and layd him a sleepe, but he has had a wry mouth ever since.

Dought. That the Divell should put in their hearts to delight in such Villanies ! I have sought about these two dayes, and heard of a hundred such mischievous tricks, though none mortall, but could not finde whom to mistrust for a Witch till now this boy, this happy boy informes me.

Mil. And they should neere have been sought for me if their affrightments and divellish devices, had not brought my Boy into such a sicknesse ; Whereupon indeed I thought good to acquaint your worship, and bring the Boy unto you being his Godfather, and as you now stick not to say his Father.

Dought. After you I thanke you Gossip. But my Boy thou hast satisfied me in their names, and thy knowledge of the women, their turning into shapes, their dog-trickes, and their horse trickes, and their great Feast in the Barne (a pox take them with my Surloyne, I say still.) But a little more of thy combat with the Divell, I prithee ; he came to thee like a Boy thou sayest, about thine owne bignesse ?

Boy. Yes Sir, and he asked me where I dwelt, and what my name was.

Dough. Ah Rogue !

Boy. But it was in a quarrelsome way ; Where-upon I was as stout, and ask'd him who made him an examiner ?

Dough. Ah good Boy.

Mil. In that he was my Sonne.

Boy. He told me he would know or beat it out of me,
And I told him he should not, and bid him doe his worst ;

And to't we went.

Dough. In that he was my sonne againe, ha boy ; I see him at it now.

Boy. We fought a quarter of an houre, till his sharpe nailes made my eares bleed.

Dough. O the grand Divell pare 'em.

Boy. I wondred to finde him so strong in my hands, seeming but of mine owne age and bigneffe, till I looking downe, perceived he had clubb'd cloven feet like Oxe feet : but his face was as young as mine.

Dough. A pox, but by his feet, he may be the Club-footed Horfe-courfers father, for all his young lookes.

Boy. But I was afraid of his feet, and ran from him towards a light that I saw, and when I came to it, it was one of the Witches' in white upon a Bridge, that scar'd me backe againe, and then met me the Boy againe, and he strucke me and layd mee for dead.

Mil. Till I wondring at his stay, went out and found him in the Trance ; since which time, he has beene haunted and frighted with Goblins, 40. times ; and never durst tell any thing (as I sayd) because the Hags had so threatned him till in his sicknes he revealed it to his mother.

Dough. And she told no body but folkes on't.

VVell Gossip *Gretty*, as thou art a Miller, and a clofe thiefe, now let us keepe it as clofe as we may till we take 'hem, and fee them handfomly hanged o' the way : Ha my little Cuffe-divell, thou art a made man. Come, away with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Souldier.

Soul. These two nights I have slept well and heard
no noife
Of Cats, or Rats ; most sure the fellow dream't,
And scratcht himselfe in 's sleep. I have traveld'
Defarts,
Beheld Wolves, Beares, and Lyons : Indeed what
not ?
Of horrid shape ; And shall I be afraid
Of Cats in mine owne Country ? I can never
Grow so Mouse-hearted. It is now a Calme
And no winde stirring, I can beare no fayle ;
Then best lye downe to sleepe. Nay rest by me
Good *Morglay*, my Comrague and Bedfellow
That never fayl'd me yet ; I know thou did'st not.
If I be wak'd, see thou be stirring too ;
Then come a *Gib* as big as *Ascapart*
We'll make him play at Leap-frog. A brave Sould-
diers lodging,
The floore my Bed, a Milstone for my Pillow,
The Sayles for Curtaines. So good night.
Lyes downe.

*Enter Mrs. Generous, Mall, all the Witches and their
Spirits(at severall dores.)*

Mrs. Is *Nab* come ?

Mal. Yes.

Mrs. Where's *Fug* ?

Mal. On horseback yet,

Now lighting from her Broome-staffe.

Mrs. But where's *Peg* ?

Mal. Entred the Mill already.

Mrs. Is he fast ?

Mal. As fencelesse as a Dormouse.

Mrs. Then to work, to work my pretty Lap-lands

Pinch, here, scratch,

Doe that within, without we'll keep the watch.

The Witches retire : the Spirits come about him with a dreadfull noise ; he starts.

Sold. Am I in Hell, then have among't you divels ;

This side, and that side, what behinde, before ?

Ile keep my face unscratch'd dispiight you all :

What, doe you pinch in private, claws I feele

But can see nothing, nothing pinch me thus ?

Have at you then, I and have at you still ;

And stil have at you.

Beates them off, followes them in, and Enters againe.

One of them I have pay'd,

In leaping out oth' hole a foot or eare

Or something I have light on. What all gone ?

All quiet ? not a Cat that's heard to mew ?

Nay then Ile try to take another nap,

Though I sleepe with mine eyes open.

Exit.

Enter Mr. Generous, and Robin.

Gen. *Robin*, the last night that I lodg'd at home
My Wife (if thou remembreft) lay abroad,
But no words of that.

Rob. You have taught me silence.

Gen. I rose thus early much before my houre,
To take her in her bed ; 'Tis yet not five :
The Sunne scarce up. Those horses take and lead
'em

Into the Stable, see them rubb'd and drest,
 We have rid hard. Now in the interim I
 Will step and see how my new Miller fares,
 Or whether he slept better in his charge,
 Than those which did precede him.

Rob. Sir I shall.

Gen. But one thing more——

Whispers.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Now from the last nights witchcraft we are
 freed,

And I that had not power to cleare my selfe
 From base asperſion, am at liberty
 For vow'd revenge : I cannot be at peace
 (The night-spell being took of) till I have met
 With noble Mr. *Generous* : in whose search
 The best part of this morning I have spent,
 His wife now I suspect.

Rob. By your leave Sir.

Arth. O y'are well met, pray tell me how
 long is't
 Since you were first my Father ?

Rob. Be patient I beseech you, what doe you meane
 Sir ?

Arth. But that I honour
 Thy Master, to whose goodnesse I am bound,
 And still must remaine thankfull, I should prove
 Worfe then a Murderer, a meere Paricide
 By killing thee my Father.

Rob. I your Father? he was a man I alwayes
 lov'd
 And honour'd. He bred me.

Arth. And you begot me ? oh you us'd me finely
 last night ?

Gen. Pray what's the matter Sir ?

Arth. My worthy friend, but that I honour you
 As one to whom I am so much oblig'd,
 This Villaine could not stirre a foot from hence

Till perisht by my sword.

Gener. How hath he wrong'd you?

Be of a milder temper I intreat,
Relate what and when done?

Arth. You may command me,
If aske me what wrongs, know this Groome pre-
tends

He hath strumpeted my mother, if when, blaz'd
Last night at midnight. If you aske me further
Where, in your owne house; when he pointed
to me

As had I been his Bastard.

Rob. I doe this? I am a horse agen if I got you,
Master, why Master.

Gen. I know you Mr. *Arthnr*, for a Gentle-
man

Of faire endowments, a most solid braine,
And settled understanding. Why this fellow
These two dayes was scarce fundred from my side,
And for the last night I am most assur'd
He slept within my Chamber, 12. miles off,
We have nere parted since.

Arth. You tell me wonders.
Since all your words to me are Oracles,
And such as I most constantly beleeve.
But Sir, shall I be bold and plaine withall,
I am fuspitious all's not well at home;
I dare proceed no farther without leave,
Yet there is something lodged within my breast
Which I am loath to utter.

Gen. Keepe it there,
I pray doe a season (O my feares)
No doubt ere long my tongue may be the Key
To open that your secreet: Get you gone sir
And doe as I commanded.

Rob. I shall Sir. Father quoth he
I should be proud indeed of such a sonne. *Exit.*

Gen. Please you now walk with me to my Mill, I
faine would see

How my bold Soldier speeds. It is a place
Hath beene much troubled.

Enter Soldier.

Arth. I shall waite on you.—See he appeares.

Gen. Good morrow Soldier.

Sold. A bad night I have had
A murin take your Mill-fprights.

Gen. Prithee tell me, hast thou bin frighted then?

Sold. How frighted Sir,
A Doungecart full of Divels coo'd not do't.
But I have bin so nipt, and pull'd, and pinch'd,
By a company of Hell-cats.

Arth. Fairies fure.

Sold. Rather foule fiends, Fairies have no such
clawes;

Yet I have kept my face whole thanks my Semiter,
My trusty Bilbo, but for which I vow,
I had been torne to pieces. But I thinke
I met with some of them. One I am fure
I have sent limping hence.

Gen. Didst thou fasten upon any?

Sold. Fast or loose, most fure I made them flye,
And skip out of the Port-holes. But the last
I made her squeake, she had forgot to mew,
I spoyl'd her Catter-wawling.

Arth. Let's see thy sword.

Sold. To look on, not to part with from my
hand,

'Tis not the Soldiers custome.

Arth. Sir, I observe 'tis bloody towards the
point.

Sold. If all the rest scape scot-free, yet I am
fure

There's one hath payd the reckoning.

Gen. Looke well about,
Perhaps there may be seene some tract of bloud.

Lookes about and findes the hand.

Sold. What's here? is't possible Cats should have hands

And rings upon their fingers.

Arth. Most prodigious.

Gen. Reach me that hand.

Sold. There's that of the three I can best spare.

Gen. Amazement upon wonder, can this be;

I needs must know't by most infallible markes.

Is this the hand once plighted holy vowes,

And this the ring that bound them? doth this last
age,

Afford what former never durst beleieve?

O how have I offended those high powers?

That my great incredulity should merit

A punishment so grievous, and to happen

Vnder mine owne rooffe, mine own bed, my bosome.

Arth. Know you the hand Sir?

Gen. Yes and too well can reade it.

Good Master *Arthur* beare me company

Vnto my house, in the society

Of good men there's great solace.

Arth. Sir Ile waite on you.

Gen. And Soldier do not leave me, lock thy
Mill,

I have imployment for thee.

Sold. I shall sir, I think I have tickled some of
your Tenants at will, that thought to revell here rent-
free; the best is if one of the parties shall deny the
deed, we have their hand to shew. *Exeunt.*

*A Bed thrust out, Mrs. Gener. in't; Whetstone,
Mall Spencer by her.*

Whet. Why Aunt, deere Aunt, honey Aunt, how
doe you, how fare you, cheere you, how is't with you!
you have bin a lusty woman in your time, but now
you look as if you could not doe with all.

Mrs. Good *Mall* let him not trouble me.

Mall. Fie Mr. *Whetstone* you keep such a noise in

the chamber that your Aunt is desirous to take a little rest and cannot.

Whet. In my Vncles absence who but I should comfort my Aunt,
Am not I of the Bloud, am not I next of Kin ?
Why Aunt ?

Mrs. Gen. Good Nephew leave me.

Whet. The Divell shall leave you ere ile forsake you, Aunt, you know, *Sic* is *So*, and being so sicke doe you thinke ile leave you, what know I but this Bed may prove your death-bed, and then I hope you will remember me, that is, remember me in your Will.—(*Knocke within.*) Who's that knocks with such authority. 'Ten to one my Vncles come to towne.

Mrs. Gen. It it be so, excuse my weaknes to him, say I can speake with none.

Mal. I will, and scape him if I can ; by this accident all must come out, and here's no stay for me—(*Knock again*) Againe, stay you here with your Aunt, and ile goe let in your Vncle.

Whet. Doe good *Mal*, and how, and how sweet Aunt ?

Enter Mr. Gener., Mal, Arthur, Soldier, and Robin.

Gen. Y'are well met here, I am told you oft frequent
This house as my Wives choyse companion,
Yet have I feldome seene you.

Mal. Pray, by your leave Sir,
Your wife is taken with a suddaine qualme
She hath sent me for a Doctor.

Gen. But that labour ile save you, Soldier take her to your charge.
And now where's this sicke woman.

Whet. O Vncle you come in good time, my Aunt is so suddainly taken as if she were ready to give up the spirit.

Gen. 'Tis almost time she did, speake how is't
wife

My Nephew tels me you were tooke last night
With a shrewd sicknesse, which this Mayde confirms.

Mrs. Yes sir, but now desire no company.
Noyse troubles me, and I would gladly sleepe.

Gener. In company there's comfort, pritheee wife
Lend me thy hand, and let me feele thy pulse,
Perhaps some Feaver, by their beating I
May guesse at thy disease.

Mrs. Gen. My hand, 'tis there.

Gen. A dangerous sicknes, and I feare t death,
'Tis oddes you will not scape it. Take that backe
And let me prove the t' other, if perhaps
I there can finde more comfort.

Mrs. Gen. I pray excuse me.

Gener. I must not be deny'd,
Sick folkes are peevish, and must be ore-rul'd, and so
shall you.

Mrs. Gen. Alas I have not strength to lift it up.

Gener. If not thy hand Wife, shew me but thy
wrist,

And see how this will match it, here's a Testate
That cannot be out-fac'd.

Mrs. Gener. I am undone.

Whet. Hath my Aunt bin playing at handee dan-dee,
nay then if the game goe this way I feare she'l
have the worst hand on't.

Arth. 'Tis now apparant
How all the last nights businesse came about,
In this my late suspicion, is confirm'd.

Gen. My heart hath bled more for thy curst relapse

Than drops hath issu'd from thy wounded arme.
But wherefore should I preach to one past hope?
Or where the divell himselfe claimes right in all,
Seeke the least part or interest? Leave your Bed,

Vp, make you ready ; I muſt deliver you
 Into the hand of Juſtice. O deare friend
 It is in vaine to gueſſe at this my griefe
 'Tis ſo inundant. Soldier take away that young
 But old in miſchiefe.
 And being of theſe *Apoſtat's* rid ſo well,
 Ile ſee my houſe no more be made a Hell.
 Away with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bantam, and Shakſton.

Ban. Ile out o' the Country, and as ſoone live in
Lapland as *Lancashire* hereafter.

Shak. What for a falſe illuſive apparition ? I hope
 the divell is not able to perſwade thee thou art a
 Baſtard.

Bant. No, but I am afflicted to thinke that the
 divell ſhould have power to put ſuch a trick upon us,
 to countenance a Rascal, that is one.

Shak. I hope *Arthur* has taken a courſe with his
 Vncle about him by this time, who would have
 thought ſuch a foole as hee could have beene a
 Witch ?

Bant. Why doe you thinke there's any wiſe folks
 of the quality ; Can any but fooles be drawne into a
 Covenant with the greateſt enemy of mankind ? yet I
 cannot thinke that *Whetſtone* is the Witch ? The young
 Queane that was at the Wedding was i' th houſe yee
 know.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell, in their firſt Habits.

Shak. See *Lawrence* and *Parnell* civilly accorded
 againe it ſeems, and accoutred as they were wont to be
 when they had their wits.

Law. Bleſt be the houre I ſay may hunny, may
 ſweet *Pall*, that Ay's becom'd thaine agone, and thou's.

becom'd maine agone, and may this ea kisse ma us tway
become both eane for ever and a day.

Parn. Yie marry *Lall*, and thus shadden it be, there
is nought gotten by fawing out, we mun faw in or we
get nought.

Bant. The world's well mended here; we cannot
but rejoyce to see this, *Lawrence*.

Lawr. And you been welcome to it Gentle-
men.

Parn. And we been glad we han it for you.

Shak. And I protest I am glad to see it.

Parn. And thus shan yeou fee't till our deeing
houre.

Ween eon leove now for a laife time, the Dewle shonot
ha the poore to put us to peeces agone.

Bant. Why now all's right and straight and as it
should be.

Lawr. Yie marry that is it, the good houre be
blesfed for it, that put the wit into may head, to have
a mistrust of that pestilent Codpeece-point, that the
witched worch *Mal Spencer* go me, ah woe worth her,
that were it that made aw so nought.

Bant. & Shak. Is't possible?

Parn. Yie marry it were an Inchauntment, and
about an houre since it come intill our hearts to doe,
what yeou thinke, and we did it.

Bant. What *Parnell*?

Parn. Marry we take the point, and we casten
the point into the fire, and the point spitter'd and
spatter'd in the fire, like an it were (love blesse us) a
laive thing in the faire; and it hopet and skippet, and
riggled, and frisket in the faire, and crept about laike
a worme in the faire, that it were warke enough for us
both with all the Chimney tooles to keepe it into the
faire, and it stunket in the faire, worfen than any brim-
stone in the faire.

Bant. This is wonderfull as all the rest.

Lawr. It wold ha scar'd ony that hadden their
wits till a seen't, and we werne mad eont it were
deone.

Parn. And this were not above an houre fine, and you cannot devaife how we han lov'd t' on t' other by now, yeou woud een blisse your feln to fee't.

Lawr. Yie an han pit on our working geere, to fwinke and serve our Master and Maistresse like intill painfull servants agone, as we shudden.

Bant. 'Tis wondrous well.

Shak. And are they well agen?

Parn. Yie and weel's laike heane blisse them, they are awas weel becom'd as none ill had ever beene aneast 'hem; Lo ye, lo ye, as they come.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Gregory, and Win.

Greg. Sir, if a contrite heart strucke through with fence

Of it's sharpe errors, bleeding with remorse
The blacke polluted staine it had conceived
Of foule unnaturall difobedience
May yet by your faire mercy finde Remission;
You shall upraise a Sonne out o' the gulph
Of horreur and despaire, unto a blisse
That shall for ever crowne your goodnesse, and
Instructive in my after life to serve you,
In all the duties that besit a sonne.

Seel. Enough, enough, good boy, 'tis most apparant

We all have had our errors, and as plainly
It now appeare, our judgments, yea our reasor
Was poyson'd by some violent infection;
Quite contrary to Nature.

Bant. This sounds well.

Seely. I feare it was by Witchcraft: for I now
(Blest be the power that wrought the happy means
Of my delivery) remember that
Some 3. months since I crost a wayward woman
(One that I now suspect) for bearing with
A most unseemly difobedience,
In an untoward ill-bred sonne of hers,

When with an ill looke and an hollow voyce
She mutter'd out these words. Perhaps ere long
Thy selfe shalt be obedient to thy sonne.
She has play'd her pranke it seemes.

Greg. Sir I have heard, that Witches apprehended
under hands of lawfull authority, doe loofe their
power ;

And all their spells are instantly dissolv'd.

Seel. If it be so, then at this happy houre,
The Witch is tane that over us had power.

Foane. Enough Childe, thou art mine and all
is well.

Win. Long may you live the well-spring of my
blisse,
And may my duty and my fruitfull Prayers,
Draw a perpetuall streame of blessings from you.

Seely. Gentlemen welcome to my best friends
house,

You know the unhappy cause that drew me hether.

Bant. And cannot but rejoyce to see the remedy
so neere at hand.

Enter Doughty, Miller, and boy.

Dought. Come Gossip, come Boy——Gentlemen
you are come to the bravest discovery——Mr. *Seely*
and the rest, how is't with you? you look reasonable
well me thinkes.

Seely. Sir, we doe find that we have reason enough
to thank you for your Neighbourly and pious care of
us.

Doughty. Is all so well with you already? goe to,
will you know a reason for't Gentlemen : I have catcht
a whole Kennel of Witches. It seemes their Witch is
one of 'hem, and so they are discharm'd, they are all
in Officers hands, and they will touch here with two
or three of them for a little private parley, before they
goe to the Iustices. Master *Generous* is comming

hither too, with a supply that you dreame not of, and your Nephew *Arthur*.

Bant. You are beholden Sir to Master *Generous* in behalfe of your Nephew for saving his land from forfeiture in time of your distraction.

Seely. I will acknowledge it most thankfully.

Shak. See he comes.

Enter Mr. Generous, Mrs. Generous, Arthur, Whetstone, Mal, Soldier, and Robin.

Seel. O Mr. *Generous*, the noble favour you have shew'd

My Nephew for ever bindes me to you.

Gener. I pittied then your misery, and now Have nothing left but to bewaile mine owne In this unhappy woman.

Seel. Good Mistresse *Generous*—

Arth. Make a full stop there Sir, fides, fides, make fides,

You know her not as I doe, stand aloofe there Mistresse with your darling Witch, your Nephew too if you please, because though he be no witch, he is a wel-willer to the infernal science.

Gener. I utterly discard him in her blood And all the good that I intended him I will conferre upon this vertuous Gentleman.

Whet. Well Sir, though you be no Vnckle, yet mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and shall be to her dying day.

Doug. And that will be about a day after next Sizes I take it.

Enter Witches, Constable, and Officers.

O here comes more o' your Naunts, Naunt Dickenson & Naunt Hargrave, ods fish and your Granny Johnson too; we want but a good fire to entertaine 'em.

Arth. See how they lay their heads together?

Witches charme together.

Gill. No succour.

Maud. No reliefe.

Peg. No comfort !

All. *Mawfey*, my *Mawfey*, gentle *Mawfey* come.

Maud. Come my sweet *Puckling*.

Peg. My *Mamilion*.

Arth. What doe they fay ?

Bant. They call their Spirits I thinke.

Dough. Now a shame take you for a fardell of fooles, have you knowne so many of the Divels tricks, and can be ignorant of that common feate of the old Iugler ; that is, to leave you all to the Law, when you are once seized on by the tallons of Authority ? Ile undertake this little *Demigorgon* Constable with these Common-wealth Characters upon his staffe here, is able in spite of all your bugs-words, to stave off the grand Divell for doing any of you good till you come to his Kingdome to him, and there take what you can finde.

Arth. But Gentlemen, shall we try if we can by examination get from them something that may abbreviate the cause unto the wiser in Commission for the peace before wee carry them before 'em.

Gen. & Seel Let it be so.

Dought. Well say, stand out Boy, stand out Miller, stand out *Robin*, stand out Soldier, and lay your accusation upon 'em.

Bant. Speake Boy doe you know these Creatures, women I dare not call 'em ?

Boy. Yes Sir, and saw them all in the Barne together, and many more at their Feast and Witchery. !

Rob. And so did I, by a Divellish token, I was rid thither, though I rid home againe as fast without switch or spur.

Mill. I was ill handled by them in the Mill.

Sold. And I sliced off a Cats foot there, that is since a hand, who ever wants it.

Seel. How I and all my family have suffered you all know.

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Lawr. And how I were betwitcht my *Pall*. here knowes.

Parn. Yie *Lall*, and the Witch I know, an I prayen yeou goe me but leave to scrat her well-favorely.

Bant. Hold *Parnell*.

Parn. Yeou can blame no honest woman, I trow, to scrat for the thing she leoves.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha.

Dough. Doe you laugh Gentlewoman? what say you to all these matters?

Mrs. Gen. I will say nothing, but what you know you know,

And as the law shall finde me let it take me.

Gil. And so say I.

Mawd. And I.

Mal. And I, other confession you get none from us.

Arth. What say you Granny?

Peg. *Mamilion*, ho *Mamilion*, *Mamilion*.

Arth. Who's that you call?

Peg. My friend, my Sweet-heart, my *Mamilion*.

Witches. You are not mad?

Dought. Ah ha, that's her Divell, her *Incubus* I warrant; take her off from the rest they'l hurt her. Come hether poore old woman. Ile dandle a Witch a little, thou wilt speake, and tell the truth, and shalt have favour doubt not. Say art not thou a Witch?

They storme.

Peg. 'Tis folly to diffemble yie sir, I am one.

Dought. And that *Mamilion* which thou call'st upon

Is thy familiar Divell is't not? Nay prithee speake.

Peg. Yes Sir.

Dough. That's a good woman, how long hast had's acquaintance, ha?

Peg. A matter of fixe yeares Sir.

Dough. A pretty matter. What was he like a man?

Peg. Yes when I pleas'd.

Dought. And then he lay with thee, did he not sometimes?

Peg. Tis folly to dissemble; twice a Week he never fail'd me.

Dough. Humh—and how? and how a little? was he a good Bedfellow?

Peg. Tis folly to speake worse of him than he is.

Dough. I trust me is't. Give the Divell his due.

Peg. He pleas'd me well Sir, like a proper man.

Dought. There was sweet coupling.

Peg. Onely his flesh felt cold.

Arth. He wanted his great fires about him that he has at home.

Dough. Peace, and did he weare good clothes?

Peg. Gentleman like, but blacke blacke points and all.

Dought. I, very like his points were blacke enough. But come we'l trifle w' yee no longer. Now shall you all to the Iustices, and let them take order with you till the Sizes, and then let Law take his course, and *Vivat Rex*. Mr. *Generous* I am forry for your cause of forrow, we shall not have your company?

Gener. No sir, my Prayers for her soules recovery Shall not be wanting to her, but mine eyes Must never see her more.

Rob. *Mal*, adiew sweet *Mal*, ride your next journey with the company you have there.

Mal. Well Rogue I may live to ride in a Coach before I come to the Gallowes yet.

Rob. And Mrs. the horse that stayes for you rides better with a Halter than your gingling bridle.

Exeunt Gen. & Robin.

Dought. Mr. *Seely* I rejoyce for your families attonement.

Seel. And I praise heaven for you that were the means to it.

Dough. On afore Drovers with your untoward
Cattell. *Exeunt severally.*

Bant. Why doe not you follow Mr. *By-blow.* I
thanke your Aunt for the tricke she would have
father'd us withall.

What. Well Sir, mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and for
that trick I will not leave her till I see her doe a
worfe.

Bant. Y'are a kinde Kinsman. *Exeunt.*

Flourish.

FINIS.



Song. II. Act.

*Come Mawly, come Puckling,
And come my sweet Suckling,
My pretty Mamillion, my Ioy,
Fall each to his Duggv,
While kindly we huggie,
As tender as Nurse over Boy.
Then suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we sing, hey Trolly Lolly.*

*We'l dandle and clip yee,
We'l stroke yee, and leape yee,
And all that we have is your due;
The feates you doe for us,
And thofe which you store us
Withall, tyes us onely to you.
Then suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we fing, hey Trolly Lolly.*



THE EPILOGVE.



*Now while the Witches must expect their due
By lawfull Iustice, we appeale to you
For favourable censure; what their crime
May bring upon 'em, ripenes yet of time
Has not reveal'd. Perhaps great Mercy may
After just condemnation give them day
Of longer life. We represent as much
As they have done, before Lawes hand did touch
Vpon their guilt; But dare not hold it fit,
That we for Iustices and Iudges sit,
And personate their grave wisedomes on the Stage
Whom we are bound to honour; No, the Age
Allowes it not. Therefore unto the Lawes
We can but bring the Witches and their cause,
And there we leave 'em, as their Divels did,
Should we goe further with 'em? Wit forbid;
What of their storie, further shall ensue,
We must referre to time, our selves to you.*



London's Ius Honorarium.

Expressed in sundry Triumphs, pageants, and shews :

At the Initiation or Entrance of the Right Honourable

George Whitmore, into the Maioralty of the famous and
farre renowned City of London..

All the charge and expence of the laborious pro-

iects, and objects both by Water and Land, being the

sole vndertaking of the Right Worshipfull, the

society of the Habburdashers.

Redeunt spectacula.





To the Right Honourable, *George*
Whitmore, Lord Maior of this renowned
Metropolis, London.

Right Honorable,

IT was the speech of a Learned and grave Philosopher the Tutor and Counfeler to the Emperour *Gratianus, Pulcrius multo parari, quam creari nobilem.* More faire and famous it is to be made, then to be borne Noble, For that Honour is to be most Honored, which is purchast by merrit, not crept into by descent: For you; whose goodnesse, hath made you thus great, I make my affectionate presentment of this annuall Celebration, concerning which: (without flattery be it spoken) there is nothing so much as mentioned (much less enforced) in this your *Ius honorarium*, which rather commeth not short, then any way exceedeth the hope and expectation which is now vpon you, and therefore worthily was your

fo free Election, (without either emulation, or competitorship conferd vpon you, since of you it may be vndeniably spoken : that none euer in your place was more sufficient or able, any cause whatfoeuer shall be brought before you, more truly to discerne ; being apprehended more aduisedly to dispose, being digested, more maturely to despatch. After this short tender of my seruice vnto you, I humbly take my leaue, with this sentence borrowed from *Seneca* : *Decet timeri Magistratum, at plus diligi.*

Your Lordships in all
obseruance,

Thomas Heywood.



So To the Right Worshopfull *Samuell*
Cranmer, and *Henry Pratt*, the two
Sheriffs of the Honourable Cittie of
London, Lately Elected.

Right Worshopfull,



He cheife Magistrats next vnto the Lord
Maier, are the two sheriffes, the name
Sheriffe implyeth as much as the Reeue
and Gouvernour of a Sheire, for Reeue: is Graue
Count or Earle (for so saith Master Verftigan :)
and these, were of like authority with the Censors,
who were reputed in the prime and best ranke
amongst the Magistrates of Rome? They were
so cal'd a Cessendo, of ceasing, for they set a rate
upon euery mans estate: registering their names,
and placing them in a fit century: A second part
of their Office consisted in the reforming of maners,
as hauing power to inquire into euery mans life
and carriage. The Embleame of which Autho-
rity was their Turgula censoria borne before them:
they are (by others) resembled to the Tribunes of

the people, and these are cal'd Sacro Sancti, whose persons might not be iniured, nor their names any way scandaliz'd, for whofoeuer was proued to be a delinquent in either, was held to be Homo facer; an excommunicated person, and hee that slew him was not liable vnto any Iudgement: their Houses stand open continually, not onely for Hospitality, but for a Sanctuary to all such as were distrest: neither was it lawfull for them to be absent from the Colledge one whole day together, during their Yeare. Thus you see how neere the Dignities of this Citty, come neere to these in Rome, when it was most flourishing. The first Sheriffes that bore the name and office in this Citty, were Peter Duke, and Thomas Neale, Anno 1209. The nouissimi, now in present Samuell Cranmer and Henry Pratt. Anno 1631. To whom I direct this short Remembrance.

Your Worships euer

Attendant,

Thomas Heywood.



L O N D O N S

Ius Honorarium.



When *Rome* was erected: at the first establishing of a common weale, *Romulus* the founder of it, instituted a prime officer to gouerne the Citty, who was cald *præfectus urbis*, i.e. the præfect of the City, whose vncontroulable authority, had power, not onely to examine, but to determine, all causes & controuerfies, & to sit vpon, and censure all delinquents, whether their offences were capitall or criminall: *Intra centiffimum lapidem*, within an hundred miles of the City, in proceffe of time the *Tarquins* being expeld, & the prime foueraignty remaining in the consuls. They (by reason of their forraigne employments) hauing no leasure to administer Iustice at home, created two cheife officers, the one they cald *prætor urbanus*, or *Maior*, the other *peregrinus*: The first had his iurisdiction, in and ouer the Citty, the other excercised his authority meere vpon strangers.

The name *Prætor* is deriued from *Præfendo* or *Præeundo*, from priority of place, which as a learned Roman Author writs, had absolute power ouer all

publique and priuat affaires, to make new Lawes, and abolish old, without controule, or contradiction : His authority growing to that height, that whatsoeuer he decreed or censured in publique, was cald *Ius Honorarium*, the first on whome this dignity was conferrd in Rome, was *spur ; furius Camillus*, the sonne of *Marcus* : And the first *Prætor* or Lord Maior appointed to the Gouvernement of the Honorable City of *London*, was *Henry Fitz Allwin*, aduanced to that Dignity, by King *Iohn*, Anno. 1210. so much for the Honor and Antiquity of the name and place, I proceede to the shewes.

Vpon the water.

Are two craggy Rockes, plac'd directly opposit, of that distance that the Barges may passe betwixt them : these are full of monsters, as Serpents, Snakes, Dragons, &c. some spitting Fier, others vomiting water, in the bases thereof, nothing to be seene, but the sad relicks of shipwracke in broken Barkes and split Vessels, &c. The one is cald *Silla*, the other *Charibdis*, which is scituate directly against *Messana* ; *Scilla* against *Rhegium* : and what soever shippe that passeth these Seas, it it keepe not the middle Channell, it is either wrackt upon the one, or deuoured by the other ; *Medio tutissimus ibit*. Vpon these Rocks are placed the *Syrens*, excellent both in voyce and Instrument : They are three in number, *Telsipio*, *Iligi*, *Aglaosi* ; or as others will have them called, *Parthenope*, skilfull in musicke ; *Leucosia*, upon the winde Instrument ; *Ligni*, upon the Harpe. The morrall intended by the Poets, that whosoever shall lend an attentive eare to their musicke, is in great danger to perish ; but he that can warily avoyd it by stopping his eares against their inchantment, shall not onely secure themselves, but bee their ruine : this was made good in *Vlisses* the speaker, who by his wisedome and pol-

licy not onely preserved himselfe and his people, but was the cause that they from the rocks cast themselves headlong into the Sea. In him is personated a wife and discrete Magistrate.

Vlisses his speech.

B*Ehold great Magistrate, on either hand
Sands, shelves, and Syrtes, and upon them stand
Two dangerous rocks, your safety to ingage,
Boasting of nought save shipwrecke spoyle and strage.
This Sylla, that Charibdis, (dangerous both)
Plac't in the way you rowe to take your oath.*

*Yet though a thousand monsters yawne and gape
To ingurde and swallow you, ther's way to scape ;
Vlisses by his wisdom found it, steare
You by his Compasse, and the way lyes cleare,
Will you know how ? looke upward then ; and sayle
By the signe Libra, that Celestiall scale,
In which (some write) the Sunne at his creation
First shone ; and is to these times a relation
Of Divine Justice : It in justice shind,
Doe you so (Lora) and be like it divind.*

*Keepe the even Channell, and be neither swayde,
To the right hand nor left, and so evade
Malicious envie (never out of action)
Smooth visadgd flattery, and blacke mouthd detraction,
Sedition, whisperings, murmuring, private hate,
All ambushing, the godlike Magistrate.*

*About these rockes and quicksands Syrens haunt,
One sings connivence, th' other would inchaunt
With partiall sentence ; and a third ascribes,
In pleasing tunes, a right to gifts and bribes ;
Sweetning the eare, and every other fence,
That place, and office, may with these dispence.
But though their tones be sweete, and shrill their
notes,*

*They come from foule brests, and impostum'd throats,
Sea monsters they be stiled, but much (nay more,
'Tis to be doubted,) they frequent the shoare.*

*Yet like Vliesses, doe but stop your eare
To their enchantments, with an heart sincere ;
They sayling to indanger your estate,
Will from the rocks themselves precipitate.*

*Proceede then in your blest Inauguration,
And celebrate this Annual Ovation ;
Whilst you nor this way, nor to that way leane,
But shunne th' extreames, to keepe the golden meane.
This glorious City, Europs chiefeest minion,
Most happy in so great a Kings dominion :
Into whose charge this day doth you invest,
Shall her in you, and you in her make blest.*

The first show by land.

THe first show by Land, (presented in *Pauls* Church yard, is a greene and pleasant Hill, adorned with all the Flowers of the spring, upon which is erected a faire and flourishing tree, furnished with variety of faire and pleasant fruite, under which tree, and in the most eminent place of the Hill, sitteth a woman of beautiful aspect, apparrelled like Summer : Her motto, *Civitas bene Gubernata. i.* a Citty well governed. Her Attendants (or rather Associates) are three Damfels habited according to their qualitie, and representing the three Theologicall vertues, *Faith, Hope, and Charity* : Amongst the leaves and fruits of this Tree, are inscribed diverse labels with severall sentences expressing the causes which make Cities to flourish and prosper : As, *The feare of God, Religious zeale, a Wise Magistrate, Obedience to rulers, Vnity, Plaine and faithfull dealing*, with others of the like nature. At the foot of the Hill sitteth old Time, and

by him his daughter Truth, with this inscription ; *Veritas est Temporis Filia*, i. Truth is the Daughter of Time ; which Time speaketh as followeth.

Tymes speech.

Non nova sunt semper, & quod fuit Ante relictum est fit que quod haud fuerat, &c.

I F Time (some say) have bin here oft in view

Yet not the same, old Time is each day new,

Who doth the future lockt up houres in large,

To welcome you to this great Cities charge.

Time, who hath brought you hither (grave and great)

To inaugure you, in your Prætorium seate :

Thus much with grieve doth of him selfe professe

Nothing's more precious, and esteemed lesse.

Yet you have made great use of me, to aspire

This eminence, by desert, when in full quire

Avees and Acclamations, with loud voyce,

Meete you on all sides, and with Time re'oyce.

This Hill, that Nymph apparreld like the Spring,

These Graces that attend her, (every thing)

As fruitful trees, greene plants, flowers of choise smell,

All Emblems of a City governd well ;

Which must be now your charge. The Labels here

Mixt with the leaves will shew what fruit they beare :

The feare of God, a Magistrate discreete,

Iustice and Equity : when with these meete,

Obedience unto Rulers, Vnity,

Plaine and just dealing, Zeale, and Industry :

In such blest symptoms where these shall agree,

Cities, shall like perpetuall Summers bee.

You are now Generall, doe but bravely lead,

And (doublelesse) all will march, as you shall tread :

You are the Captaine, doe but bravely stand

To oppose vice, see, all this goodly band

Now in their City Liveries will apply

Themselves to follow, where your Colours fly.

You are the chiefe, defend my daughter Truth,

*And then both Health and Poverty, Age and Youth,
Will follow this your Standard, to oppose
Error, Sedition, Hate, (the common foes.)*

*But pardon Time (grave Lord) who speaks to thee,
As well what thou now art, as ought to be.*

Then Time maketh a pause, and taking up a leave-
leffe & withered branch, thus proceedeth.

*See you this withered branch, by Time o're growne
A Cities Symbole, ruind, and trod downe.
A Tree that bare bad fruit ; Dissimulation,
Pride, Malice, Envy, Atheisme, Supplantation,
Ill Government, Prophannes, Fraud, Oppression,
Neglect of vertue, Freedome to transgression,
Obedience, here with power did disagree,
All which faire London be still farre from thee.*

The second show by Land, is pre-
sented in the upper part of Cheapside,
which is a Chariot ; The two beasts that are placed
before it, are a Lyon passant, and a white Vnicorne in
the same posture, on whose backs are seated two
Ladies, the one representing *Iustice* upon the Lyon,
the other *Mercy* upon the Vnicorne. The motto
which *Iustice* beareth, is *Rebelles protero* ; the inscrip-
tion which *Mercy* carrieth, is *Imbelles protego* : Herein
is intimated, that by these types and symboles of
Honour (represented in these noble beasts belonging
to his Majestie) all other inferiour magistracies and
governments either in Common weales, or private
Societies, receive both being and supportance.

The prime Lady seated in the first and most emi-
nent place of the Chariot, representeth *London*, be-
hinde whom, and on either side, diverse others of the
chiefe Cities of the Kingdome take place : As *West-
minster, Yorke, Bristol, Oxford, Lincolne, Exeter, &c.*
All these are to be distinguished by their severall
Escutchons ; to them *London* being Speaker, directeth
he first part of her speech as followeth.

London the speaker. *You noble Cities of this generous Isle,
May these my two each Ladies ever
smile.*

*(Justice, and mercy) on you. You we know
Are come to grace. this our triumphant show.
And of your curtesy, the hand to kiste
Of London, this faire lands Metropolis.*

*Why sister Cittyes fit you thus amasz?
Ist to behold above you, windows glaz'd
With Diamonds' sled of glasse? Starres hither sent,
This day to deck our lower Firmament?*

*Is it to see my numerous Children round
Incompasse me? So that no place is found.
In all my large streets empty? My yssue spread
In number more then stones whereon they tread.
To see my Temples, Houses, even all places,
With people covered, as if Tyl'd with faces?*

*Will you know whence proceedes this faire increase,
This ioy? the fruits of a continued peace,
The way to thrive; to prosper in each calling,
The weake, and shrinking states, to keepe from falling,
Behold; my motto shall all this dis-*

Serve and obey: the
Motto of the Worshp.
Company of the Hab-
berd.

*play,
Reade and observe it well: Serve
and obay.*

*Obedience though it humbly doth begin,
It soone augments unto a Magazin
Of plenty, in all Citties 'tis the grownd,
And doth like harmony in musicke sound:
Nations and Common weales, by it alone
Flourish: It incorporates, many into one,
And makes unanimous peace content and joy,
Which pride, doth still Insidiate to destroy.*

*And you grave Lord, on whom right honour calls.
Both borne and bred i' th circuit of my wals,
By vertue and example, have made plaine,
How others may like eminence attaine.*

*Persist in this blest concord, may we long,
That Citties to this City may still throng,*

*To view my annuall tryumphs, and fo grace,
Thofe honored Pretors that fupply this place.*

Next after the Chariot, are borne the two rocks, *Sylla* and *Curibdis*, which before were prefented upon the water : upon the top of the one ftands a Sea Lyon vpon the other a Meare-maide or *Sea-Nimphe*, the *Sirens* and *Monfters*, beeing in continuall agitation and motion, fome breathing fire, others fpowting water, I fhall not neede to fpend much time in the Defcription of them, the worke being fufficiently able to Commend it felfe.

The third fhew by Land Prefented neere vnto the great Croffe in Cheape-fide, beareth the title of the *Palace of Honour* : A faire and curious ftructure archt and Tarrest aboue, on the Top of which ftandeth *Honour*, a Glorious prefens, and richtly habited, fhee in her fpeech directed to the right Honorable : the Lord Maior, difcouers all the true and direct wayes to attaine vnto her as, firft :

A King : Eyther by fucceffion or Election.

A Souldier, by valour and martiall Difcipline.

A Churchman by Learning and degrees in fcooles.

A Statesman by Trauell and Language, &c.

A Lord Maior by Commerce and Trafficke both by Sea and Land, by the Inriching of the Kingdome, and Honour of our Nation.

The Palace of Honour is thus governed

Industry *Controwler*, his Word

Negotior

Charity *Steward*, the Word

Miferior.

Liberality *Trefurer*, the Word

Largior.

Innocence and } *Henchmen*, the words,
Deuotion

Patior : *Precor*.

And fo of the reft, and according to this Pallace of *Honour* is facioned not onely the management of the

whole *Citty* in generall : but the House and Family of the *Lord Maior* in particular.

Before in the Front of this pallace is seated Saint *Katherin*, the Lady and Patroneffe of this Worshipfull Society of whom I will giue you this short Character, the name it selfe imports in the Originall, *Omnis ruina*, which (as some interpret it) is as much as to say, the fall and ruin of all the workes of the Diuell : Others deriue the word from *Catena*, a Chaine wherein all cheife Vertues and Graces are concatinated and link't together, so much for her name.

For her birth, shee was lineally descended from the Roman Emperours, the daughter of *Costus* the sonne of *Constantine* which *Costus* was Crowned King of *Armenia*, for *Constantine* hauing conquered that Kingdome, grew Inamored of the Kings Daughter by whom he had Issue, this *Costus* who after succeeded his Grand Father.

Constantine after the death of his first Wife made an expedition from *Roome*, and hauing Conquered this Kingdome of Great Britaine : he tooke to his Second Wife *Helena*, which *Helena* was she that found the Crosse vpon which the Sauour of the World was Crucified, &c.

Costus Dying whilst *Katherine* was yet young, and shee being all that Time liuing in *Famogosta*, (a cheife City) because shee was there Proclaimeed and Crowned was called *Queene of Famogosta*, she liued and dyed a Virgin and a *Martyr* vnder the Tiranny of *Maxentius*, whose Empreffe, with many other great and eminent persons she had before conuerted to the Faith. So much for her character. Her speech to the Lord Maior as followeth.

I Katherine, long since Sainted for true piety,
The Lady patroneffe of this Society,
A queene, a Virgin, and a Martir : All
My Attributes : Inuite you to this Hall

*Cald Honours pallace : nor is this my Wheele,
Blind Fortunes Embleame, she that makes to reele ;
Kingdomes and Common weales, all turning round,
Some to aduance, and others to Confound :*

*Mine is the Wheele of Faith, (all wayes in motion)
Stedfast in Hope, and Constant in Deuotion.*

*It imitates the Spheres swift agitation,
Orbicularly, still mouing to Saluation :
That's to the Primus motor : from whom Flowes,
All Goodnesse, Vertue : There, true Honour growes.*

*Which : If you will attaine t' must be your care,
(Graue Magistrate) Instated as you are,
To keepe this Curoular action, in your charge,
To Curbe the' opressor, the opprest to inlarge ;
To be the Widdowes Husband, th' Orphants Father,
The blindmans eye, the lame mans foot : so gather
A treasure beyond valew, by your place ;
(More then Earths Honour,) trew Cœlestiall grace,
Ayme first at that : what other Honors be,
Honour Her selfe can best Instruēt thats shee.*

At that word shee poynteth vpward to a Glorious
prefens which personates *Honor* in the top of the pal-
lace, who thus secondeth *Saint Katherens Speech*.

Honours Speech.

*The way to me though not debard,
Yet it is difficult and hard.
If Kings arrive to my profession
Tis by Succession, or Election
When Fortitude doth Action grace,
The Souldier then with me takes place
When Stooddy, Knowledge and degree
Makes Scollers Eminent heere with mee ;
They 'are listed with the Honored : and
The Trauilar, when many a land*

*He hath 'peirst for language, and much knowes
A great respected statesman growes.*

*So you, and such as you (Graue Lord)
Who weare this Scarlet, use that Sword
Collar, and Cap of Maintenance.
These are no things, that come by chance
Or got by sleeping but auerse
From these I am gain'd : by care, Commerce,
The hazarding of Goods, and men
To Pyrats Rocks, shelues, Tempest, when ?
You through a Wilderneffe of Seas,
Dangers of wrack, Surprise, Desease
Make new discoveries, for a lasting story
Of this our Kingdomes fame and Nations glory
Thus is that Collar, and your Scarlet worne,
And for such cause, the Sworde before you Borne.
They are the emblems of your Power, and heere
Though curb'd within the Limmets of one yeare,
Yet manadge as they ought by your Indeuour,
Shall make your name (as now) Honored for euer.
Vnto which Pallace of peace, rest and blisse,
Supply of all things, where nought wanting is
Would these that shall succede you know the way ?
Tis plaine, God, the King Serue and Obay.*

I cannot heare forget that in the presentment of my papers to the Master, Wardens, & Committies of this Right Worshipfull Company of the Haberdashers (at whose sole expence and charges all the publick Triumphes of this dayes Solemnity both by water and land, were Celebrated) nothing here deuised or expressed was any way forraigne vnto them, but of all these my conceptions, they were as able to Iudge, as ready to Heare; and to direct as well as to Censure; nether was there any difficulty which needed a comment, but as soone known as showne, and apprehended as read: which makes me now confident of the best ranke of the Cittisens; That as to the Honour and strength both of the City and Kingdome in generall, they excercise

Armes in publicke, so to the benefit of their Iudgements, and enriching of their knowledge, they neglect not the study of arts, and practise of literature in priuate, so that of them it may be truly said they are, *Tam Mercurio quam Marte periti*: I proceede now to the last Speech at night in which *Vlisses* at the taking leaue of his Lordship at his Gate, vseth this short Commemoration, of all that hath been included in the former pageants, poynting to them in order, the manner thereof thus.

*Night growes, Inuiting you to rest, prepare
To rise to morrow to a whole Yeares care,
Envy still waites on Honour, then provide
Vlisses Wisdome may be still your guide
To stere you through all dangers: Husband Time
That this day brings you to a place sublime,
By the Supporture of his daughter Truth
This Ancient Citty in her pristline Youth,
Your sword may reestablishe: and so bring
Her still to flourish; like that lasting Spring
That London in whose Circuit you were bred
And borne therein, to be the Cheife and Head
Drawne by these two beasts in an Equall line
May in your Mercy and your Iustice shine.
So Honour who this day did you Inuite
Vnto Her palace bids you thus Good Night,
No following day but adde to your Renowne
And this your Charge, with numerous Blessings
crowne.*

I have forborne to spend much paper in needeleffe and Inpertinent deciphering the worke, or explaining the habits of the persons, as being freely exposed to the publicke view of all the Spectators. The maine show, being performed by the most excellent in that kind, Maister *Gerard Christmas* hath exprest his Modals to be exquisite (as hauing spared nei-ther Cost

nor care, either in the Figures or ornaments. I shall not neede to point vnto them to say, this is a Lyon, and that an Vnicorne, &c. For of this Artift, I may bouldly and freely thus much fpeake, though many about the towne may enuie their worke, yet with all their indeuor they shall not be able to compare with their worth. I Conclude with *Plautus in sticho*: *Nam curiosus est nemo qui non fit malevolus.*

FINIS.



Londini Sinus Salutis,

OR,

LONDONS *Harbour of Health,*
and Happinesse.

Expresse'd in fundry Triumphs, Pageants
and Showes; at the Initiation of the
Right Honorable,

CHRISTOPHER CLETHROWE,
Into the Maioralty of the farre Renowned
City LONDON.

All the Charges and Expences of this present
Ovation; being the sole undertaking of the Right
Worshipfull Company of the
Ironmongers.

The 29. of October, Anno Salutis. 1635.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

—*Redeunt Spectacula,*—

Printed at London by Robert Raworth. 1635.



TO THE RIGHT
Honorable, *Christopher Clethrowe*,
Lord Maior of this Renowned
Metropolis, LONDON,

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

T*is one of Erasmus his undeniable Apothegms, that there is no Citie can bee so strongly immur'd or Defenc'd, but may bee either by Engins defaced, by Enemies inuaded, or by Treason surprized; but the Counsells and Decrees of a wise Magistrate, are in-expugnable. Time, and your Merit, have call'd you to this Office and Honor: As all eyes are upon you, so all hearts are towards you; never was any more freely voyc't in his Election, and therefore none more hopefull in expectation: your Abilitie, what you can doe, is known; your purpose, what you intend, you have amply delivered; your purpose, what you intend, you have amply delivered; onely the Performance remaines: In which, there is no question, but that you will accommodate all your future Proceedings to these three heads: Pro Rege, pro Lege, pro Grege; for as you are a Magistrate, so you are a Iudge: A calling, both of Trust, and Trouble: Of Trust; because all such as sit in Iudicature, are Persons ordained by GOD, to examine Causes discretely; Heare both Parties Considerately,*

and Censure all matters impartially: For Iustice is the Badge of Vertue, the staffe of Peace, and the main-tainance of Honor. Of Trouble; because in no part of your Time; during your regency, neither in publicke, or private, forraine, or domestick things, whether you meditate alone, or conuerse with others, you shall find the least vacancie, which remembers me of that which Dion witnesseth of one Similis, who living long in great Place and Authoritie under the Emperour Adrian, after much intreaty, got leave to retire himselfe into the Countrey, where after seaven contented yeeres expiring, hee caused this Epitaph to be Insculpt upon his tombe: Similis hic jacet, cujus ætas multorum fuit annorum. Septem tamen Duntaxat, Annos vixit. Lanctantius further teacheth us, that it is most requisite, in all such as have charge in the Common Weale, under their Prince and Governour, so to know the bownds of their Calling, and understand the full effects of their dutie, that by executing Iustice, they may be feared, and by shewing Mercy, be loved: I conclude all in this short sentence, Non, quid Ipse velis, sed quod lex & Religio Cogat, Cogita, Ever submitting my selfe to your better Iudgement, and remaining, to your Lordship most obsequious.

THO. HEYWOOD.